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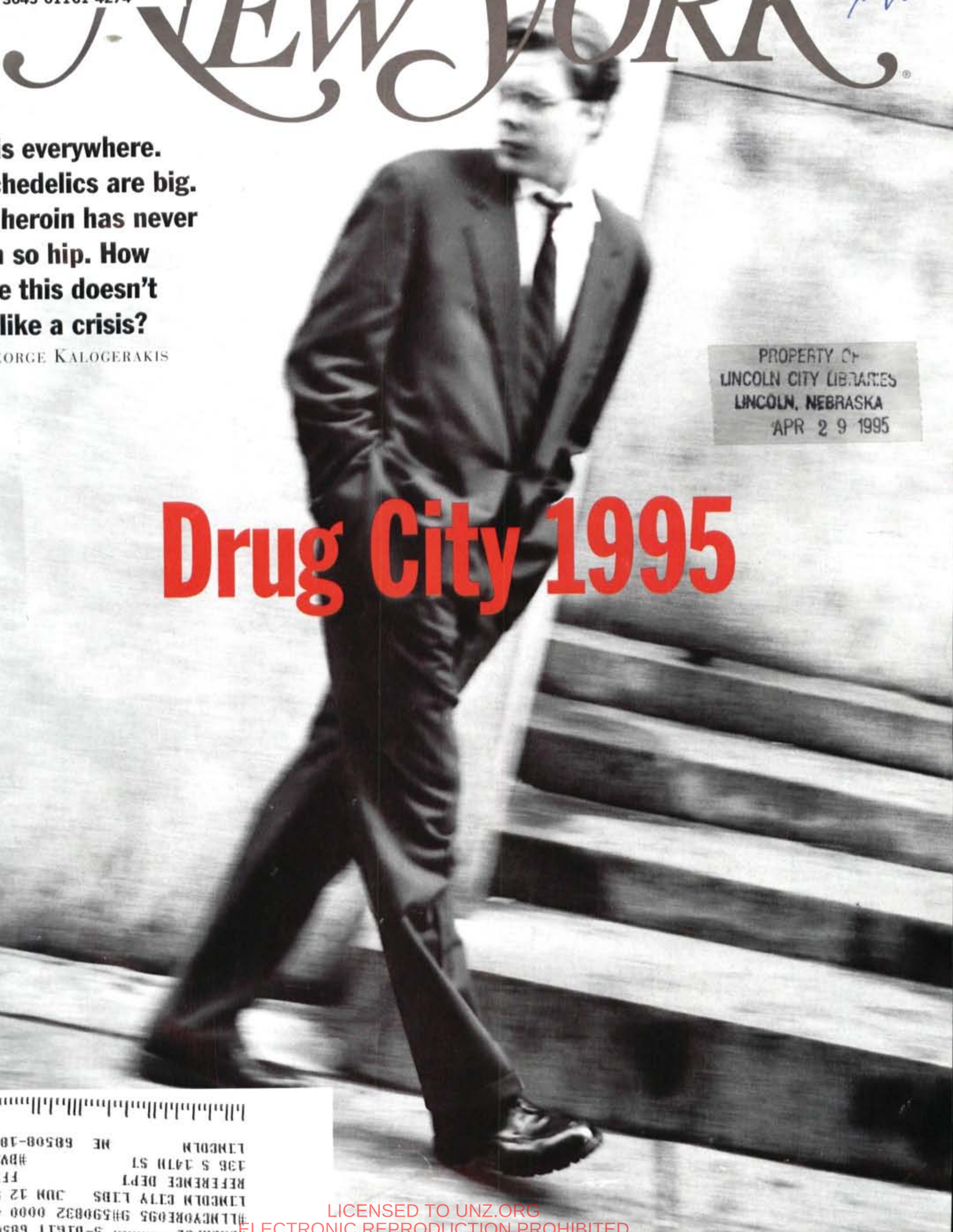

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By George Kalogerakis

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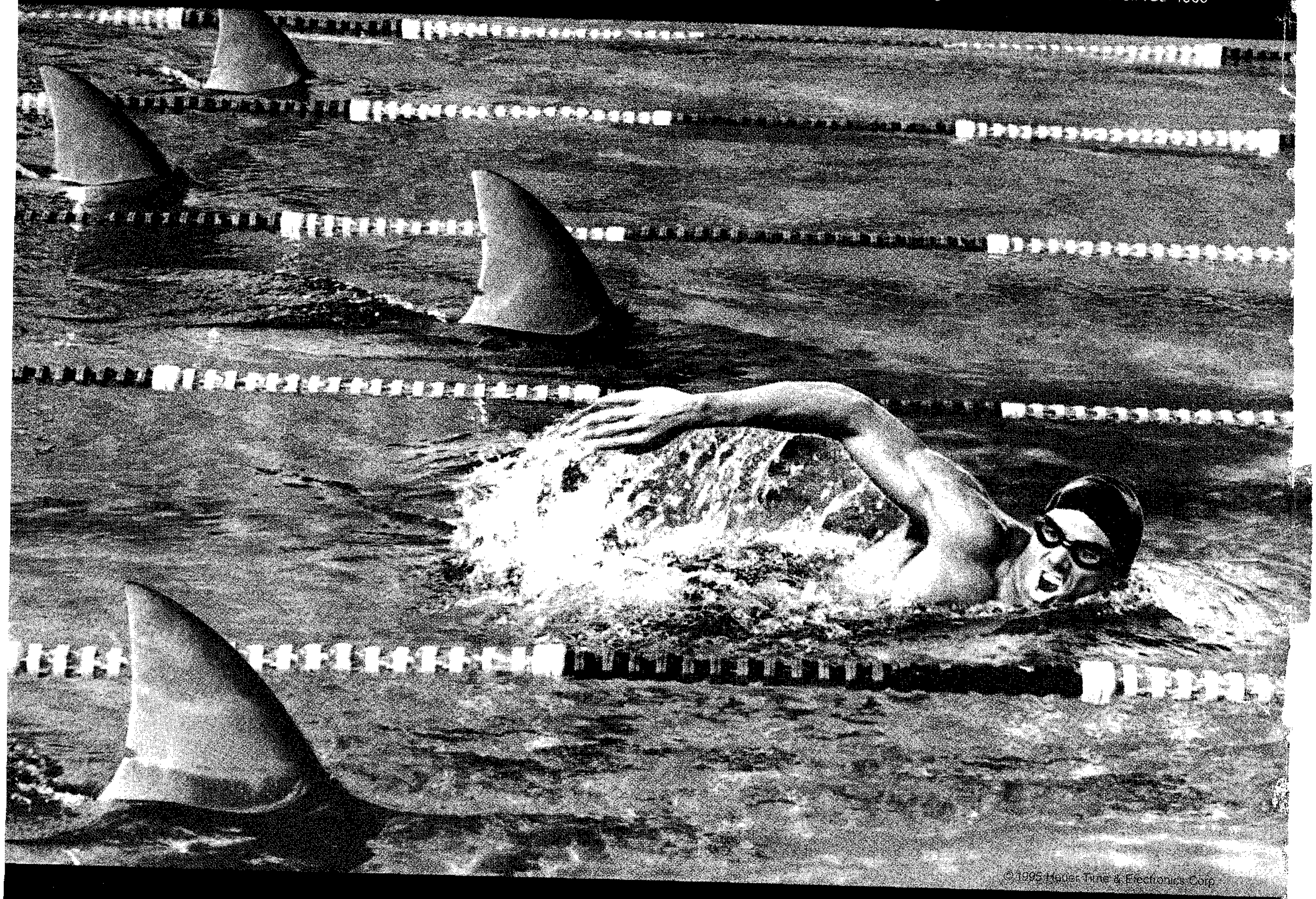
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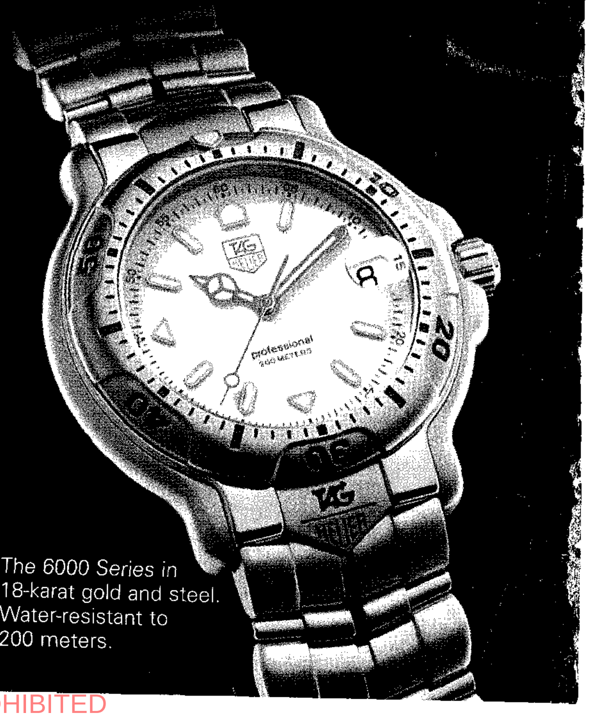

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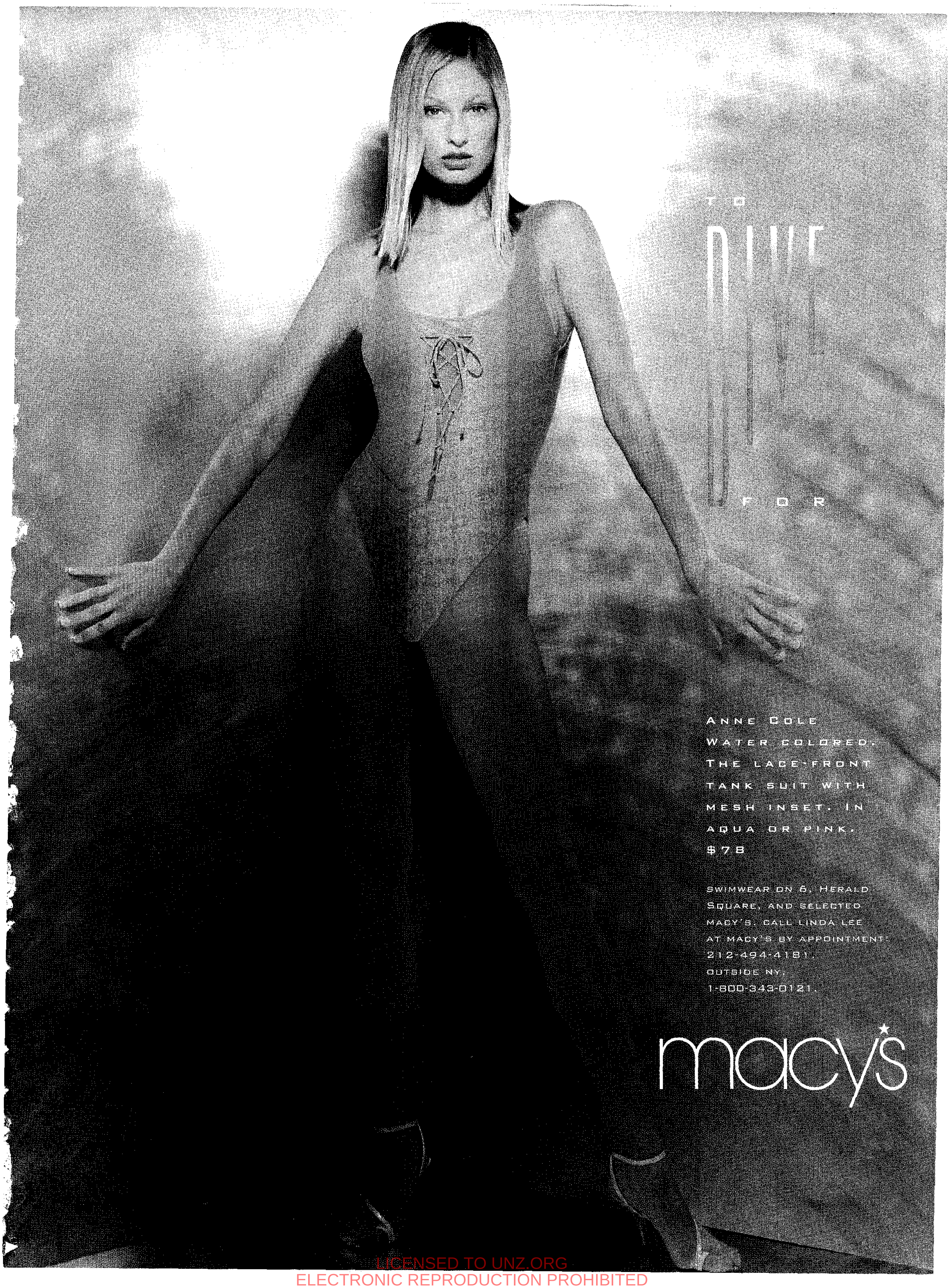

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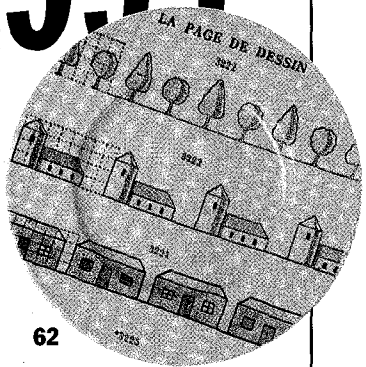

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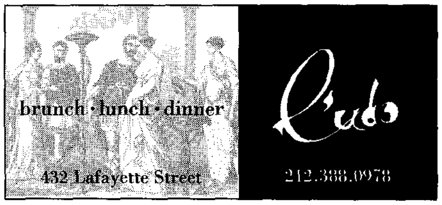
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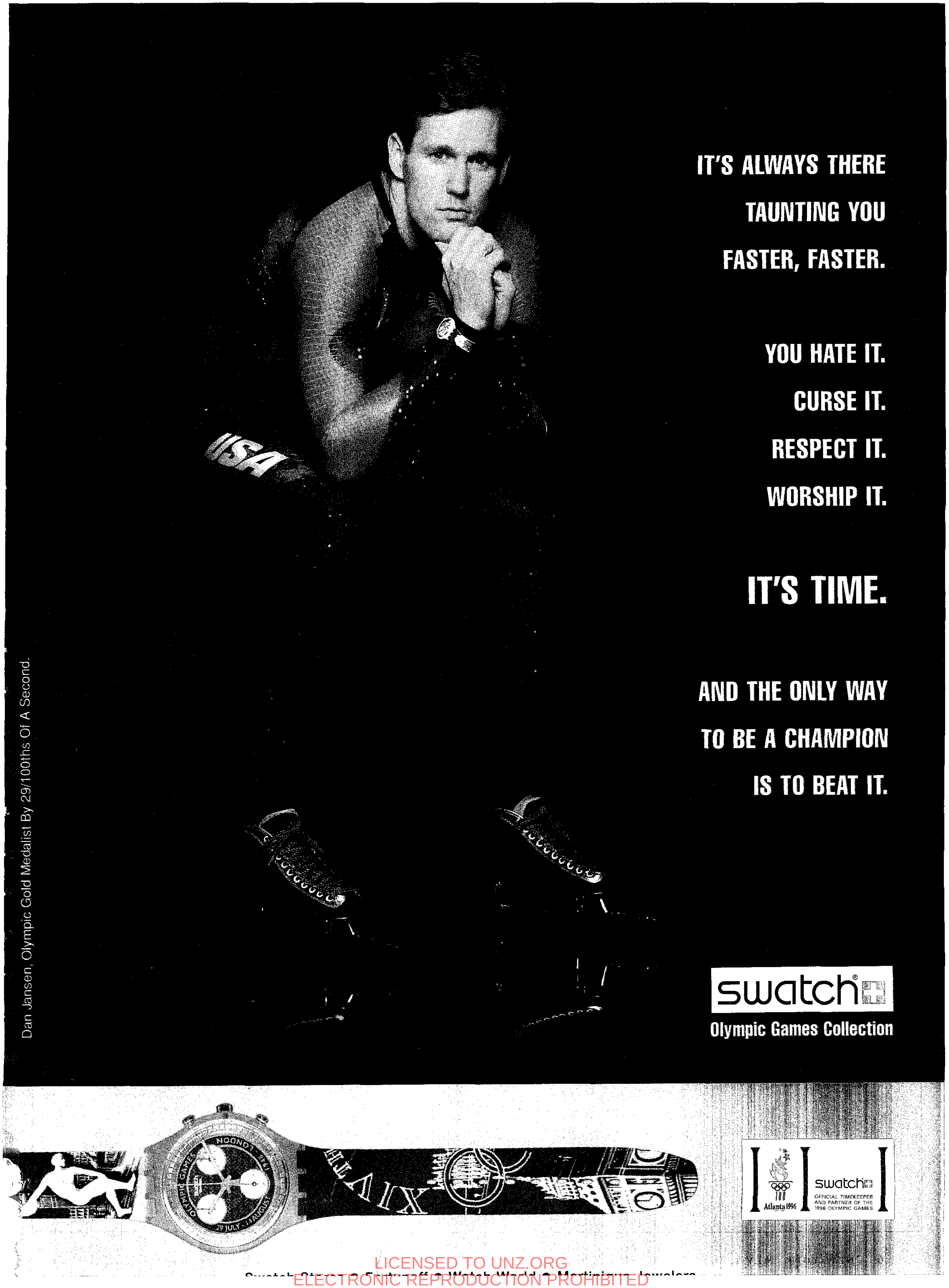
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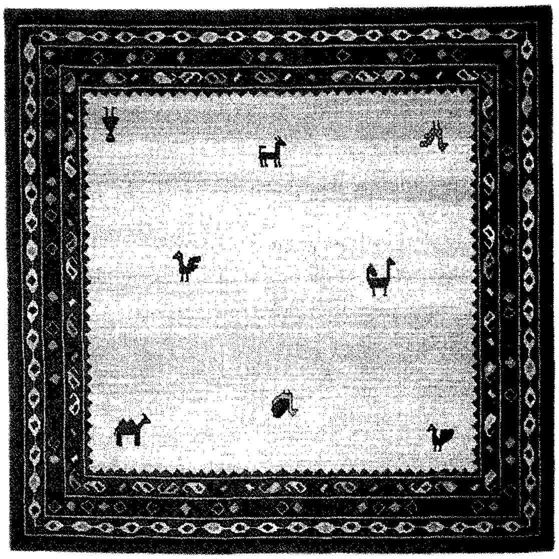

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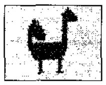

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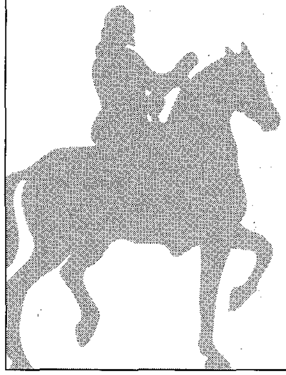

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Whitman Sampler

A taxing situation across the Hudson; a critic gets rebuked in federal court; disavowals from Gracie Mansion.

JACOB WEISBERG'S COLUMN "THE WHITMAN Hoax" ["The National Interest," March 27] suggests that the Republican Party is uninterested in cutting government spending. If the new GOP Congress is not serious about reducing the federal budget, then why are so many Democratic politicians and special-interest groups, with the help of countless "mainstream" media outlets, attacking Republicans so vociferously? When the GOP majority in the House recently proposed cutting $17 billion from this year's budget, the Democratic Party's protests in Washington could be heard all the way in New Jersey.

Weisberg quoted me as saying: "Until government spending is brought under control, tax cuts will remain a meaningless element of bad government policy." This quotation is inaccurate. I believe tax cuts serve two critical purposes: They stimulate economic growth and job creation, and they put added pressure on politicians to cut government spending.

Thus far, Governor Whitman has done a good job, especially if you compare her tax-and-spend policies with those of her predecessor, Jim Florio. But much work remains to be done. It is critical that the state cut its spending, free localities from burdensome state mandates, and devolve more resources and authority to the local level. I am much more optimistic about Jersey City's future with the GOP at the helm both in Washington, D.C., and in Trenton.

Bret Schundler
Mayor
JERSEY CITY, N.J.

I WANT TO RESPOND TO JACOB WEISBERG'S column "The Whitman Hoax." I was invited by the Taxpayers Coalition to discuss reforms in the school-funding system. In so doing, I described how, for the past twenty years, school-financing laws have created programmatic and fiscal inequities by encouraging some school boards to spend excessively under protection of the state constitution, without reference to educational need. The "angry citizens" clearly and without exception directed their questions and their emotion at that long-established system and the irresponsible actions of some local school boards. Not a single question or comment was directed toward the Whitman administration's tax initiatives.

In addition, officers of the Taxpayers Coalition asked the audience to keep speech-making to a minimum so that everyone would have a chance to ask questions. I had nothing to do with the organization's decision to discourage comments in favor of questions.

Leo Klagholz
Commissioner
Department of Education
TRENTON, N.J.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

BRAVO TO JACOB WEISBERG FOR HIS ARTICLE "The Whitman Hoax," which reveals New Jersey's income-tax cuts for the Ponzi scheme they really are. What good is it to cut income taxes while simultaneously cutting aid to municipalities?

We in the small towns of New Jersey would love to reduce our expenditures, but the great bulk of them are controlled by state regulations and the legislature's inflexible support of public-employee unions. We need reform of the binding-arbitration rules, which currently do not allow arbitrators to fashion a compromise and have given police unions an unfair edge. We need to be able to hire and fire school administrators and teachers according to their effort and ability, and not be hog-tied by tenure and state regulations. Similarly, we need to be able to give and withhold raises for government officials and public employees based on merit, not inflexibly across the board.

Until these—and many other—reforms are accomplished, state aid will continue to have a direct impact on local property taxes, despite Whitman's disingenuous protests to the contrary.

Betty DeMarco
Leonia Taxpayers Association
LEONIA, N.J.

Kaiser vs. Kramer

I RECENTLY HAD THE DISTINCT PLEASURE OF cross-examining former New York *Times* art critic Hilton Kramer at length in a landmark artists'-rights case in Manhattan's federal court. True to the portrait accurately painted by Charles Kaiser ["He Bites," February 13], Kramer repeated under oath his right-wing-fringe views regarding the purportedly pernicious effects on society of contemporary art, feminism, and gay studies. Small wonder that, in its written decision upholding the rights of the artists, the federal district court found Kramer to possess only "myopic" expertise in the contemporary artistic community, ruled that Kramer's "opinion is so colored by his disdain for contemporary art in general as to be of little probative value," and rejected Kramer's sworn testimony as ultimately "unpersuasive and unconvincing."

Daniel H. Weiner
MANHATTAN

Rudy Rails

IN RESPONSE TO THE "INTELLIGENCER" item "The Crazy World of Arthur Browne" [April 10], I would like to set the record straight. Allegations of Arthur Browne's "suppressing [the] news" at my administration's behest are entirely baseless. Arthur Browne acted appropriately in correcting an inaccurate and inflammatory headline. I did not gloat in any way, but rather commended him for his journalistic integrity and courage.

The second accusation, concerning Carlos Rivera, is entirely fabricated. Arthur Browne's decisions are based on professional criteria totally unrelated to my administration.

Rudolph W. Giuliani
MANHATTAN

Pat Wechsler replies: Daily News managing editor Arthur Browne acknowledged that mayoral press secretary Cristyne Lategano played a significant role in his decision to soften the *News*'s March 21 first-edition headline and story on the city's lack of preparedness for a terrorist attack on the subway. Additionally, "Intelligencer" never suggested that the administration directly influenced the decision to kill the Rivera story; we noted that it was interesting that the *News* considered Rivera newsworthy when he was criticizing David Dinkins and not when he was criticizing Giuliani.

Correction In "Newt Couture," by Jade Hobson Charnin [April 24], the name of the designer Michael Kors was accidentally omitted from the list of "Some More of the Season's Most Praiseworthy Collections."

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BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

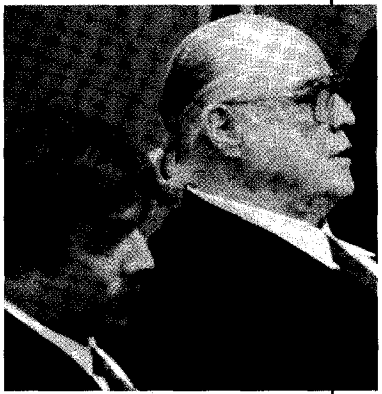
INTELLIGENCER

CLINTON LOOKING FOR A LEADER

With Bob Dole, Richard Lugar, Phil Gramm, and a host of other cocky Republicans already lining up for the 1996 presidential race, **Bill Clinton** is itching to unveil his own reelection team. Unfortunately, he's having trouble organizing one. According to well-connected Democratic sources, Clinton has offered the job of campaign chairman to several friends, including U.S. Trade Representative **Mickey Kantor,** but so far all of them have quietly declined the post. One reason for their reluctance, insiders say, is that the job may be mostly ceremonial. The campaign's real commander will be the apparently unsinkable deputy chief of staff **Harold Ickes,** who has been unofficially designated to oversee the campaign—first from the White House and then from the Democratic National Committee. Considering his sketchy track record so far—he is widely blamed both for the Democrats' failure during the recent midterm elections and for the failed campaign for health-care reform—Ickes is a surprising choice. But ever resourceful, he's managed to stay in the loop. Meanwhile, other important changes are pending at the White House, especially in the communications department. **Mike McCurry** is "loved by the Clintons" and will stay on as press secretary, says one source. But in an effort to bring in some much-needed "new blood," the administration is planning to import someone who will be more a strategist than a publicist—a gussied-up David Gergen, as it were.

BRANDO'S TRAGIC FAMILY VALUES

Cheyenne Brando, who committed suicide Easter Sunday in Tahiti, never visited her brother, **Christian,** in jail, even though he landed there trying to protect her. So says Brando-family friend **George Englund,** who has known **Marlon Brando'**s nine children since they were born. In 1990, Christian went to jail for killing Cheyenne's boyfriend, **Dag Drollet.** "She said she blamed her father [for the killing]," says Englund. "Cheyenne never told Christian [that Dag] beat her. Marlon told him." Christian, defended by **Robert Shapiro,** is still serving time for the murder. After Drollet was killed, Cheyenne—who gave birth to his son in 1990—twice tried to commit suicide. "Marlon and I discussed it over the years," says Englund, who was the agent for Brando's autobiography, *Songs My Mother Taught Me.* "But Marlon was very attentive. [After Drollet's death] he spent a lot of time in France with her." **Jocelyn Brando,** Marlon's sister, who has seen her brother since the death, says enigmatically, "He is where he is." Jocelyn also claims Cheyenne's problems began long ago. " 'It's not like she's just been depressed since Christian shot her lover,' " says Jocelyn, who calls New York press coverage of the suicide "shitty." As for Cheyenne's 5-year-old son by Drollet, Tuki, his great aunt says simply, "He's okay."

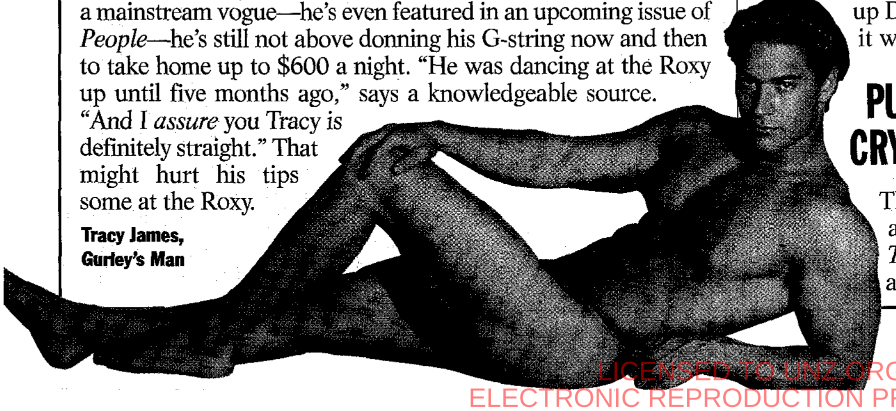


Christian and Marlon Brando, in happier times

Harold Ickes, Bubba's boy

PRE-*COSMO,* IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN *HONCHO*

Cosmopolitan editrix **Helen Gurley Brown** must have searched high and low to find the May centerfold who decorates the issue that marks her thirtieth anniversary at the magazine. Sharp-eyed sources report that before **Tracy James** posed in the nude to instruct *Cosmo* readers how to turn on their men, the 26-year-old model was busy turning on *other* men as a go-go dancer at trendy gay locales like the Men's Room, the Roxy, and the Sound Factory. "He hit the scene about four or five years ago," one source recalls. Tracy doesn't discriminate, however. The model admits he regularly performed at bachelorette parties, and briefly danced at Chippendale's as well. Ultimately, though, Tracy says he finds the Roxy more rewarding. "The girls at Chippendale's all waved dollar bills," he says, "but the Roxy crowd hit you with twenties, fifties, and hundreds." But while the depilated dancer is enjoying a mainstream vogue—he's even featured in an upcoming issue of *People*—he's still not above donning his G-string now and then to take home up to $600 a night. "He was dancing at the Roxy up until five months ago," says a knowledgeable source. "And I *assure* you Tracy is definitely straight." That might hurt his tips some at the Roxy.



Tracy James, Gurley's Man

PULITZER CRYBABIES?

There was no joy at the New York *Times* last week after the Gray Lady shuffled off clutching its sole Pulitzer, for criticism. In the past, when things have looked that bad, someone close to the paper has contacted the Pulitzer advisory committee and urged it to move up, say, **John Burns,** who ended up sharing the foreign-reporting Pulitzer in 1993 with *Newsday's* **Roy Gutman** even though Burns was initially not among the top three finalists. But this year, **Joe Lelyveld** decided to let the chips fall where they may. Even the one winner—relative newcomer **Margo Jefferson**—did not sit well with everyone on West 43rd Street. Insiders say that long-time book reviewer **Michiko Kakutani**—who has been nominated in previous years but never won—was aggrieved that her work was not promoted this year by the *Times.* Sources say

Photographs: top right, Douglas Burrows/Gamma-Liaison; center right, Wally McNamee/Sygma; bottom, Courtesy of Cosmopolitan.

Carol Shaya, striking a pose

Mark Kostabi, Renaissance man

that **Frank Rich,** who has also never won a Pulitzer, complained to Lelyveld on behalf of Kakutani—another act of the intra-office collegiality for which the *Times* has become well-known.

MARK KOSTABI: DE-COMPOSING?

After burning practically every conceivable bridge in the art world, **Mark Kostabi** is embarking on an improbable new career—as a composer of classical music. "For the past year, I've [devoted] four hours a day to composing," he claims. "Music was always one of my passions; painting, the other. But right now my art career seems to run on its own. I don't even have to be there." The artist presumably will be there on May 7, when he combines both passions in a performance-art work even more self-referential than usual. A fourteen-piece ensemble will perform a suite of six Kostabi compositions while a nearby troupe of Kostabi artists simultaneously churns out Kostabi originals. The event will take place at—where else?—Kostabi World, his art factory in the Village.

CLOSE ENCOUNTER; TWICE SHAYA

HAIL, GLENN: Still reeling from the public dissing she received from producer **Andrew Lloyd Webber** recently, **Glenn Close** will be fêted at a May 11 New Dramatists luncheon honoring her acting oeuvre. But it seems the *Sunset Boulevard* star wasn't the top choice of the New Dramatists either. Sources at the playwrights' league say the honor was first offered to **Julie Andrews,** who declined after her show *Victor/Victoria* was postponed until the fall.

SHE'S BACK: The female cop who took it all off except her badge—and then lost that too—is back, but this time she'll be sporting a **Jean-Paul Gaultier** creation. **Carol Shaya** will appear in the July issue of *Playboy* in a pictorial spread snarkily entitled "Busted." But, sources say, rather than bearing her handcuffs and billy club, Shaya is currently negotiating with Madonna's designer to whip up something appropriately alluring.

BLUE PERIOD: All eyes are on the two Picasso shows opening this week at PaceWildenstein Gallery and at **Matthew Marks's** nearby gallery. Though Marks once apprenticed under **Arne Glimcher** at Pace, there is now said to be bad blood between the two. Marks reportedly went behind Glimcher's back to get access to paintings owned by **Claude Picasso** for his *own* show. "Totally untrue," insists Marks. "We're on good terms."

KATOGATE: HE PUT THE *PURR* IN *PERJURY*

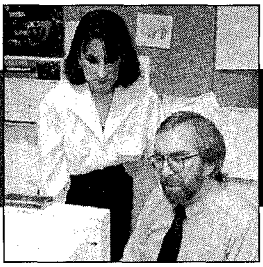
Kato Kaelin may finally land a place to live where he can get three free meals a day and a good, solid bed: the Los Angeles County jail. Last week, **Marc Eliot,** the co-author of Kaelin's completed manuscript, accused him of perjuring himself in the **O. J. Simpson** case. But Eliot hasn't publicly divulged just how much Kaelin admitted to knowing about Nicole Simpson's life and death. Three weeks before he jumped into the spotlight, Eliot admitted in an interview with "Intelligencer" what Kaelin plainly told him: O.J. killed Nicole. Though Eliot said that he had Kaelin's admission on tape, Eliot's attorney, **Leonard Marks,** denies this, insisting that the confession was never actually recorded. "Whenever Marc asked him that question, Kato turned off the tape recorder," Marks says. Before Kaelin even testified, Eliot, in reference to the preliminary hearings, said, "Kato has already committed perjury." But Kaelin didn't stop there. While on the stand, he told **Marcia Clark** that Simpson wasn't very upset when he returned from his daughter's dance recital the evening of the murders. Eliot says Kaelin told him, however, that "[O.J.] was ranting and raving about Nicole not letting him speak to his children." And despite the fact that Simpson may have brutally killed one of Kato's closest friends, Kaelin is recorded telling Eliot, "I love O.J. whether he's guilty or not guilty." Eliot is not the only one who believes Kaelin lied on the stand: so does Kaelin's best friend, **Grant Cramer,** who got a full account from him the day after the murders. "Grant got the impression from Kato that O.J. had killed Nicole," a friend says. Cramer's friends say he begged Kaelin to speak to a criminal-defense attorney about his situation and not to speak to Simpson and his attorney Howard Weitzman, but Kaelin ignored him. Still more questions persist: Kaelin's former girlfriend **Rachel Ferrara**—who verified Kato's "three thumps" testimony—says she received "two or three calls" from Kaelin from the West L.A. police station where he was being interrogated on June 13. But under oath, Kaelin said he made only one call, to his answering machine. He testified that he couldn't remember who else was at Cramer's home when he was delivered there after his release. Ferrara claims that she spent not only that night with him but the next two as well. Cramer says during that time Kato did not seem particularly upset about Nicole's death. "He talked about himself and the children but never Nicole," Cramer insists. "Never once did he say, 'Oh, my God, Nicole is dead.' " Eliot agreed that Kaelin seemed strangely unmoved by the murder of his good friend, and he reported that the reluctant witness began getting nervous shortly before he was to take the stand. "He's worried that the prosecution is going to nail him," he said. So why is Eliot, who has kept quiet for so long, now willing to hand over his notes and tapes? Because he has nowhere else to turn. When Kaelin's attorney balked at publishing these revelations, Eliot was furious. "I will not sit with this deal as it is now," he said. When the deal collapsed, Eliot attempted to shop the manuscript on his own (to **Simon & Schuster** and to **Putnam's**), but failed. Eliot and Marks then decided to offer Marcia Clark the tapes. "She was very appreciative," says Marks. The subpoena, unopposed, followed. What does Ferrara think now about Kaelin's trying to cash in on the case? "I guess," she says, "he was just selling his soul."

Contestant Kato, playing *To Tell the Truth*

Photographs: top left, Ed Geller/Globe Photos; center left, Walter Weissman/Globe Photos; bottom, James M. Kelly/Globe Photos.

What Could Be Better Than Winning A Pulitzer Prize?

Winning Two.



Brian Donovan &
Stephanie Saul
Pulitzer Prize:
Investigative Reporting

Jim Dwyer
Pulitzer Prize:
Commentary

Newsday/New York Newsday has been awarded two Pulitzer Prizes this year: one to Brian Donovan and Stephanie Saul for their "distinguished investigatory reporting;" the second, to Jim Dwyer for his "compelling and compassionate columns about New York City." So in just the last four years, we've received five Pulitzer Prizes.

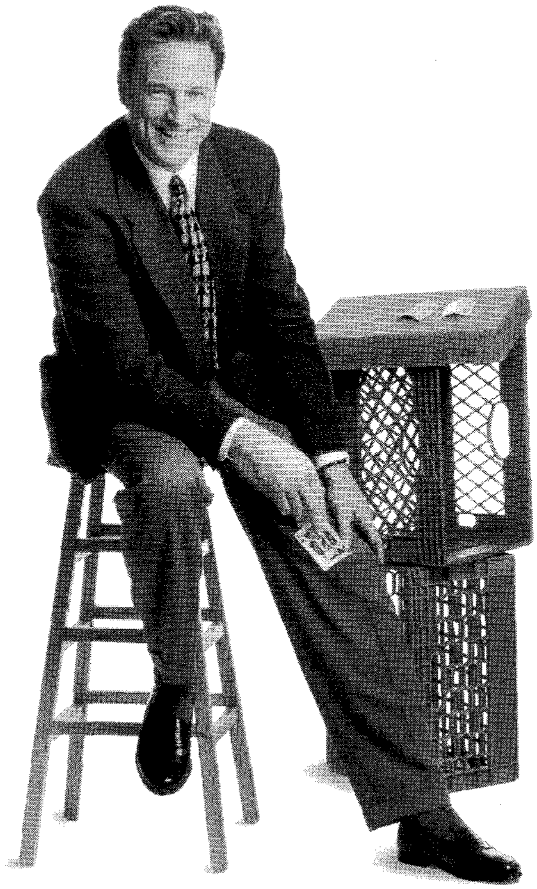
Newsday/New York Newsday is proud of our thirteen Pulitzer Prizes, past and present. And we're determined to continue our tradition of strong investigative reporting and penetrating commentary.

In fact, all our reporters, columnists and editors are dedicated to outstanding journalism, built on the highest standards of accuracy, fairness and public service. They have to be. Over 2 million Newsday/New York Newsday readers depend on us.

Newsday New York Newsday

On top of the news. Ahead of the times.

TALES OF NEW YORK



“I moved to New York from Minnesota about six years ago. I didn’t know which end was up. But I’m learning. I haven’t played three card monte in at least a year. I’ve got a good job. I’m not quite ready for off-shore tax shelters just yet. On the other hand, my father thinks I’m grossly overpaid.

Whatever. The point is this: I can afford to shop for my clothes pretty much anywhere—but I shop at Rothman’s. On Union Square. I don’t need to be overpaying for clothes. I’m already overpaying for my apartment.

Rothman’s carries the same clothes that those fancy, trendy, too-too-cool stores carry. Only at Rothman’s I’m paying what I should be paying. And I get more service...not more “attitude.” There is no compromise. Rothman’s is the least expensive way to buy expensive clothes. Now that’s something worth knowing.”

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GOTHAM

New Yorkers see more death . . . than most soldiers do—*Edward Hoagland*

THE FRONT PAGE

Oklahoma City, April 19

One day last week, the heart of America tried to explain the inexplicable

“I saw the white ball of light.” “It sounded like an atomic bomb.” “It sounded like a sonic boom, only much bigger.” “My first thought was, it was an earthquake. I could hear things like shots going off.” “It’s kind of like a slow-motion movie.”

“I was just sitting at my desk, and all of a sudden I just looked up and everything came down.” “It all just came apart.” “When I finally did get the courage to get up, I looked north and there was no floor.” “I came out from under the desk, and there just wasn’t any building left around me.”

“Her office wasn’t there anymore. The walls were so thin we used to hear each other talking through them. Now it’s just a bunch of rocks.”

“It was just debris everywhere.” “It’s like they dumped it in with a dump truck. Imagine taking an office and putting it in a blender and turning it on.”

“We didn’t hear anything, just death.”

“It was just body after body after body.” “Our firefighters are having to crawl over corpses in areas to get to people who are still alive.” “This is something you see in Bosnia and war-torn areas.” “It was just like Beirut.” “I was in Vietnam. And I never thought I would see something like that again. But this is worse.”

“You can’t imagine how horrible this is.”

“Children were just all over. Their school papers and toys were strewn on the floor. One doctor who was with us picked up a group picture of the children and burst into tears. She couldn’t take it.” “Babies were wrapped around poles. I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“A whole floor. A whole floor of innocents. Grown-ups, you know, they deserve a lot of the stuff they get. But why the children? What did the children ever do to anybody?”

“I just can’t believe that somebody would do this—especially to the children.”

“I just took part in a surgery where a little boy had part of his brain hanging out of his head. You tell me, how can anyone have so little respect for human life?” “When we can’t protect children, we’re all doomed.”

“We’re just a little old cow town. You can’t get no more Middle America than Oklahoma City.” “That this could happen in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. It’s not Jerusalem. It’s not Baghdad. It’s not Bolivia. It’s Oklahoma.” “You know the world’s a bad old place when something like this hits Oklahoma City.”

“This is why we live in Oklahoma. Because things like this don’t happen here.”

“It is our hope there are people alive in the building.” “We all just hope after hope there may be more survivors. Look, there have been earthquakes where there have been survivors found twenty hours later.” “You know how kids are. Kids survive where people can’t.”

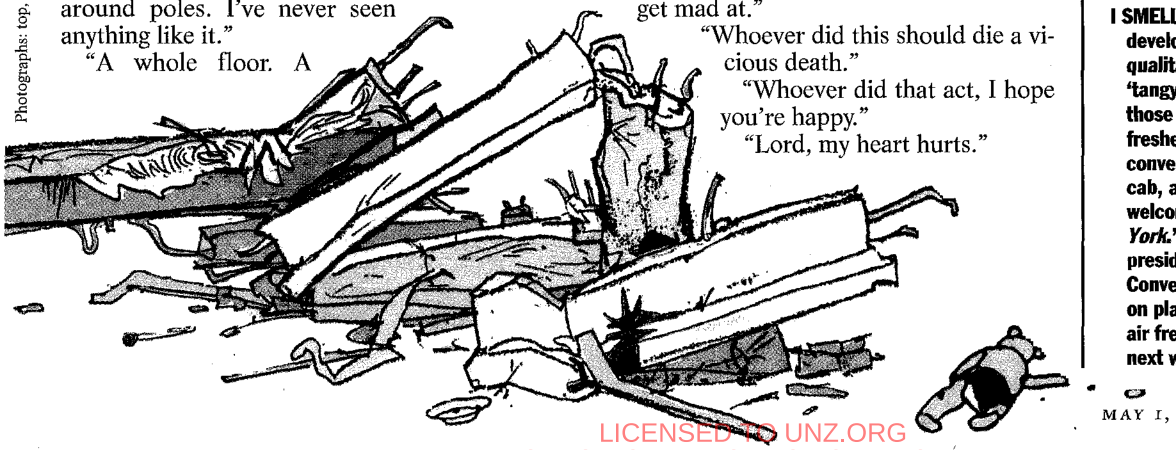
“The hardest thing is to give people hope when there’s no hope.”

“I would get mad, but I don’t know who to get mad at.”

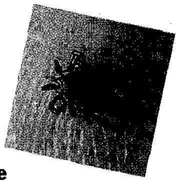
“Whoever did this should die a vicious death.”

“Whoever did that act, I hope you’re happy.”

“Lord, my heart hurts.”



Photographs: top, Scott Camazine/Photo Researchers; bottom, Karen Ogle/United Artists; illustration by Istvan Banyai.



A BRONX TICK According to the Centers for Disease Control, there have been two cases of Lyme disease reported in New York City so far in 1995. “You need to have deer to have the tick, and deer we don’t have much of except maybe in the Bronx,” says Dr. Marcelle Layton of the N.Y.C. Health Department. “Our total count last year was 101 cases, and the vast majority are people who traveled outside the city. The others, we can’t say for sure they got it here; we can’t say they didn’t.”

STOP THE PRESSES From the sixth paragraph of a front-page story in the New York *Times*, April 19: “That gave Mr. Clinton the same access to the airwaves that Speaker Newt Gingrich, Republican of Georgia, enjoyed 10 days ago, when he made a Presidential address carried by those outlets.” Later editions were amended to read “Presidential-style.”

HECKRAISER “We are trying for a legitimate campaign for the film, but must play to Clive Barker’s audience. The press kit must have a social context and steer away from the cult or satanic references.”—From an MGM/UA memo on how to market Barker’s upcoming *Lord of Illusions*

I SMELL N.Y. “It’s a custom-developed scent which qualitatively is described as a ‘tangy apple.’ You’ve seen those pine-tree-shaped air fresheners; [tourists and conventioneers will] get in a cab, and there will be our welcome and the *eau de New York*.”—Stephen J. Morello, president of the New York Convention & Visitors Bureau, on plans to hand out 10,000 air fresheners to taxi drivers next week

CITY

MAN BITES BOX

A SHORT, MIDDLE-AGED MAN IN A LONG, middle-aged trench coat walks briskly down 57th Street, stopping every few feet to point out another box.

In front of Coliseum Books on Broadway are boxes for Penny Saver and Learning Annex. "See," the man says, "anyone can put a box in front of anyone else's store. Some of these boxes are facing the street; if somebody tried to take something out, they'd get run over."

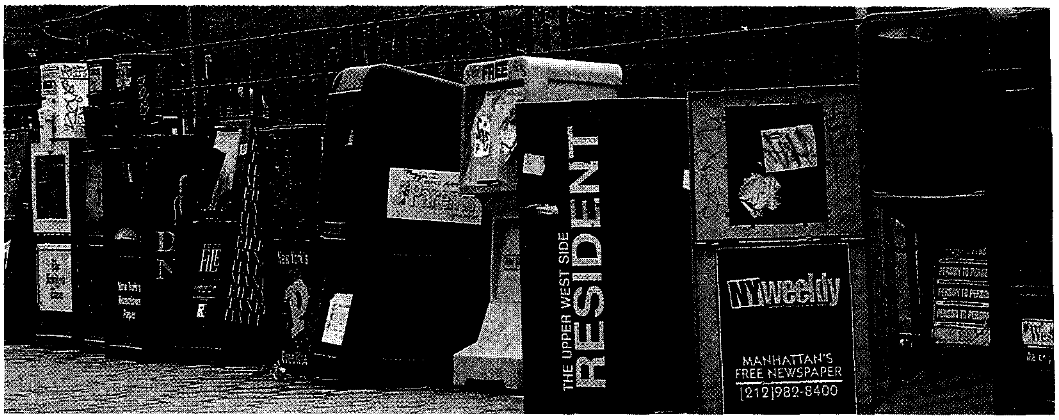
Across the street, "Look at that," he says, jabbing his finger at a battered red plastic box labeled LASER DISC WORLD. "That box has been empty for two years and nobody will pick it up."

Continuing down the street, "Here's a new kind of box," he says, indicating metal New York *Newsday* lockers next to a newsstand. "Are the *Times* and the other papers going to have these soon?"

He gestures to the Louis Vuitton store. "This is some of the most expensive retail real estate in the world," he says. "How do you think they feel when someone plops down a box right in front of their store?"

"Now look at this corner," he says at 57th and Fifth. Seven boxes surround the pole in front of the Warner Brothers Studio Store. "They're already in different positions than they were a couple of days ago," he observes, pointing to one box advertising back rubs. "This one is empty. There's never anything in here expect on Valentine's Day."

Alfred Butler is not crazy, yet. But until recently he has been lonely in his crusade to rescue his neighborhood from a plague of ad hoc "street furniture" overrunning the sidewalks. (He also rips down any fliers he finds pasted to light poles.) Without much success, Butler has contacted the Department of Sanitation, the Department of Transportation, the Department of Consumer Affairs, and the Public Advocate's office. He has, he says, spent "thousands" of hours trying to keep the 57th Street area clean. "It bothers me," he says, "to see my neighborhood turning into a first-class toilet."



Then two weeks ago, Rudy Giuliani, having rid the city of the most obvious quality-of-life scourges, inadvertently picked up Butler's crusade. "For too long, New York City streets have offered few amenities and much clutter," Giuliani said at a news conference April 13, announcing a plan that would regulate the placement of virtually everything on the street, from newsstands to bus shelters to phones to at least some of those boxes.

Giuliani, Butler says, "missed the boat."

"Notice they didn't approach the commercial handout boxes," he says. "A Senegalese guy can't sell watches on 57th Street, but he can have a box with fliers advertising that he's selling them in a doorway."

Halfway down one block, he points out a plastic canary-yellow Gotham Writers' Workshop box in front of Chanel. "To me this is the chutzpa box," he says. "They were the first ones to go mid-block."

The Gotham Writers' Workshop is, in fact, Butler's longtime archfoe. Butler used to rip down its fluorescent-yellow posters as soon as they went up, and three months ago, says Jeff Fligelman, one of the workshop's two owners, he saw Butler vandalize a Workshop box. Fligelman flagged down a cop and Butler was given a desk-appearance ticket. "This may be a small incident," says David Grae, the workshop's other co-owner, "but we're not doing anything illegal and he can't do that."

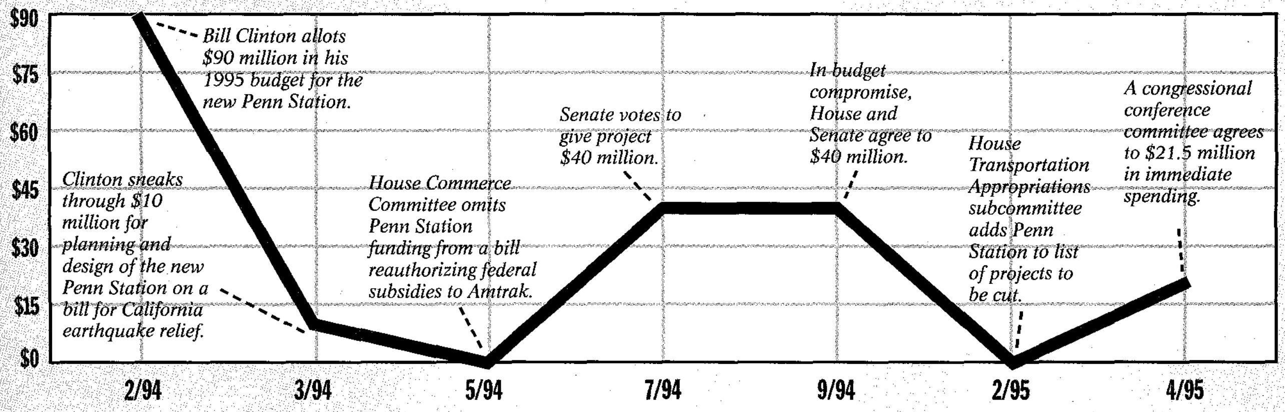
Butler has another story. "I was just walking down the street minding my own business and this guy had me arrested," he says. When the police ticketed him, Butler adds with some satisfaction, the irritated officer said of Fligelman, "Mr. Anal here has his rights."

JANET WICKENHAVER

TRANSPORTATION

Penn Pinchers

"Newt Gingrich and the House Republicans are continuing to gun for Penn Station," Queens congresswoman Nita Lowey warned last week. "We will continue to fight them every step of the way." If last year's budget struggle is any indication, it's going to be a bumpy ride for Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's pet project to turn the grand old main Post Office into a grand new Penn Station.



Photograph by Sotographs/Gamma-Liaison.

The Law

INSIDER TRAITORS

"EMBARRASSMENT COMES LOWER ON THE list than anger," says Peter A. Atkins, a partner at Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom. "This is one of the most offensive forms of conduct I can imagine."

The powers at the 1,100-attorney mergers-and-acquisitions behemoth have good reason to be embarrassed, angry, offended, even depressed. For a while no other U.S. law firm—including M&A brand names Wachtell, Lipton, Rosen & Katz; Sullivan & Cromwell; and Paul Weiss—has ever had more than three incidents of insider trading, Skadden recently had its *eighth.* And the last one was notable primarily for its unsophistication.

In late 1992, in-house financial analyst Sheri I. Kleinbaum discovered the identity of two companies that were about to be acquired by Skadden clients. She passed the information along to her dad and a close friend, according to the Securities and Exchange Commission, which revealed the case late last month (the parties didn't admit to the charges but agreed to pay civil penalties). Richard A. Kleinbaum bought stock in the targets, sold it immediately after the deals were announced, pocketed $60,000 in profits, and then gave Sheri two gifts totaling $3,950.

To make matters worse, this case became public two weeks after an almost forgotten 1990 incident bounced back into the headlines. Filing a flurry of complaints, the SEC revealed that confidential information stolen by Skadden paralegal Christopher M. Garvey had been passed through several generations of "tippees" as part of one of the most extensive insider-trading rings in SEC history.

It's the sort of thing that makes corporate raiders nervous.

"When the SEC finds insider trading, it reflects negatively on the entire deal," says an attorney at a leading Manhattan financial-services company who sends work to both Skadden and its top competitors. "The SEC drags in everyone who was involved for questioning, and it's a huge burden." Although the attorney says his company will continue to use Skadden for the time being, he adds, "Let's just say that if a client has to deal with all of this because of some paralegal at Skadden, that is not a happy event."

Skadden's partners, meanwhile, are scrambling to regain credibility. "If someone would tell us what more we could do to stop this," pleads partner Ken Bialkin, "then we would try it." Having already instituted one of the most stringent insider-trading-

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BUSINESS

The Grim Auctioneer

The silver spectacles have delicately tooled wire shafts and lenses thin as paper, and, caked on the glass, something that looks like Worcestershire sauce.

These, purportedly, are the glasses through which Bonnie Parker watched a stand of bushes near Arcadia, Louisiana, erupt in gunfire on May 23, 1934, through which she last saw Clyde Barrow twitch under machine-gun fire from the Texas Rangers. The Worcestershire sauce is, putatively, the blood of Bonnie and Clyde.

Herman Darvick.

"How do I know these are real?" says Herman Darvick, fingering the eyeglasses. "There's the envelope they were originally put in by the sheriff of Caddo Parish, signed by him in 1938; there's a letter of transmittal from him. There's a lot of provenance. . . ."

Darvick, 49, is a third-grade teacher in Coney Island who over the past decade has transformed a gruesome hobby into a lucrative empire on the side. The Bronx-born Darvick has become not just a top autograph dealer but a one-man auction house of death Americana, perhaps the country's premier dealer in crime memorabilia.

"It's the crime that makes the news. Crime sells," he says, shrugging. "People go to the wax museum, they don't want to see George Washington. They want to see Jack the Ripper."

Two years ago, Darvick attracted a great deal of attention by selling Jack Ruby's .38 for $220,000. The sale made Darvick himself a parenthetical celebrity, a status he may reclaim when he puts 31 macabre artifacts of American gore on the block this week.

This time, no guns (and modest Norman Mailer advance publicity in lieu of giant Oliver Stone advance publicity), but at a Holiday Inn in Rockville Centre, there will be Lee Harvey Oswald's last letter from Russia (estimated at $10,000–$15,000); a fingerprint card from Charles Manson ($600–$800); a signature from Lizzie Borden ($500–$1,000; "very rare"); and a portion of a parcel address label from Mark David Chapman ($100–$200). And just in time for the thirtieth birthday of Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood,* Darvick will be selling letters, drawings, and poetry by Richard Hickock and Perry Smith, the cold-blooded killers themselves.

"Here's Dick Hickock's first-grade report card," says Darvick, sounding like a jeweler examining a lesser stone. "He got good marks."

Seated in the teacher's lounge at P.S. 188, Darvick rifles through a boxful of death curios consigned from various, sometimes secretive, sources. He's utterly un-creeped-out, punctuating every point with a smile that says, *Crazy, ain't it?* "Lizzie Borden was actually *acquitted,*" he marvels.

The *Irises* of this sale is Hickock's childhood poetry scrapbook, bound in embossed *faux* leather, estimated at $3,000–$6,000. Equally unique is Perry Smith's final letter to Hickock from prison ($2,000–$3,000), written on the back of a photo of Perry's strangely impressive painting of Christ. *May this picture that I have painted, bring to your mind the more joyful times we have shared together. And may it also bring Comfort to you and me,—in our final hours. Adios, Amigo, y, Vaya Con Dios.*

Darvick seems pleased with his place in the dark margin of history. John Ehrlichman once called him, wanting to consign Watergate courtroom doodles. Darvick says proudly, "I'm on a *first-name basis* with Jack Ruby's brother. With *Lee Harvey Oswald's* brother. That's something that money can't buy."

ALEX WILLIAMS

Photograph by Edward Santalone.

policing systems, Skadden decided against increasing security following the most recent scandal. Says managing director Earle Yaffa, "We concluded that this was an employee who abused our trust, and not a breakdown of the system."

That explains *one* scandal. Some partners speculate that Skadden has more insider-trading problems simply because they make more deals. Others attribute the problem to chance—that Skadden has gotten more than its share of bad apples. "We feel as if we are the victims," complains Skadden partner Samuel Kadet. "No system in the world is going to catch every one of these people."

Or perhaps the bad apples are picking Skadden. It is the highest-profile, biggest-grossing corporate-law firm in the country. Indeed, it was the firm's reputation that prompted paralegal Garvey to select Skadden as a base to carry out his scheme, recalls SEC investigator Thomas Newkirk. "If you were going to try out a law firm to do insider trading," he says, "Skadden is as good a place as any—it does the most deals."

MIKE FRANCE

Environment

FLORA JAVA

MARCUS GREEN, WHO WORKS THE espresso machine at the Starbucks at Third Avenue and 66th Street, had an idea: Give away used coffee grounds. He thought the hundreds of pounds of grounds that the chain's thirteen Manhattan stores generate each week could be used as mulch on Park Avenue. "It's interesting how some of the dark coffee grounds look like dirt," he says.

The Park Avenue Malls Planting Project wasn't interested. "It has to do with the bacteria and things that can grow inside our coffee grounds," Marcus says. He then had a vision: a plaque in Central Park reading, COFFEE GROUNDS PROVIDED BY STARBUCKS. "That's what I imagine it would say."

The Parks Department was initially interested, but then it decided that the city was already awash in mulch, thank you. "Just the amount of human waste is staggering," explains Paul Berizzi, the Parks chief of environmental services, adding, "A little goes a long way."

Marcus finally found a taker with the Green Guerrillas, an organization that provides technical assistance to 600 community gardens throughout the city. "Nothing sounds weird to me," says Lisa Schreibman, Manhattan compost coordinator. "I play with worms on a daily basis."

Marcus made his first fifty-pound drop at the West Side Community Garden on 90th Street between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues a couple of weeks ago. (He took a cab; his employer reimbursed him.) And lately, he's been sifting through the rest of Starbucks's garbage. "Tea bags can be used as compost," he says. "If we had eggshells, I'd put eggshells in there. But we don't sell eggs."

RALPH GARDNER JR.

Education

BEAVIS AND GEARHEAD

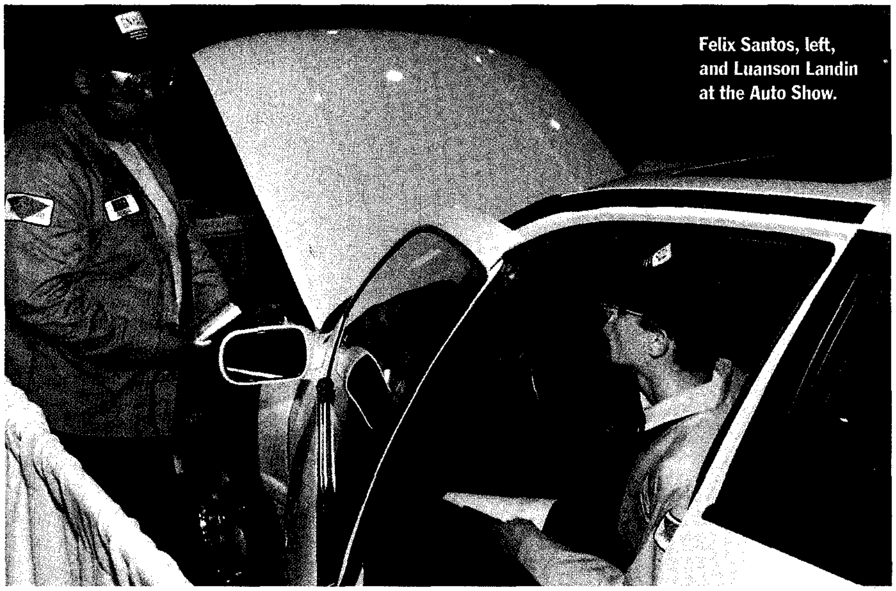
IT IS ONLY FIVE MINUTES UNTIL THE Greater New York Automotive Technology Competition officially starts, and Felix Santos won't stop goofing around. "Muscle man," the 18-year-old says, bringing his arms together in a *U*. He's a heavy kid, and the mechanic's shirt he was given that morning with FELIX TEAM INFINITI over the pocket is way too tight. His partner, Luanson Landin, also 18 but tall and angular, sets up ratchets and screwdrivers on the table in front of a 1995 Infiniti parked in a semicircle with seventeen other new cars on the lower level of the Jacob Javits Convention Center. An emcee works the room with a portable microphone. "Tell us a little bit about the parts table," he asks the parts-table judge.

The cars have been disabled—mostly missing fuses or with other electrical glitches—and the teams of local high-school seniors have to find the problems, write out a service report, and get the cars started. The winners will go on to the Nationals the next day.

"It's our Westinghouse Awards," Steven Gilbert, the principal of Automotive High School in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, explained. "There's a lack of understanding of what an automobile technician has become," he said, adding, "People should ask themselves why they're being charged $75 an hour."

"Win one for the Gipper. Or Yom Kippur. Or whatever," the emcee jokes, and the competition begins. The boys have been training for weeks by going to the Infiniti dealer and staying after school. Felix unfolds a hood protector, and Luanson checks the radio.

But after an hour, things are not going well. "You gave me the wrong bulb," Luanson accuses the guy at the parts table. Felix looks over his shoulder when a nearby engine starts. The other teams are having more luck: "Are we allowed to take apart the dashboard?" one boy asks in a cracking falsetto. The team from Putnam County, New York, runs around its Oldsmobile with yellow voltage meters. Felix yells at Luanson, "Check the ignition cable!" *Time.*



Felix Santos, left, and Luanson Landin at the Auto Show.

Felix and Luanson's car, while cured of several minor problems, is still dead. "If I hadn't had to go to the bathroom in the middle," Felix says, then stops himself. "Greco, if we could have had that car at school," Luanson says to one of their coaches, then turns away. "How am I going to show my face?"

They're quiet for a while, but then Felix begins to talk about how tight his pants were before he changed into jeans, and everybody laughs.

NORMAN VANAMEE

Photographs: top, Kevin Miller/Still Life Stock; bottom, Brian Ballweg.

At the party following the screening of the Checkerboard Foundation's Gwathmey-Siegel documentary, *In Search of Clarity:* From far left, Ralph Lauren with sons David (left) and Andrew; architect-of-honor Charles Gwathmey with Claudia Cohen and Senator Alfonse D'Amato; Alice Shure, the film's producer, with Seagram's Edgar Bronfman and wife Jan Aronson.

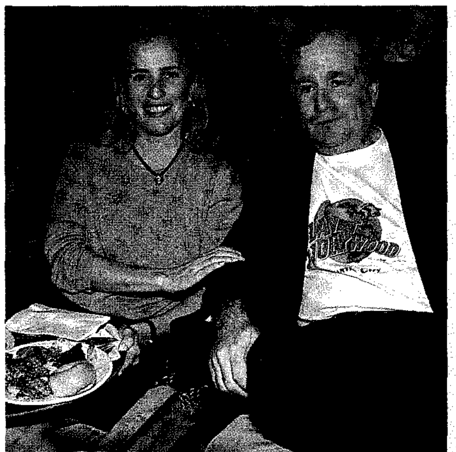
Bronzed Glory

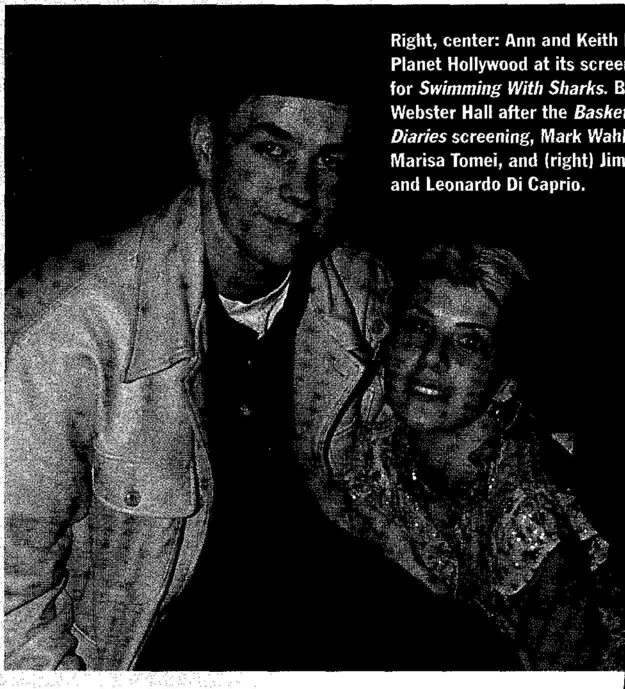
By Alex Williams
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

MOGULS WADE THROUGH FLASHBULBS INTO PARK AVENUE'S DOWDY Racquet & Tennis Club, bearing equatorial Easter-holiday suntans not usually seen in the city this side of summer. They have come to celebrate power—specifically, freshly tanned architect Charles Gwathmey and his partner, Robert Siegel, who are the subjects of a just-screened documentary examining their neo-modernist Hamptons pleasure domes and their controversial addition to the Guggenheim Museum.

"By now, he's an old master," says Paul Goldberger, the architecture critic, of Gwathmey (the team's more extroverted, clubbable half). "I once compared his de Menil house in East Hampton to a great Georgian villa of the 1920s." Adds Ralph Lauren, just back from a Caribbean vacation with his wife, Ricky, and the Gwathmeys, "He's a creative mind who lives and breathes what he does."

Gwathmey, indeed, is living proof that an artistic profession can turn a mogul-size profit. His vision spawns Times Square skyscrapers, foreign university campuses. Still, he insists, "I never thought it was about size. It's about *presence*. A small thing can have presence." Gwathmey does not, alas, then nod illustratively in the direction of diminutive Robert A.M. Stern, his fellow world-class architectural charismatic, standing nearby.





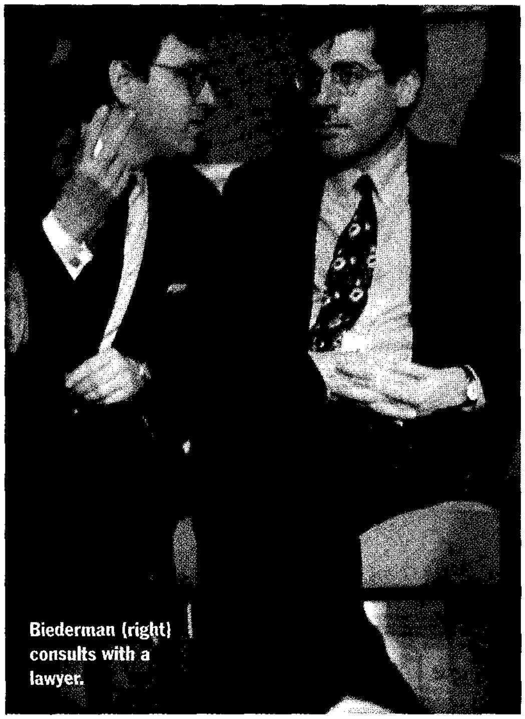
Right, center: Ann and Keith Barish of Planet Hollywood at its screening party for *Swimming With Sharks*. Below: At Webster Hall after the *Basketball Diaries* screening, Mark Wahlberg with Marisa Tomei, and (right) Jim Carroll and Leonardo Di Caprio.

THE CITY POLITIC ERIC POOLEY

Biederman's Little Acre

Dan Biederman's empire of business-improvement districts has made midtown a safer, prettier place. But at what cost?

THANK GOD FOR COLOR slides. As long as Dan Biederman has them, the task of fixing up this crumbling city seems wonderfully straightforward. He shows off dramatic before and after shots of the midtown streetscape: flowers and trees blooming on Madison Avenue; fancy streetlights and a sidewalk café materializing outside Grand Central Terminal; once-squalid Bryant Park remade as an urban jewel. "I tell city officials, 'Give me enough time and enough money, and we can make every block in Manhattan as nice as Bryant Park,' " says Biederman, 41, a hero for this age of self-reliance. The audience, at a quality-of-life conference held last week by the nonprofit Regional Plan Association, is suitably impressed.


Biederman (right) consults with a lawyer.

"My job is to get it done," says Biederman, who earns $315,000 a year running three midtown Manhattan business-improvement districts (BIDs), which tax the property owners within their borders and use the money to improve sanitation, security, and amenities. "I get it done by stealth, and at times by being obnoxious."

But there's evidence that the tactics of his BIDs don't stop at the merely offensive. A few days before the conference, the New York *Times* charged that an official at his Grand Central Partnership organized "goon squads" of formerly homeless men and tacitly encouraged them to beat up other homeless people—flushing them from doorways and bank-machine vestibules, sanitizing the streets by driving them off the Partnership's turf. Several weeks before, an audit revealed that Biederman had used money and staff from his BIDs to extend his empire across the Hudson River to Jersey City—a startling new tack by a man who's been called "the Mayor of Midtown." Biederman defended the Jersey City expansion, denied the homeless-bashing charges—he was a victim of "vendettas," "character attacks," and "ideological nonsense," he said—and invited the Manhattan D.A.'s office to investigate the matter.

The 33 BIDs around the city, which last year raised and spent $32 million on themselves, have recorded some justly celebrated successes—cleaning streets, cutting crime, reclaiming the city's public spaces one block at a time. But as the most voguish example of what's been called the enclave theory of urban improvement, the districts are sorely in need of oversight and discussion. Last week, the City Council moved to do just that, announcing that it would investigate the finances of all city BIDs.

The idea that a BID might try to boost quality of life by beating up street people made palpable the worst fear of some urban planners—that the privatized-enclave theory leads to exclusion and repression as surely as flowerpots fill with impatiens in the spring. Andrew Eristoff, a Republican councilman from the Upper East Side, worries about "apportioning access to basic services according to neighborhoods' ability to pay extra taxes, leaving poor areas to fend for themselves. This trend presages a Balkanized city."

"When I see Dan Biederman's slides of midtown, I can't help but get mental images of the devastated South Bronx," says Urban Assembly president Richard Kahan, who took part in the quality-of-life conference with Biederman. "The midtown BID is an effective strategy, but it's also a subtle, even subversive way for the rich to disengage. We're redefining our sense of community in the narrowest possible manner."

BIDs have been started in working-class parts of town, but many are struggling; no one has any idea how to finance improvements in places like Bed-Stuy, where floating $56 million in bonds, as Biederman has done, isn't an option. But boosters of the model argue that fixing up business districts is good for everybody. "BIDs aren't inherently exclusionary; they should be inviting," says Carl Weisbrod, who runs the BID in Wall Street and lower Manhattan. "They make people want to come in—businesses, customers, tourists, almost everybody is welcome."

BIDs would never have expanded so quickly if government hadn't forgotten how to deliver services. And now it's conceivable that the rapid growth of BIDs could corrode the constituency for normal taxation by creating self-sufficient citadels that fend for themselves, need less and less from the rest of the city, and provide less and less in return—replacing what's left of our civic culture with a Not on My Sidewalk mentality. That becomes even more of a concern as business-improvement zones beget *residential*-improvement zones, like the one proposed by real-estate mogul Howard Milstein for the Upper East Side. The plan's most troubling feature would be a 500-member private security force with no civilian-complaint-review mechanism to keep its members accountable. "Residential-improvement districts clearly stem from an exclusionary impulse," says one BID executive. "If a BID is trying to attract customers, the residential version is trying to keep people out. It's a move toward L.A.-style 'gated communities.' "

To the historically minded, Biederman's rise recalls that of an even more ambitious and arrogant New Yorker: master builder (and bulldozer) Robert Moses. Moses based his power on a quasi-governmental funding mechanism (toll collection for his Triborough Bridge & Tunnel Authority) and became enormously influential before the rest of the city quite figured out what he was up to; Biederman, on a smaller scale, was doing the same thing when the goon-squad scandal broke. No wonder other BID

Photograph by Edward Keating/NYT Pictures.

chiefs revel in his misfortune. "Dan is making the most money, getting the most done, winning the highest profile," says a defender. "He plays the game better than the others do, so they hate him."

Some BID bosses say there's more to it. "Dan's problem is that he views BIDs as a cutthroat business," says one. "He's in competition with every other BID in Manhattan, refusing to share information and trying to expand at the expense of the others. He steps on city officials, pulling rank because Rudy's on his side. The 'Mayor of Midtown' thing got out of hand.' "

Which may be why no one is rushing to Biederman's defense right now. Other nonprofits and BID bosses are keeping their distance; Gretchen Dykstra, head of the well-regarded Times Square BID, asked her P.R. man, Howard Rubenstein, not to spin for Biederman. Luckily, Biederman can spin for himself.

"Was there ever any physical contact?" he asks. "I can't say it *never* happened, but there are no victims, no police reports, no hospital admittances." The case is disturbing whether or not there's a paper trail or serious wounds. Three law students say they witnessed a beating and got the license plate of the car involved; Partnership officials at first denied the car belonged to them, but it turned out that the Partnership had the license number changed ten days after the beating—which smacks of a cover-up.

"I hope people don't forget that BIDS have been extraordinarily helpful," says Dykstra, who is working with the International Downtown Association to establish professional standards for BIDs. "But it's not all bad to have difficult questions raised now. The field is maturing. It's time to take on the challenge."

There's one challenge that nobody has met: finding a way to make BIDs work in poor neighborhoods. Biederman was talking about that with the Enterprise Foundation, but the goon-squad story gave the nonprofit cold feet. "We're reevaluating the relationship," says a spokeswoman. The banks that hired the Partnership to flush the homeless from their lobbies are likely to reevaluate their arrangements as well. But at the quality-of-life conference, the irrepressible Biederman wouldn't concede the slightest misstep.

His streetscape slides flashed by; now we were looking at a hot-dog cart that Biederman finds garish and ugly. He much prefers the carts in . . . not Boston or Paris or Portland but Disneyland. Now, *there's* a place with extremely attractive food carts, he said, and some of the food items are even affordable. "Disneyland isn't sterile!" he cried. "Some of you might think it is, but I *don't*. And we've got to compete with Disneyland!"

The Magic Kingdom, of course, has no homeless problem. ▬

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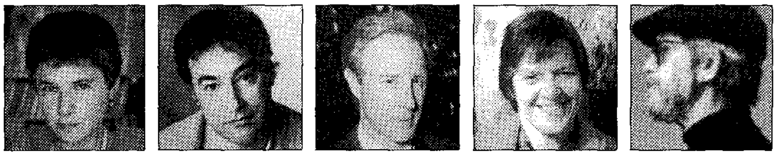

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THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

Flat-Tax Fever

The allure of a postcard-size return is self-evident. But behind the call for simplicity lurks—surprise—another plan to favor the rich.

PEDDLING TAX REFORM IN APRIL SEEMS A LITTLE TOO easy—like selling umbrellas in a thundershower. It isn't just having to part with hard-earned money that browns people off this time of year. It's an entirely legitimate frustration at the gothic complexity of the present system, the constantly changing rules about charitable contributions, moving expenses, and the rest. Keeping track of tax minutiae, after all, is not one of the more obvious duties of citizenship. The near-incomprehensibility of the tax code breeds the sense that others with more money than you are taking advantage—which, of course, they are—and that anyone who pays the whole bill is a chump. The entire enterprise could hardly be more conducive to cynicism about government.

Thus the seasonal explosion of proposals for the most drastic simplification possible: the flat tax. On the face of it, the idea has immense appeal. As House majority leader Richard Armey notes, a truly flat tax could be filed on a postcard. Take your income, subtract the appropriate exemption, and multiply by the single rate. No more weekends of receipt-gathering, playing beat-the-clock at the post office, or fear of audits. Lawyers and accountants would close up shop. Cheating would become well-nigh impossible. Not surprisingly, almost all the Republican candidates for president have glommed on to some version of this plan. The fire-breathing conservative Phil Gramm supports a flat tax, as does the squishy moderate Arlen Specter. Lamar Alexander and Bob Dole both say they're interested. Richard Lugar supports a variation, a national sales tax, which wouldn't even require an annual postcard. Jack Kemp, a flat-taxer of long standing, is heading a commission formed by Dole and Newt Gingrich to consider reform. Some version of the flat tax seems certain to be part of the GOP Platform in 1996.

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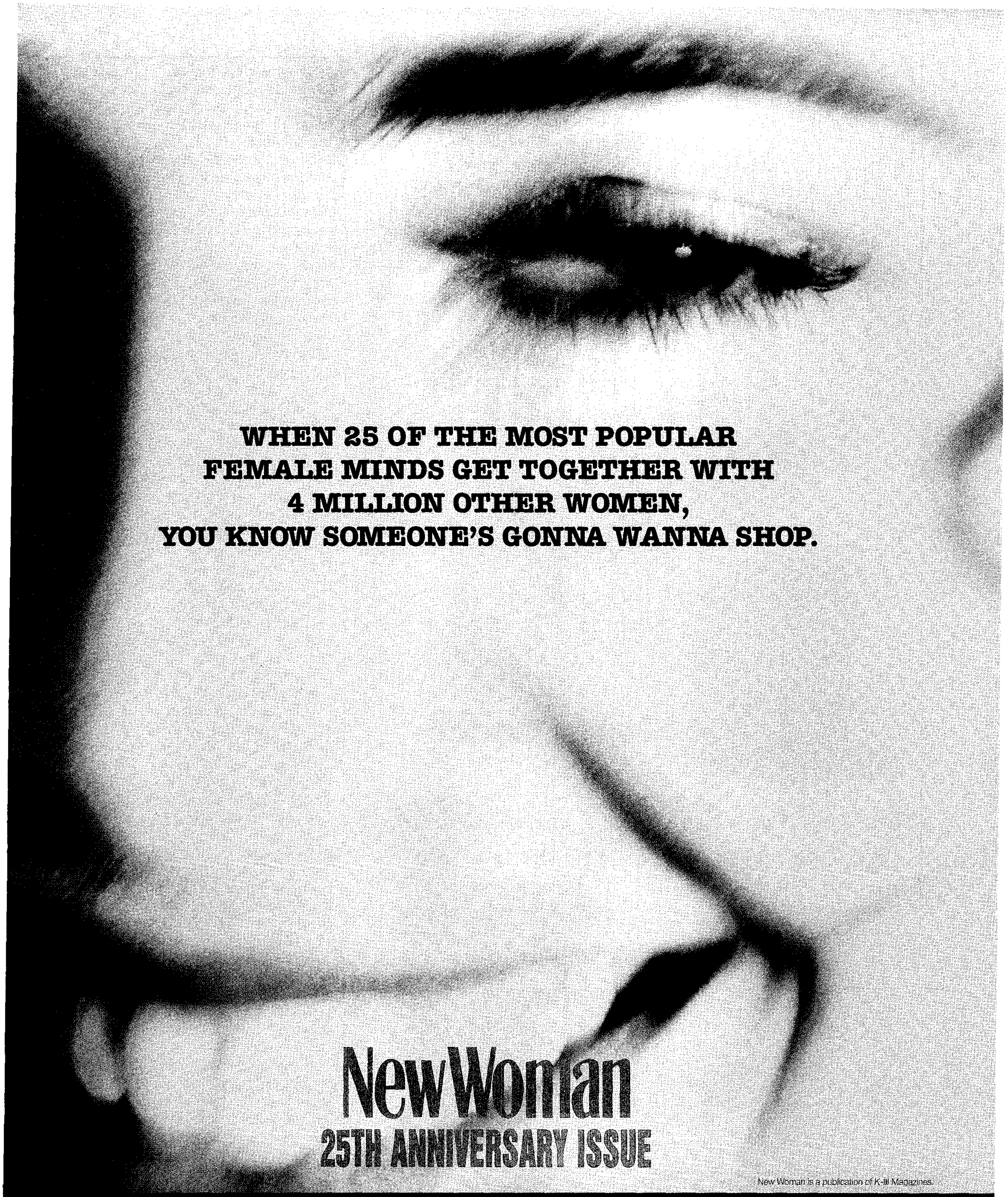
Best of all, Republicans point out, the flat tax would mean a smaller bill for everybody. As a chart in *Time* pointed out last week, a family of four would pay less whether its income is $50,000 or $200,000. But wait a minute. How can a flat tax mean lower payments for everyone without increasing the deficit? Answer: It can't. "You say you're going to cut rates for everyone and get the same amount of revenue," says Robert McIntyre, the director of the liberal tax-reform group Citizens for Tax Justice. "That only works for people who didn't pass high-school math." In fact, the flat rate of 17 percent that Armey proposes would mean a drop in revenues to the federal government of about $200 billion a year. In this light, the flat tax loses its disguise of "simplification" and is revealed for what it is, a massive tax cut. In particular, it is a way of cutting a tax that bothers no one other than the very rich: capital gains. The Armey proposal would eliminate the capital-gains tax altogether—no space for it on the postcard.

Such a tax cut would be worse than reckless. It would mark a full-scale return to the Reagan philosophy of deficit-be-damned, since Republicans haven't yet shown any talent for producing spending reductions commensurate with their tax cuts. But what of an honest flat tax, one of around 23 percent? This is the rate the Treasury Department estimates would be required to make it "revenue neutral," as the taxheads like to say. Henry Aaron, an eminent tax expert at the Brookings Institution, points out that such a tax "would entail a significant redistribution of the tax burden from the well-to-do to middle-income families and the poor." In other words, the only beneficiaries of such simplification would be those with incomes of more than about $200,000. For most people, the flat tax has all the logic of saying, "I'm so sick of my landlord, I'm moving into a hotel." You solve the problem by creating one that is much worse. "My guess is that as people look at the flat tax, it will lose its appeal," Aaron says. "It may turn out to be for conservatives what health-care reform was for President Clinton."

Luckily, there are other alternatives to the perplexity of the present system. It is possible to have tax simplification without giving a huge gift to Claudia Cohen. House minority leader Richard Gephardt is said to be trying to devise such a plan. His basic notion is to eliminate deductions in exchange for lower rates, but keep two or three income brackets for the sake of progressivity. Graduated rates, after all, aren't what make things so confusing. Absent itemized deductions, you could have dozens of brackets and still file by postcard (well, maybe by big postcard).

Lower rates in exchange for fewer deductions was the basic bargain of the 1986 tax reform, the brainchild of New Jersey senator Bill Bradley, which became law when Finance Committee chairman Bob Packwood woke up one day and decided to be in favor of it. It created two rates—15 percent and 28 percent—and eliminated several generations' worth of accreted loopholes. Such simplicity means less incentive to cheat or to arrange one's financial affairs in economically unproductive ways. This kind of reform is like weeding—you have to keep doing it. Since 1986, many of the old loopholes have found their way back in, and

Illustration by Robert Neubecker.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THE NATIONAL INTEREST

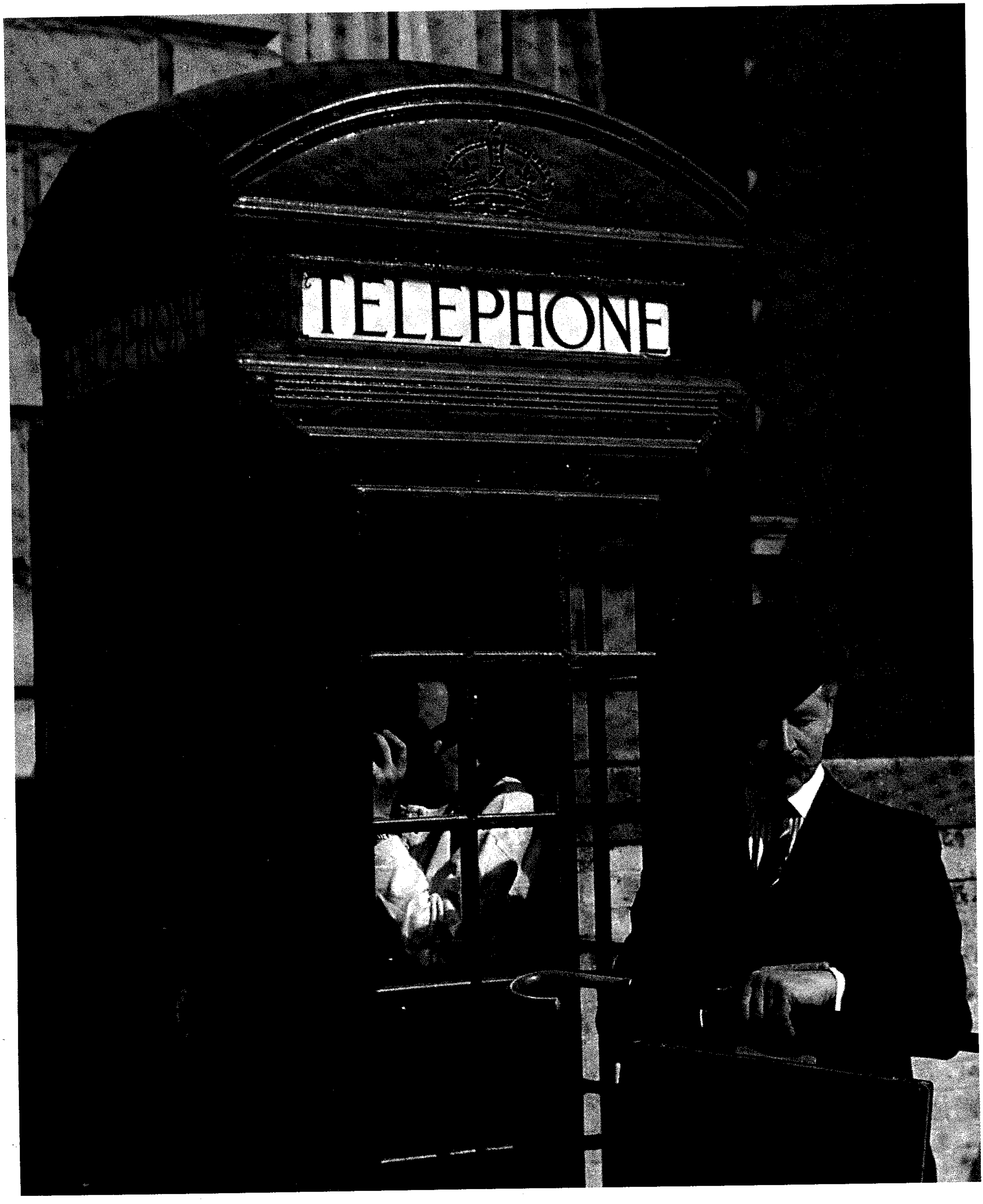
rates have crept higher. "Lobbyists don't let the tax code stay clean," says Bradley. He tells me that he may introduce a return-to-'86 reform bill with Packwood this summer.

Some loopholes should be easy kills. But the biggest deductions, or "tax expenditures," as they are called, will be hard to get rid of, and for good reason. The home-mortgage-interest deduction, for instance, might not be something one would create today (though a modest incentive to own instead of rent isn't unreasonable). But that deduction, which has existed since the income tax was instituted in 1913, is now capitalized into the value of everyone's home. To eliminate it overnight would produce a catastrophic drop in real-estate values. To disallow the deduction for charitable contributions would likewise devastate museums and aid organizations at a time when government support for culture and altruistic endeavors is on the wane. Bradley proposes a sensible compromise that would curtail deductions without punishing the less than wealthy: Keep the mortgage and charitable deductions, but allow them only at the lower of his two marginal rates. In other words, your deductions would be worth 15 percent, even if you were in the 28 percent bracket.

But if Democrats really want to be bold, they could address the biggest unfairness of all in the current system, the ultra-regressive Social Security tax. This is a levy of 12.4 percent (including the employer share) on the first $61,200 of income, then zero percent on all the rest. The justification for this soak-the-poor levy is that Social Security is a contributory scheme that pays back what people put in. But in reality, Social Security is a generational redistribution of wealth, since the contributions of present workers support benefits far in excess of what those now retired ever paid in. And because of the deficit, there's no trust fund accumulating a surplus for the retirement of the baby-boomers. Their contributions support the current overexpenditures of government. Removing the $61,200 limit would make possible a far lower rate, and thus a huge, progressive break for lower- and middle-income workers.

Predictable objections will be made to turning Social Security into a welfare program and thereby undermining its political viability. But the vast majority of taxpayers would get a break and thus feel *more* positively inclined toward contributing their share, not less. And Republicans can hardly complain about *this* flat tax, unless they want to admit that their interest in reform is only a cover for coddling the rich. Social Security–tax reform is a long ball, to be sure. But isn't it time the Democrats threw one? ■

LONDON CALLING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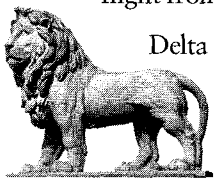

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LONDON CALLING

By David Butwin

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Cover: City gent and telephone. This page: Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament. All photos courtesy of the British Tourist Authority.

Who can say exactly when it happens? One bright morning you pass through St. James Park and the cloth lawn chairs are set out by the pond, yours to rent for 50P. At rush hour you're double-teamed on Piccadilly Street, the fruit peddlers selling their cartons of sweet bulbous strawberries, next to newsies hawking the evening tabloids. Suddenly one night the corner pub spills onto the front pavement, the regulars lounging about in the late twilight as if they've fallen into a friend's parlor. London, a hit at any time, bursts open with such energy and anticipation in May and June that even a longtime visitor with a well-mapped plan of attack can stumble. Say you want to do the Tate and the National Gallery, then walk to Covent Garden for lunch. But it's 3 P.M. before you step out of the National into the swirl of pigeons and mimes at Trafalgar Square. How is there time to eat and still get to the matinee? What about tomorrow?

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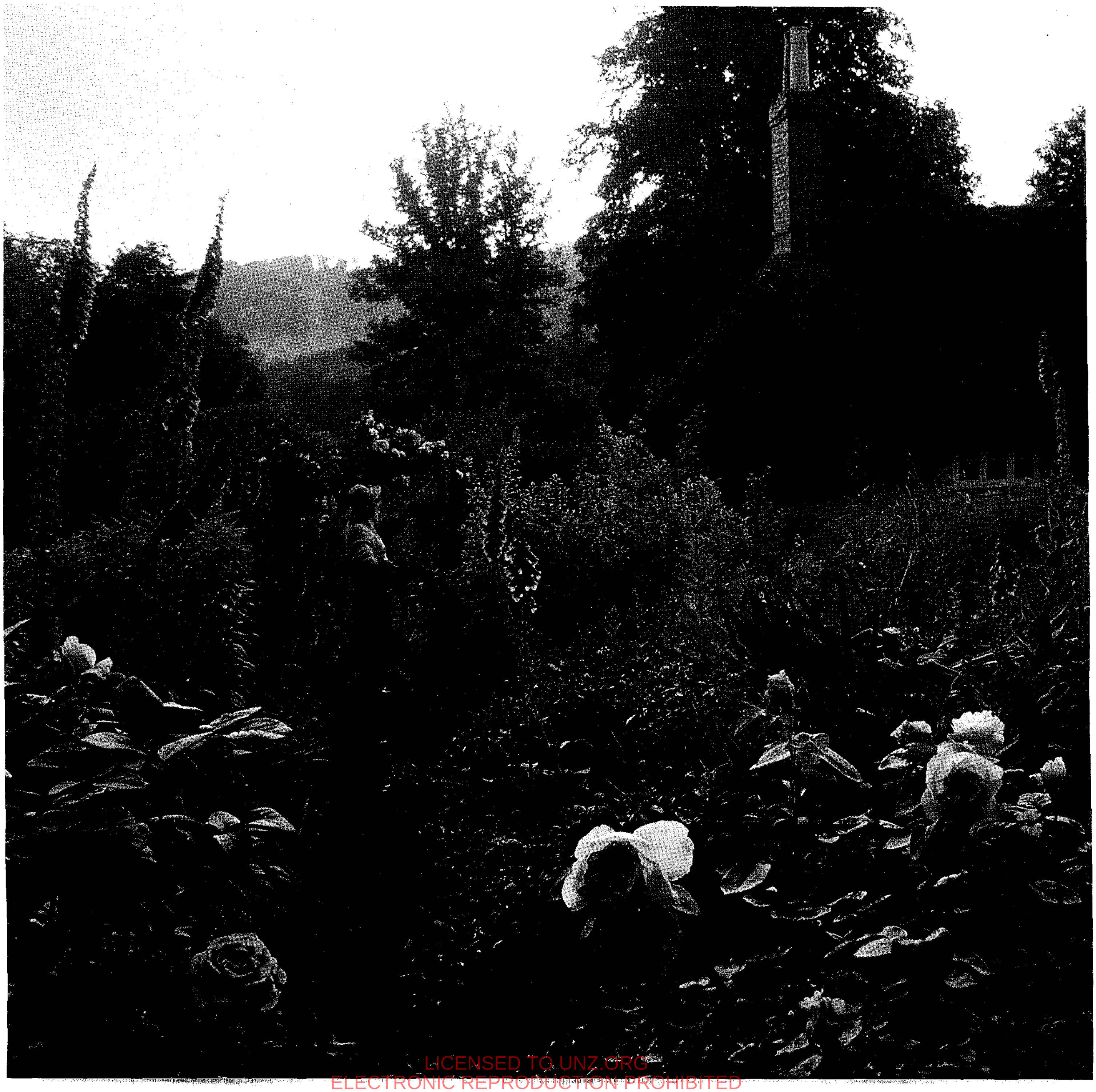

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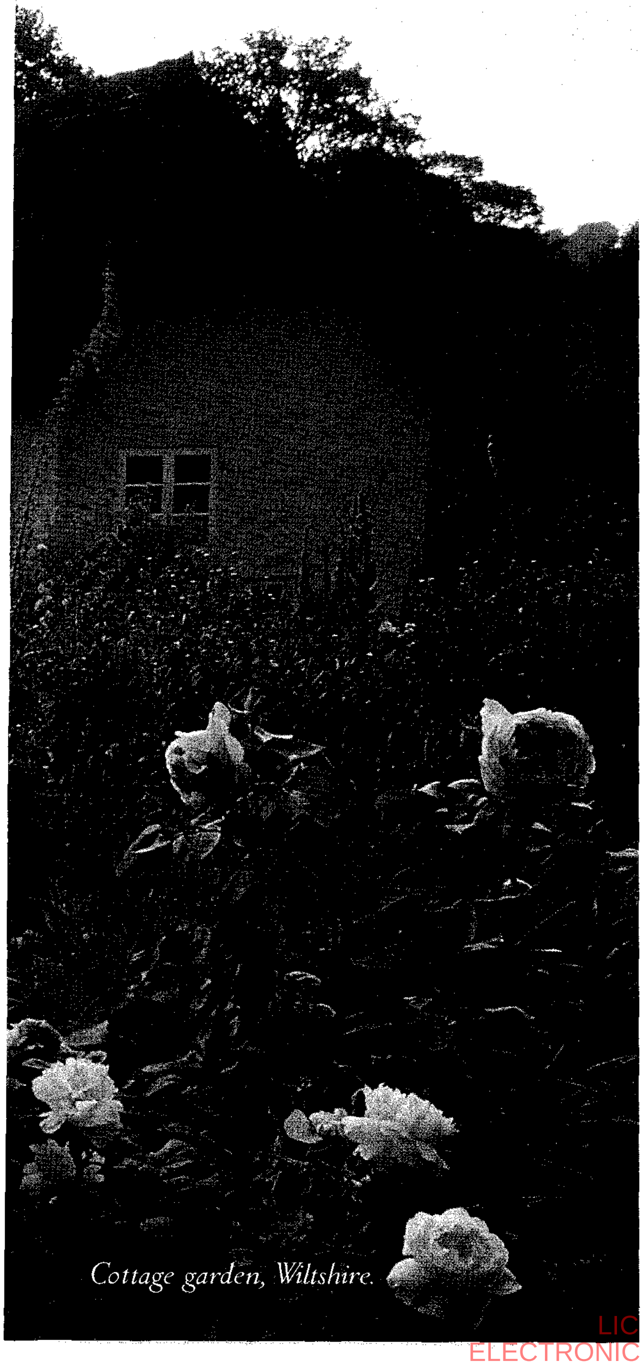

Cottage garden, Wiltshire.

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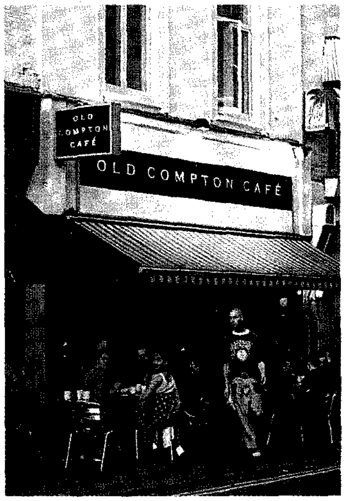
NEIGHBORHOODS

London is a patchwork of villages and neighborhoods, and the best way to see them is on foot. If you don't trust your map-reading acumen, sign on with a guided walk. "Today's events" in *The London Times* might list walks of Bloomsbury, Hampstead, Westminster, or Jack the Ripper's East End. If it's Sunday, a respected outfit called London Walks (624-3978) may be touring Shakespeare and Dickens' London, Chelsea Pubs, and Ghosts of the West End. Bloomsbury, a neighborhood well-mined by guides, chockablock with literary shrines, is more than just the Bloomsbury Set of Virginia Woolf, Lytton Strachey, and Maynard Keynes. Two buildings are tours in themselves: the British Museum, home of the Elgin Marbles exhibit, and where Karl Marx wrote *Das Kapital*, and the Courtauld Institute, a mansion full of impressionist and post-impressionist treasures. Take a stroll in the financial center, which Londoners call The City. Bankers and barristers still wear their stiff morning coats. Peek into the Bank of England and see "pink penguin" messengers dashing about in pink tails and black hats. Take a seat in the visitors gallery at Old Bailey. The wood-paneled court rooms have a modern look, but the be-wigged judges don't.



Old Compton Café in Soho: Any excuse for tea.

London is at its airy best in Hampstead, an urban village in north London. Go for a walk or jog or fly a kite on the 800-acre Hampstead Heath. Or tour the Freud Museum, which includes his study, library and psychoanalyst's couch brought from Vienna in 1938; the Keats House which is celebrating the bi-centenary of the poet's birth this year, and the secluded Kenwood estate with its paintings by Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, and Reynolds.

If you want a break from the theater of the street, slip away into the green refuge of London's parks and squares. One can make a long walk or a jog of the parks that stitch together the West End: into the stately little triangle of St. James Park, past Buckingham Palace and across into Green Park, through Hyde Park Corner and Marble Arch with its soapbox orators, across the meadows and woodlands and Serpentine waterway of Hyde Park and into Kensington Gardens, abloom with bright flower beds.

Just as appealing are the smaller squares and spaces that serve as centerpieces for neighborhoods and blocks of rowhouses: Grosvenor Square with its large FDR statue and Berkeley Square, both in fashionable Mayfair, Belgrave Square in the heart of embassy country, and the tiny gemlike Carlos Square, which looks onto a street of such uniform gentility that white-aproned John Bailey poulterers, working in the window, look right at home with posh antiques stores and the Connaught Hotel.

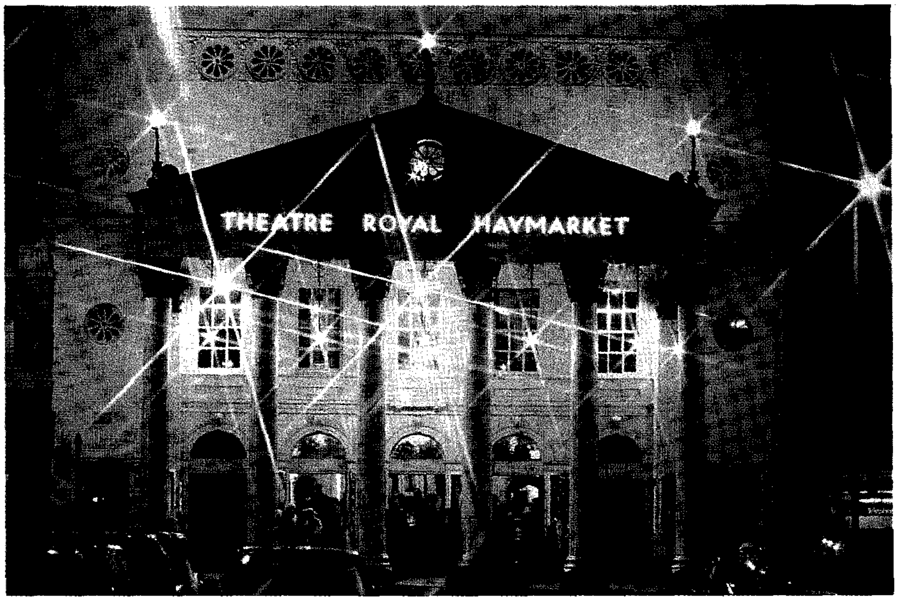
On a rainy day, or even a sunny one with half the world thronging the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey and Madame Tussaud's, it's a pleasure to duck into a subterranean museum, the Cabinet War Rooms, near Whitehall. This was the hideaway used by Winston Churchill, his war Cabinet and the chiefs of staff in the bleakest days of World War II. You see the phone room from which Churchill spoke directly to President Roosevelt and a cot, covered with a greenish quilt, the P.M. slept on. It is 50 years since Churchill saw Britain through the end of the war, and his presence is alive everywhere. There are busts or statues of him at St. Paul's (which he ordered preserved through the bombing), Parliament Square and Guildhall. Turnbull & Asser, the Jermyn Street shirtmakers, has a room named for Churchill. A glass cabinet displays a green velvet siren suit it made for Churchill during the war, complete with a cigar burn.

When your legs give out, there is the handy London Transport System, with its double-decker buses and color-coded Underground. You can buy a transit pass for a day, three days, a week. An escalator ride into the depths of the Underground is part of the adventure. Down there, halfway to China, where Londoners spent many nights during the Blitz, you can feel the tube before you hear it, as a silent zephyr rustles skirts and coats.

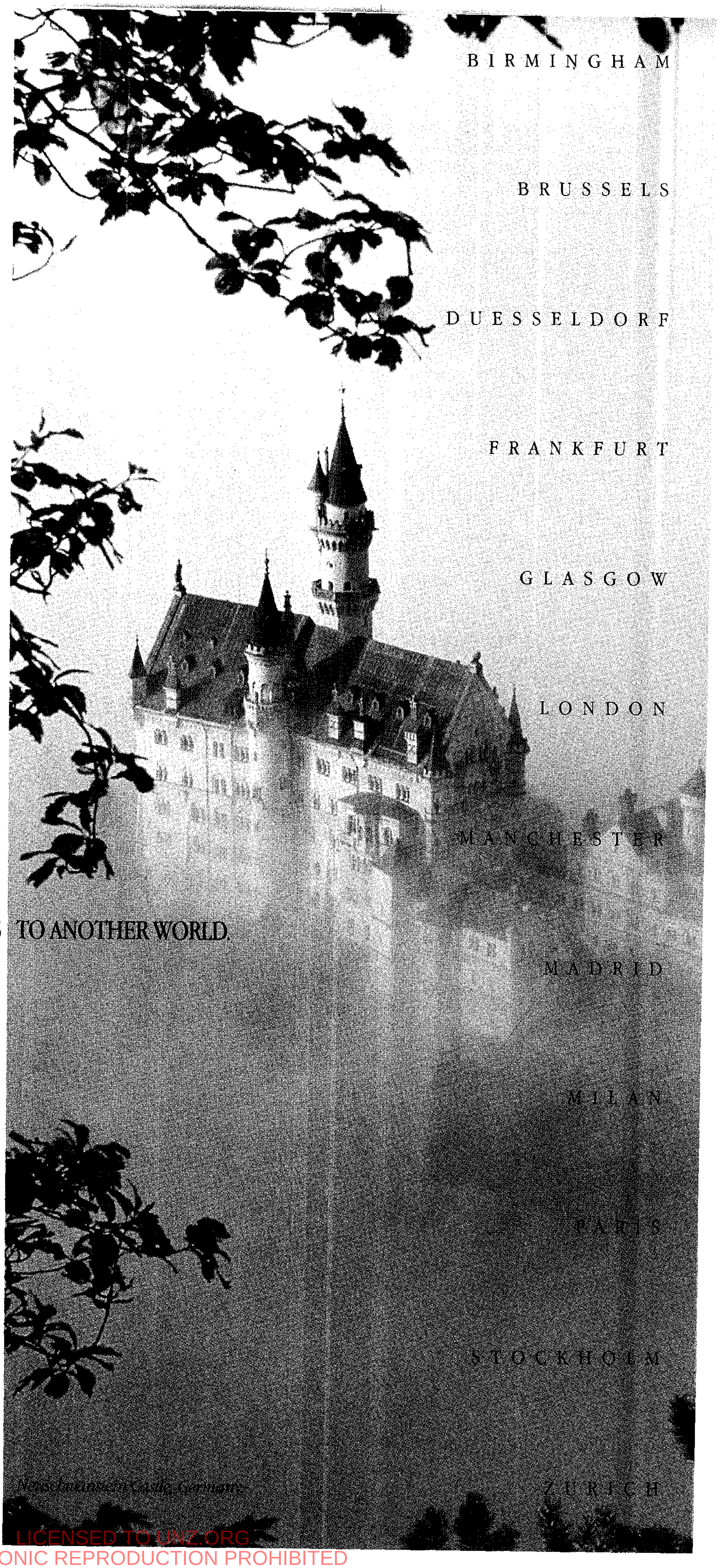
In London there are queues for buses, the tube, everything, and other customs and rules to live by. At Green Park, a middle-aged woman leaps on the rear of a moving bus. Moments later she is back on the pavement. "Only five standees are allowed," she explains with a shrug. "But I thought it was a good effort."

THEATER

The sun may have set on the British Empire, but London still rules the world of theater. With 50 theaters in operation, there's a performance at almost any hour (except Sunday) in the West End, across the Thames at the National or at the Royal Shakespeare at Barbican Centre. With the right timing you can catch three plays in a day: An early matinee at 2, another at 5, and a nighttime performance at 8. Theater seats are still a bargain, even if the prices are catching up with New York's at the high end (musicals like "Oliver," and "Sunset Boulevard" may run $60 a ticket). It's worth queuing up at the half-price booth at Leicester Square, but watch out for the touts: they'll gladly sell you an orchestra seat that turns out to be in the balcony. What's different about London theater? For one thing, there is no standard curtain time—a play may start at 7, 7:15, or 8 P.M. The seats can be a squeeze. Many of the West End theaters



Theatre Royale, Haymarket: With proper timing, three plays in a day.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were built 100 or more years ago, and are intimate, even cramped little houses. You can order a drink when you arrive and fetch it at the bar at the interval—not the intermission. Programs are a larger format than the Broadway *Playbill*, and each is a distinct publication crammed with interesting material.Among the openings slated for the coming months is George Bernard Shaw's "The Millionairess," starring Raquel Welch. If you want to pin down seats for this or other shows before you go over, try a stateside agency such as London Theatre News, a publication and booking service in New York (800-779-0077).

EVENTS

Each year the English are torn this way and that by the London Season, or simply the Season, a parade of sporting and social fixtures that starts with the Beefeater Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race in April and runs to the Cowes Week yacht races in August. There are stops at the Chelsea Flower Show in late May, Wimbledon, the Henley Royal Regatta, the British Open, horse racing at Ascot, Derby and Goodwood, and opera at Glyndebourne down in East Sussex.

It's the time of year when England behaves as the rest of the world thinks it always has, and though some events are not easy to penetrate, a little American ingenuity will usually do the job. Tickets to Centre Court at Wimbledon (June 26 to July 9 this year) are hard to come by, but it's worth the tube ride from central London and the long queues at the gate just to walk the grounds, have strawberries and cream on the Tea Lawn (in a plastic cup), take in the early rounds on the back courts, check out the excellent tennis museum and watch the schoolgirls as they track the fleeing Agassi with their cameras and autograph books.

Of all the fixtures, Henley (June 28 to July 2) is the truest to English tradition. For five days, the Edwardian era lives on the Thames, as grown men in striped, ill-fitting school blazers with matching pastel caps and ties turn out for this international rowing convocation, an hour's drive from London on the M4 motorway. Knots of friends recline on green lawns beside their open roadsters and eat lunch from wicker baskets. A general admission ticket will get you a view along the riverbanks. To crack the stately Stewards Enclosure, check the classifieds in the daily papers or wait at the gate: there's sure to be a member willing to sell a badge. For the Stewards, men need a jacket and tie, and milady's skirts must stay below mid-knee.

HISTORY

If you're thinking of passing up the tried and true tourist sites this summer, you might think again: many of the chestnuts have been altered, improved or otherwise spruced up for 1995. Thanks to a $15 million restyling of the Jewel House in the Tower of London, the endless queues before the Crown Jewels are history. Now you can get a glimpse from a slow-moving walkway, and a viewing platform lets you linger. Hampton Court Palace, on the Thames near London, has restored the King's Privy Garden to its 1702 contours and installed costumed interpreters to take you back to Tudor and Baroque times. Have fun getting lost in the Hampton Court Maze, more than 300 years old.

At Westminster Abbey, sculptures of

For five summer days at the Henley Royal Regatta, Edwardian England lives on the Thames.

Westminster Abbey has dusted off 400 years.

400 years ago have been restored, and the great fan vaulted roof in the Lady Chapel looks as it did to Henry VII. You can see stonemasons chipping away on this project in the style of the 16th century. At the revitalized London Zoo, afternoon tea will be served this summer amid the lush foliage and trilling birdsong of the Tropical Bird House. A new Children's Zoo is about to open on the site. Madame Tussaud's has dusted itself off to the tune of $32 million, featuring such new attractions as a ride in the dark capturing the sights, sounds, and even the smells of 400 years of London history.

The redoubtable Victoria and Albert Museum has opened a stunning gallery of glass, an exhibit that shows perfume bottles from ancient Egypt to exotic drinking glasses of today. Or "go down to Kew," as the poem says: the Royal Botanic Garden's new Evolution House is a journey through the ages to the first flowering of the earth.

DAY TRIPS

If you tire of London, you can always get away for the day, rent a car or catch a high-speed BritRail train into the countryside and still be back before the pubs close. Go northeast to Cambridge, northwest to Oxford and the Cotswolds, up the Thames to Windsor Castle, west to Bath and its Georgian Crescent, down to Kent, the Garden of England, or all the way to Canterbury. Certain touring agencies give reasonable guided day trips to these points and others. For listings and ideas on this and all London matters, get in touch with the British Tourist Authority, 551 Fifth Avenue at 45th Street, Suite 701, 212-986-2200 or 800-462-2748.

Now that the Eurotunnel, or Chunnel, is completed, it's even possible to dash down to Paris for the day—or at least make a seamless switch to the Continent when you're finished with London. Six high-speed trains leave daily from Waterloo Station, zipping through the Chunnel in 19 minutes and arriving in the Gare du Nord after a 3-hour trip. It's a 3:15 run to Brussels. For reservations, call Rail Europe at 800-EUROSTAR.

RESTAURANTS

In a world gone mad for cappuccino, Londoners still break for tea on the slimmest excuse. Teatime may be a quick cup at a tea shop between museums or an afternoon event in a dark-paneled hotel lounge. Tea at Browns Hotel is such a hot ticket you must reserve a table a few days or more ahead. There's also high ceremony at the Ritz, the Hyde Park, and others. When the towering caddy, heaped with scones and buns and finger sandwiches, is set before you, eat up: you're charged for the whole thing. And don't be thrown by the term "creamed tea." Creamed refers to the mound of clotted cream, and it goes on the scones, not into the tea.

London, once reviled for its restaurants, has become a serious eating town. Culinary heaven is no longer a slab of roast beef served from a rolling cart at Simpson's-in-the-Strand (though that's still a treat). The trend is to stylish Italian and French, with flourishes of the California kitchen and Modern British Cuisine—and sometimes a mix of them all. London is up to three restaurants with the maximum three Michelin stars (Paris only has five!): Chez Nico in Mayfair, La Tante Claire in Chelsea, The Restaurant in the Hyde Park Hotel. All three are French, and so are La Gavroche, in a low-ceilinged basement room on Upper Brook Street, and Bibendum, in the stunning stained-glass-windowed Michelin Building on Fulham Road, whose kitchen breaks your heart with the simplicity of its food.

Northern Italian is also in vogue, and three top choices are Riva across the Thames in Barnes, Al San Vincenzo near Marble Arch (try the orchiette with fresh tomatoes), and Olivo, which is done up in the bright colors of a Hockney-painted California swimming pool. Clarkes, on Kensington Church Street, is strong on California wines and flavors with more than a hint of modern British.

In the city that invented the term trendy, somewhere back in the maxi-coat era, certain restaurants become the rage overnight, favored by a celebrity or two and assorted "loveys," loud-trilling Londoners who say "luv" and "dahling" a lot. Among the current leaders: The Square, across the road from Christie's, frequented by Vanessa Redgrave and Frederick Forsyth; Christopher's, in Covent Garden, run by the son of a former Cabinet minister; the buzzing La Famiglia (try for a table in the rear garden) in Chelsea; Shepherd's, close to the Houses of Parliament, partly owned by Michael Caine, serving steak and kidney pie, cod with egg sauce, and a newer Caine spot, (he lives upstairs) Canteen, with a gorgeous view of Chelsea Harbour, a busy complex of shops, pubs and flats on the Thames.

If you want a go at local fare, with an updated flair, consider: The Greenhouse in Hays Mews (leave room for a dessert pudding); Wilton's in Jermyn Street, 250 years as an eating house and still serving the best oysters, fish and game, and a string of English-accented sister restaurants—Walton's, the English Garden, the English House, and Lindsay House.

PUBS

It has come to this: even the London pub, that bastion of rumpled civility, has gone trendy. More than a few tarted-up houses have turned their back on traditional pub grub—fish and chips, game pies, ploughman's lunch—but never fear, you can still fall into a cozy local on any street corner and find a knot of regulars posted at the bar, a fireplace, a pet dog or two, a pocked dart board. There's The Dove, for example, on the Thames in Hammersmith, almost 200 years old, with dark low-hanging beams and two fireplaces. Talk about cozy, it's in the "Guinness Book of Records" as the smallest public bar. On a stylish corner near the Belgravia-Chelsea border, the Fox and Hounds has kept the common touch even in the company of patrons from Rex Harrison to Harrison Ford. Hamilton Hall, in a corner of the financial district's Liverpool Street train station, may be London's most beautiful pub, with high ceilings, gilt moldings, marble fireplace, and shelves of books.

Butler's Wharf Chop House: A serious eating town.

SHOPPING

Another of summer's institutions, as feverish as Henley is rarefied, are the July

Sales, a week when the shops and stalls of London slash their prices in half or more and the West End turns into a teeming bazaar. People camp overnight to be in the door first, but you'll also see posh shoppers dropped at the curb by chauffered Bentleys. Oxford Street is the nerve center. There is more order on Regent Street and Bond Street, but late in the week even the stately Liberty & Co. looks picked-over, and so does the legendary Harrods over in Kensington.

For one week Oxford Street is a teeming bazaar.

Harrods, long the king of London's department stores, has it over the others in volume, but the perhaps more switched-on Harvey Nichols, nearby on Knightsbridge, can counter with seven floors of fashion, beauty, furnishings, and a topnotch food emporium. Lower in key are Liberty, Fortnum & Mason (check the frock-coated clerks—say clarks—in the ground-floor comestibles) and Selfridge's, the world's oldest department store.

It is the specialty shops, however, that set London commerce apart. Not for nothing did Napoleon call England a nation of shopkeepers. There's a shop for every taste and quirk—the chic dress shops of Kensington High Street, the smart men's clothing shops of Savile Row, Penhaligon's for perfume, James Locke & Co. for hats (it still has the Duke of Wellington's measurements on file), John Lobb for boots (it made the first Wellingtons for the Duke himself). There are shops that sell canes, umbrellas, toys, snuff boxes, and shops—200 or more—that sell books. In medieval times the trades were grouped together; today many booksellers are found on Charing Cross Road, none more vast or comprehensive than Foyles. Hatchard's on Piccadilly is London's oldest bookshop and the most elegant, with Oriental rugs and mahogany bookcases.

Jermyn Street, which runs for four or five quiet blocks just behind Piccadilly, is dense with specialty shops. Many of the fronts bear a royal sign, proof that the Windsor family is a customer. In the window of Paxton & Whitfield, the royal cheesemongers, hang stiltons the size of washpails and 60-pound wheels of cheddar. Floris, dispensers of exotic fragrances since 1730, is a sparkling jewel box of a shop. But the street is best known for bespoke (custom) shirts—striped and tattersall, sea island cotton and linen, men's and women's. Turnbull & Asser, Hilditch & Key, Harvie & Hudson will measure you up for an order of six, but there are splendid (and cheaper) shirts off the rack.

London somehow remains a bottomless source of antiques and collectibles. There are smart antiques stores scattered about Mayfair and Kensington, but if price is an object, head for the sprawling antiques centers on King's Road in Chelsea. These warrens of stalls and shops, mostly on the south side, displaying glassware, china, art deco objects, silver, and rare books, are operated by patient dealers who are willing to cut prices by 10 to 20 percent.

Or throw yourself into the roiling antiques markets—whole city blocks of stalls tucked away in some of London's more colorful neighborhoods. Portobello Road, its shops open every day but Sunday, stages London's oldest and biggest street market on Saturday. Camden Lock Market, which operates Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, saves its best for Sunday morning. If you get to there before 9 a.m., you'll see the show unfold, dealers laying out their wares—jewelry, clothes, and much more—while young women in t-shirts stand over open grills frying up full English breakfasts for £1.50.

HOTELS

Where to stay? It's a choice that can color your view of London if not make or break your visit. The choices stretch from the back mews of Chelsea north to the countrified lanes of Hampstead, from neighborhood bed and breakfast houses to white-glove parkside hotels. If it's a hotel of old-fashioned (but high-priced) London grace you want, there are the Connaught, the Dorchester, the Ritz, Claridge's, the Berkeley. Not so formal, not so dear are the funky old Savoy, the little, oh-so-English Browns, and the red-brick Victorian wonder, the Hyde Park. The 185-room Hyde Park has the green peace of the park on one side and the hum of Knightsbridge on the other with Harrods and Harvey Nichols just down the road and Chelsea only a stroll away. London has made a speciality of the townhouse hotel, handsome neighborhood buildings with all the comforts of home and the conveniences of a business office. Or consider a suite hotel, such as the St. James, which provides a brace or entire floor of rooms and makes you feel lord or lady of the manor. Wherever you stay and whatever your plans—Wimbledon today, Henley tomorrow, three plays on Monday—London is ready to charm, delight, confuse (What's that spoon doing above the dessert plate? Why is the toast cold and the beer warm?) and have you back for more.

HOW TO GET THERE

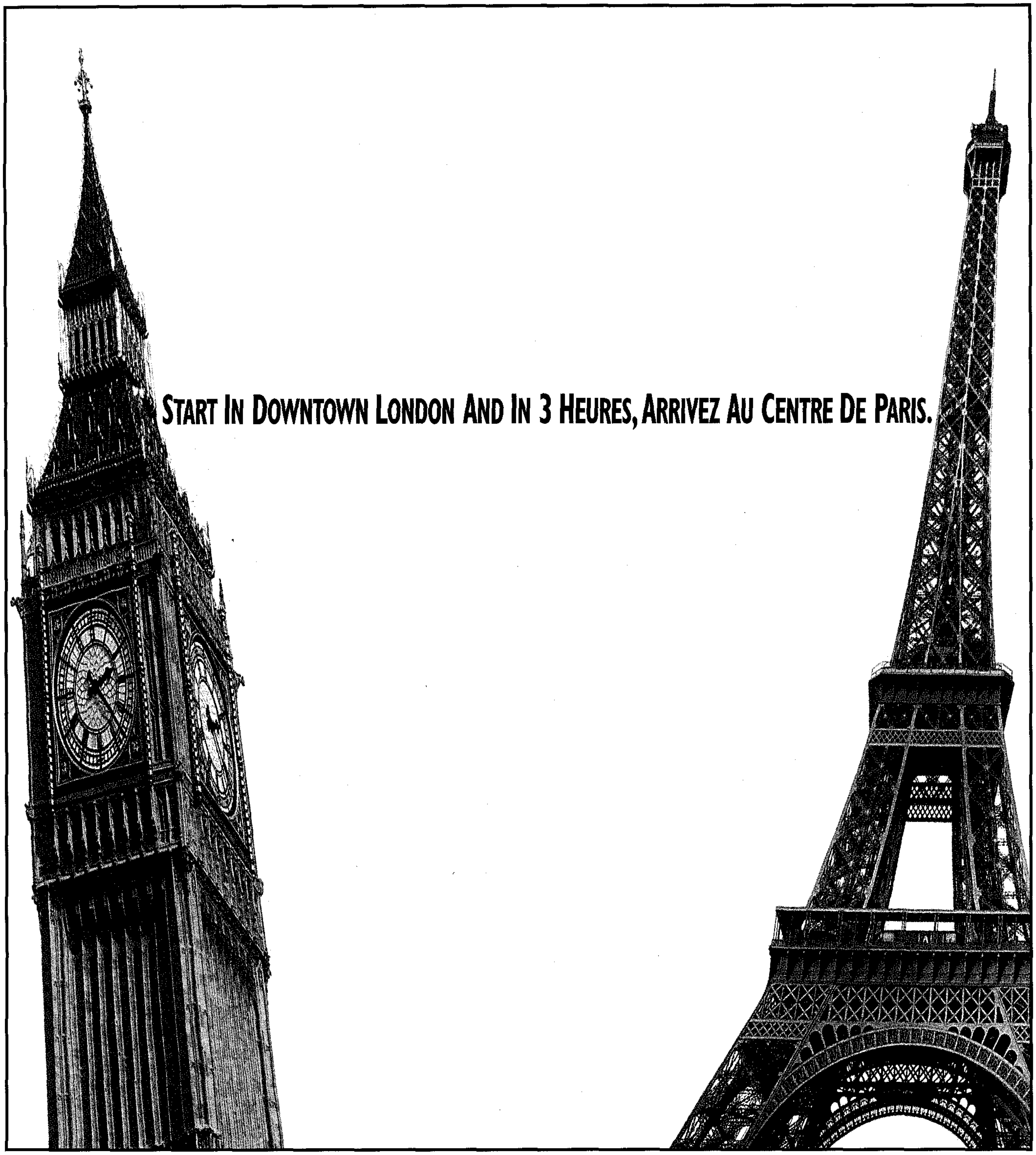
It's about seven hours from New York to the green fringes of Heathrow Airport, and this summer there will be flights leaving almost every hour of the day.

American Airlines (800-624-6262) flies to London six times a day from JFK International Airport, from 8:30 A.M. to 9 P.M. Taking a morning flight, you arrive in the English twilight with energy enough to step out for a bite or a pint. American recently offered a 21-day advance purchase fare as low as $398.

Delta Air Lines (800-221-1212) recently launched a coach-sharing arrangement by which Delta passengers can ride over and back on Virgin Atlantic Airways, now a carrier with non-smoking flights. There are two connections a day from both Kennedy and Newark International airports.

United Airlines (800-241-6522), a big London customer, will fly to Heathrow four times a day this summer from JFK, and all are non-smoking flights. There is also a daily United flight from Newark. A 21-day advance purchase fare is the most reasonable offering.

Parliament and River Thames: A good year for the tried and true.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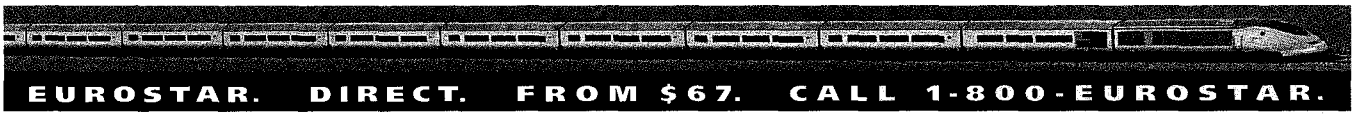

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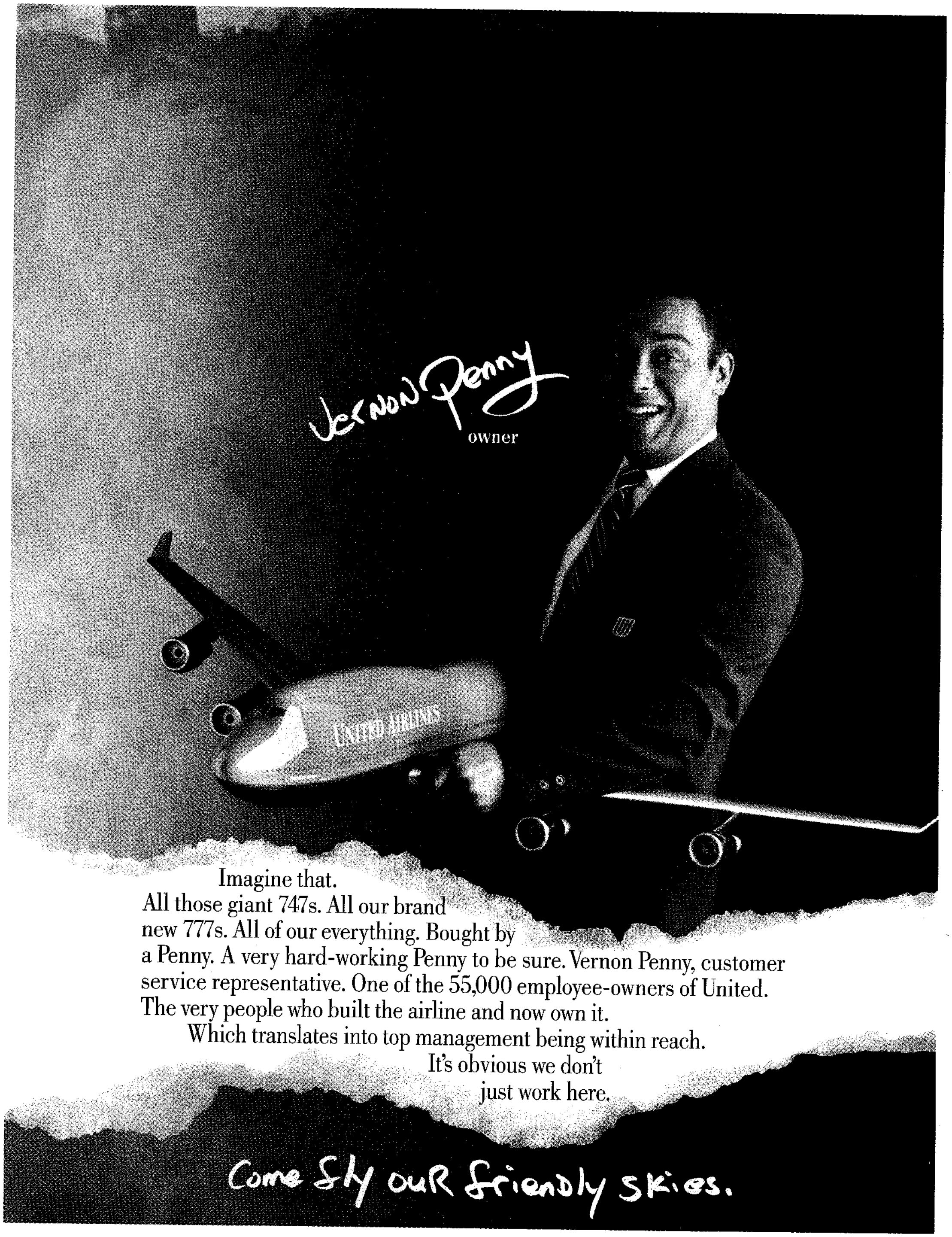
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Whistle While You Work

As the media get grumpier and grumpier, Disney's mercilessly cheerful façade begins to crumble.

EVERY WORKING DAY, HUNDREDS OF EMPLOYEES OF THE Walt Disney Company receive the "daily news summary," which reprints dozens of articles about Disney from around the world. Some days, it can be as long as 60 pages. But some days, too, major stories from major publications are missing, articles Disney executives censor-snip, like Soviet apparatchiks, as unfit for consumption by their workers.

In recent weeks, as the news summary has looked more than ever like *Pravda* circa '68, Disney's delicate relationship with the press has shown signs of spinning out of control—chairman Michael Eisner has become increasingly infuriated over coverage of the company, according to people close to the situation.

Eisner has ample reason to watch his back, and not just in the sense that he's reported to be traveling with a bodyguard. There's a book by Robert Sam Anson due out next year, with the working title of *The Rules of the Magic;* and if a recent piece by Anson published in the New York *Observer* is any indication, Eisner will be portrayed as capricious, paranoiac, and megalomaniacal. Seedlings of this portrayal had been passed around in Hollywood for years, but it took full flower amid the turmoil of the past year, following the death of company president Frank Wells and the departure of the two top entertainment executives at the company, Jeffrey Katzenberg and Richard Frank. Now, even friendlier articles on Eisner in *Fortune,* the New York *Times,* and the Los Angeles *Times* allude to a darker side. "They'd built a wall around him," says one current Disney executive, "and it just crumbled."

Katzenberg, who left with great public bitterness, could make more mischief. The media-savvy former protégé has told friends he'll go on a *jihad* if Eisner doesn't grant him a sum of money he says he's owed—it could be more than $100 million. (Katzenberg won't comment.)

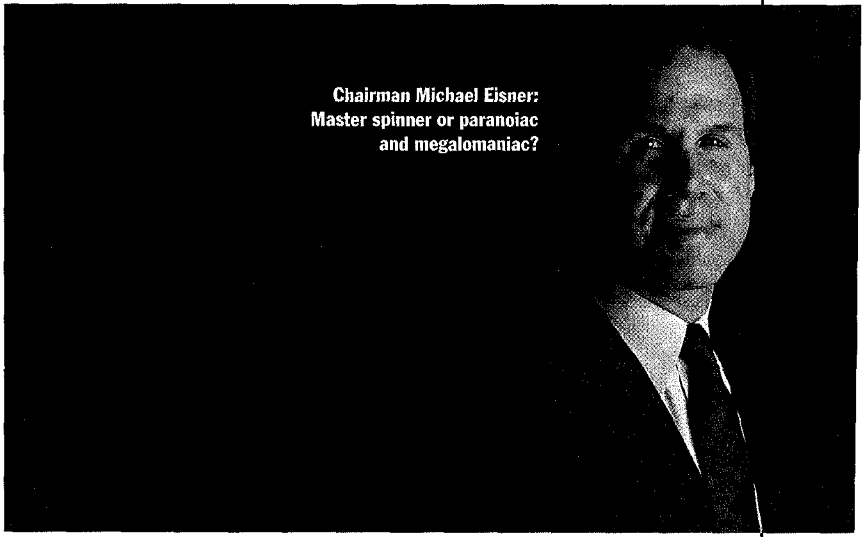
How damaging these things might be isn't known. The fact that entertainment moguls are control freaks with big egos who engage in ruthless business practices won't exactly be a stop-the-presses bulletin. Though Anson is well regarded, his book was dumped by one publisher (he found another). Disneyites were ordered not to talk to him, which might make the book easier to marginalize. Furthermore, Eisner still has some moves on him—years of Hollywood experience at flattering and spinning journalists. But Disney could be in for the public-relations experience from hell.

How dangerous could this be for Disney? Well, practically nothing in corporate America has been as carefully tended as Eisner's image. He made a decision early on to personify his company, à la Walt, appearing publicly as a kind of doorman for Disney's Oz, all the while transmuting a sleepy $2 billion–a–year company into one valued at $28 billion in just a decade.

As with any media company, you do this kind of thing with smoke and mirrors, which is why press relations is one of the most important things you do. And in a cynical age, Disney's image is uniquely vulnerable, a confection that can be blown away in an instant if people begin to doubt Disney's sincerity.

This is partly why Eisner has struggled mightily with the growth of business journalism. More pointedly, he's refused to accept it. Disney has a well-oiled press machine when it comes to pushing its products. It flies hundreds of journalists to media junkets at Walt Disney World in Florida; they're supposed to go home and write glowing articles about the latest theme-park attraction. These make it into the in-house news summaries.

At first, Eisner got what he wanted from the media. Throughout the late eighties, magazines wrote adulatory stories about Disney's corporate success, often with Eisner grinning amongst balloons or costumed characters in the Magic Kingdom. Eisner was wildly creative, hands-on, peripatetic, an architectural Medici. He didn't drone on about debt-equity ratios; he wanted to gush about the latest thrill ride. He was accessible.



Chairman Michael Eisner: Master spinner or paranoiac and megalomaniac?

And yet remote: When he gave a long-awaited speech to a TV-industry group in the eighties, it was a fairy-tale parable involving creatures in a forest. The workings of the company were nobody's business. "Why do you always want to peer behind the curtain? Why can't you just wait till the show opens?" he has said.

Occasionally, Eisner's temper would break through the carefully calibrated image, and he'd feud with other magnates like MCA's Sid Sheinberg or Time Warner's Gerald Levin. He privately calls the media-darling DreamWorks troika "the three geniuses."He stopped advertising in Time Inc's magazines during one tiff; he warred with the Washington *Post* over the recent, misbegotten Virginia theme-park scheme. He denounced all manner of "elitists"—French intellectuals, Virginia gentry, and New York–media types. Many companies suck up to Wall Street stock touts to pump their shares. Not Disney: When securities analysts dared to criticize the company, Eisner's lieutenants would thunder at them over the phone or fire off angry letters. (Disney says its analyst relations are excellent.)

In Hollywood, Eisner's Disney-*über-alles* attitude has rubbed many industry colleagues the wrong way. Eisner's Disney is a place that has always had a reputation for not just pressuring

Photograph by David Strick/Onyx.

people on deals but squeezing them till they turn blue. For all Eisner's success, he's made precious few alliances, which stems from more than conservatism and abhorrence of debt—it also comes from his unwillingness to compromise: "Guys that make deals," says one executive at a rival studio, "that build companies on acquisitions, learn to find win-win situations. They learn to give a little. It's so obvious, but some people don't understand." Dealing with the press requires the same sort of give-and-take.

I wrote frequently about Eisner's Disney during the six years I covered the entertainment industry for the *Wall Street Journal.* Unremarkably, Disney didn't like some of what I wrote, but what really drove me crazy was when something like this would happen: I'd call a Disney spokesman, ask pointed questions about business aspects of the company, and get nowhere; then, with frightening blandness, the executive would urge me to pursue a story on a charity sports event coming up at Disney World. Disney went to great lengths to fight me on a story about its most successful division, home video, even though the article would be positive almost by definition. Disney is the kind of company that goes off the record to say "No comment."

Eisner can also be thin-skinned. He blew up at *The New Yorker*'s Ken Auletta two years ago during an innocuous interview about sex and violence in Hollywood. "I was struck when I interviewed him by how he overreacted on a subject he should have swatted out of the ballpark," says Auletta. "He conveyed an attitude that he was used to being unquestioned."

Then came the breakup with Katzenberg—one of the biggest entertainment stories in years—and Disney executives say Eisner genuinely didn't understand why the media was interested. "Amazing, isn't it?" says one. (A Disney spokesman denies this.) So Eisner and Disney were slow off the mark in getting their story out and got murdered on the coverage. For years, Disney's movie operation had skillfully retained open relations with the media. That was where the Katzenberg-friendly executives resided. But the corporate side of the company had been buttoned-down so long that Eisner wasn't getting any spin across.

Katzenberg himself isn't the master manipulator of the press that his pal David Geffen is, but he works harder at it than anybody, systematically calling journalists, checking in. He was often annoyingly disciplined, rigidly "on message," like the teenage political aide to John Lindsay he used to be. But during the Eisner breakup, he was raw, emotional, and vulnerable: He was, briefly, a "real person"—a compliment in mogul zones, and one that tends to make chroniclers of Hollywood sympathetic.

After the initial spate of pro-Katzenberg coverage, Eisner first tried to stonewall Kim Masters of *Vanity Fair.* Then he called editor Tina Brown of *The New Yorker* to try to quash an Auletta story—without success. He finally made himself or surrogates available, and the subsequent coverage has been more balanced.

But Disney's dig-in-its-heels posture toward the media persists. When Rich Frank quit last month following unequivocal denials, many journalists felt they had been lied to. This flunks P.R. 101. The most recent installment of Eisner's famous personal annual-report message contains several virtually Nixonian references to unnamed critics running down Disney.

Anson's book has progressed in fits and starts since 1991, but it's clearly got Disney worried. Anson says one top Disney executive seriously asked him to sweep his phone for bugs before talking to him; another executive told him his own phone logs were checked. One Disney executive told me the *Observer* was an old "socialist" newspaper. (It's neither old nor socialist, of course.) And while the tiny-circulation *Observer* isn't exactly available at the Burbank 7-Eleven, this stuff tends to filter over to the more mainstream media; Anson's "Captain Queeg" characterization even made it into a glowing *Fortune*-magazine story by John Huey soon after.

The Katzenberg feud swirls with undercurrents that are alternately tabloid-ugly and zany. Like anti-Semitism: Some Katzenberg-ites (including Steven Spielberg, some say) didn't like it when Eisner referred scornfully to Katzenberg's "deli," the upscale theme restaurant he owns with Spielberg. The depiction of Katzenberg as "pushy" by the Eisner camp ruffled similar feathers. Eisner is Jewish, but no matter. A Disney spokesman calls the topic "insane."

As if this weren't enough, Disney has just become the first Fortune 500 company to be "outed." In the May issue, *Buzz* magazine writes about Disney's high proportion of gay employees, something the company is not eager to broadcast. "Our name means something in middle America," says one executive.

Right now, Disney is enjoying a record stock price and record financial results. The crucial pediments of Eisner's power—his board of directors and his stockholders—seem to support him as solidly as they have for years. Donald Trump's ghostwriter Tony Schwartz is collaborating with Eisner on a book.

But there are glimmerings of anxiety. "I'm very concerned," said one Wall Street investment banker long familiar with Disney. "One more piece of bad news, and they could be in trouble." ▬

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158 Merrick Road

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L.I.C. Auto Imports, Inc.
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557 North State Road

BROOKLYN
Plaza Saab
2740 Nostrand Avenue

FISHKILL
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GLEN HEAD
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HEMPSTEAD
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Huntington Saab
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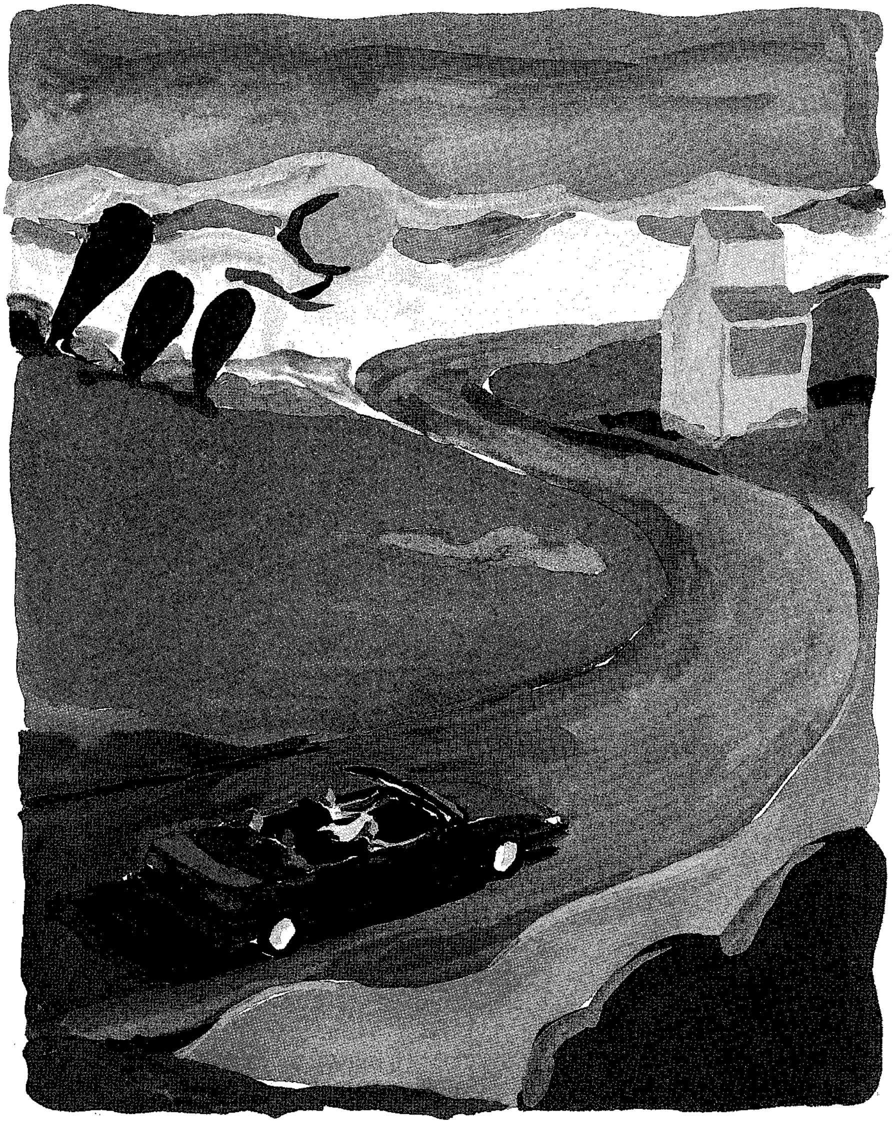
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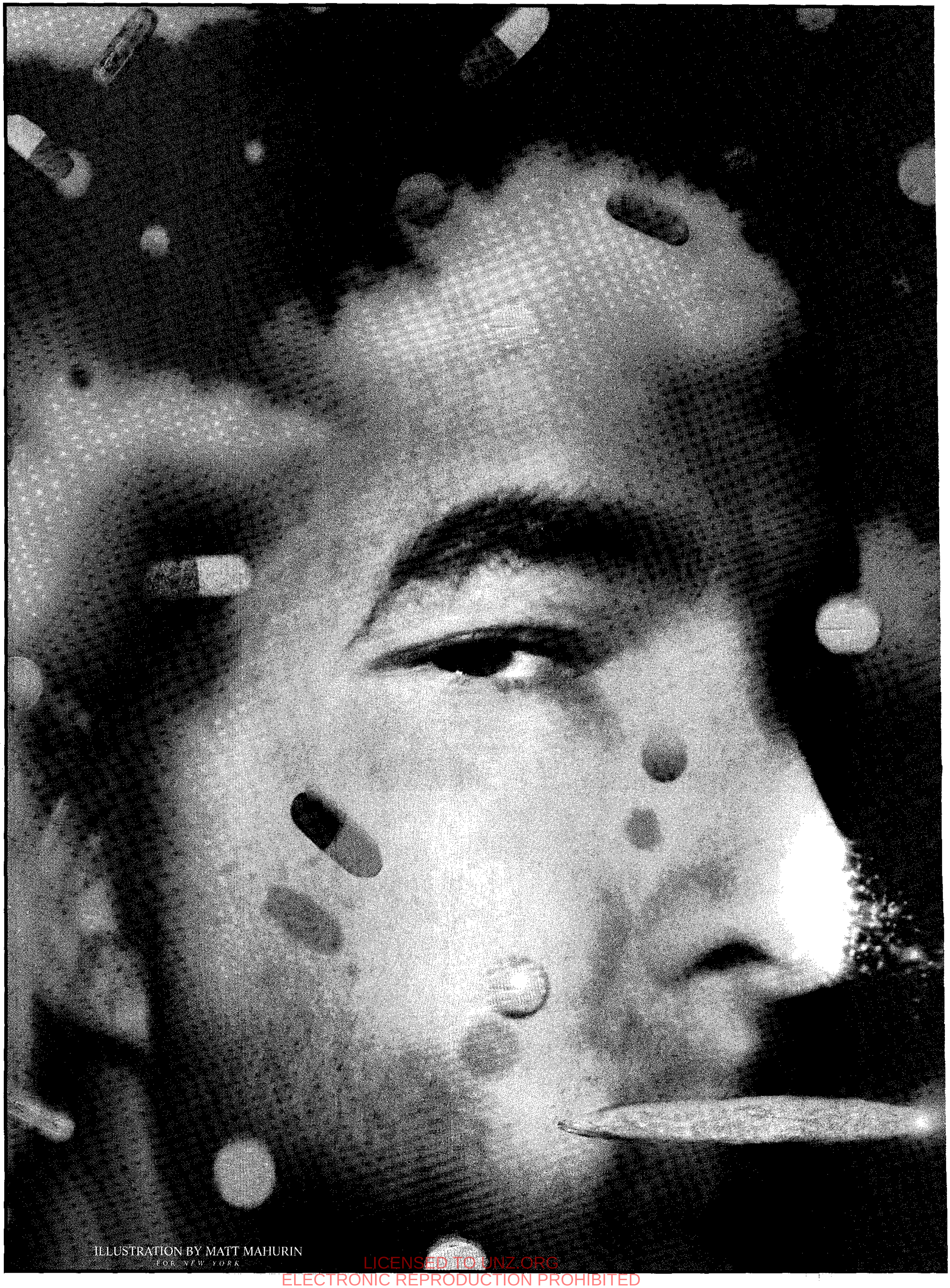


ILLUSTRATION BY MATT MAHURIN
FOR NEW YORK

Stoned Again

Americans in large numbers are not saying no to marijuana, psychedelics, and even heroin.

But is this the remaking of the counterculture? Hardly. A trip through the drug-culture diaspora

By George Kalogerakis

"THE GENERATION BEFORE ME, I THINK, WERE DOING IT TO KILL themselves," says Karen,* a pretty, fresh-faced beanpole in a torn sweater and fashionably clunky shoes. "But the nineties thing is to kind of have fun again. Kids being kids again."

Kids, in other words, are finally doing heroin *for the right reasons.*

Karen is sitting in the Gotham Bar and Grill, lunching on salad and grilled fish. She's 19, but in an instant can look much younger or much older. Her parents are very well known. Neither one raised her—she lived with a guardian before running away for good at 15 and renting a SoHo apartment with a boyfriend. And neither parent knows the full extent of her heroin use. "My argument to them was that I was fine," she says, "so I couldn't turn around and say, 'I need help now.' " She is funny and articulate and bright, although her art studies at a well-regarded private college in the New York area were interrupted for a time when the administration discovered what she was really majoring in.

"I'm kind of gung ho about whatever I'm doing," she says, laughing. " 'Come on, guys! Let's do heroin!' My friends and I would never go to class—we'd sit around watching porn movies and doing heroin. In the college scene, everyone is snorting it and smoking it, but the kids who are revered are the ones who are shooting. Because if you're doing it at all, you're not in any sane state of mind, so you push it as far as you can.

"It's one of the few drugs that's a real physical high. It's not so much a mental journey. Your body goes limp, you feel relaxed, and you're taking in the world. You feel that you've swallowed your head. For people who do a lot of thinking, it's a nice release, it really stops your thought processes. . . ."

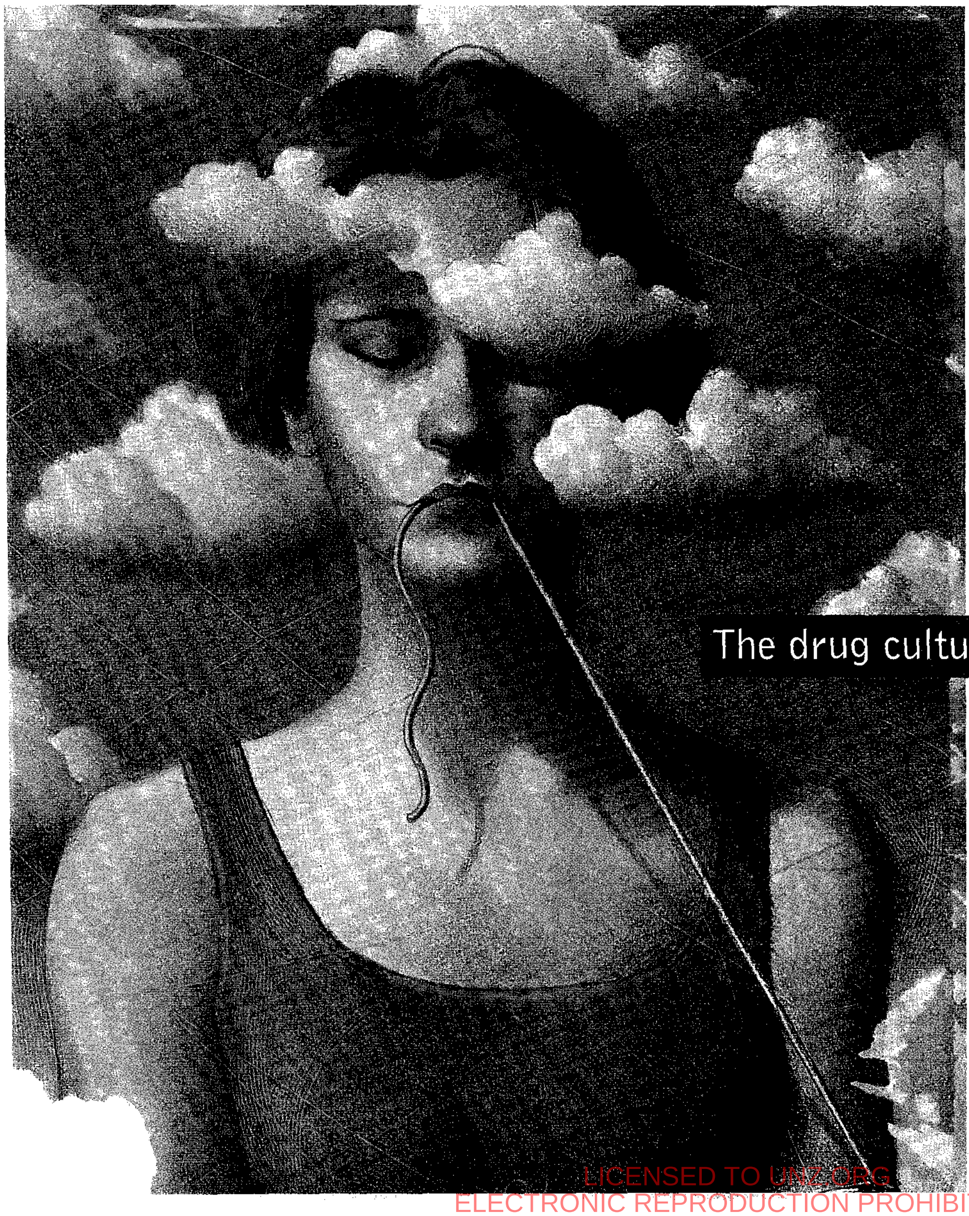
She looks up at the waitress. "Can I get some lemon, please?"

IT MAKES SOME KIND OF TERRIBLE SENSE THAT HEROIN SHOULD find a vogue in the nineties: What went up in the cocaine-assisted eighties must come down. And while heroin hasn't attained its predecessor's status as a yuppie party favor, it has found some surprising new constituencies, the sort of people who in the past would not have dreamed of getting near it. Marijuana smoking, meanwhile, remains as popular as it is punishable, and its devotees, many of them returning to pot after a decade or two of abstinence, are sounding more and more like wine connoisseurs. Even tobacco smoking, now less legal than it's ever been, suddenly seems fashionable again. After a post-coke, post-eighties hangover and drying-out period, upscale Americans are retoxifying in significant numbers.

Not that they like to talk about it much. Drug users have always constituted a secret society; drug use has always been Us vs. Them (those who did, or might, versus those who didn't and would never). These days, Us, the membership of the secret society, current and lapsed, includes much of the civilized world. It includes, for instance, members of the White House staff, if Newt Gingrich is to be believed, as well as the president himself. It even includes Newt. For all his Savonarolan posturing, Gingrich's response to questions about his youthful drug experimentation ("That was a sign we were alive and in graduate school in that era") was uncharacteristically graceful and in perspective and mature.

My own membership in the society has lapsed in the past few years. But not long ago, when I sat down with my remaining brain cells to sift my drug history for patterns, I discovered that they correlated quite closely with what might be called the White House Factor: My illicit automedicinal choices over a quarter-century were apparently linked to who happened to be sitting in the Oval Office.

I first inhaled, fittingly, during the Nixon administration, and continued right through both Ford years. Around the time of Carter's inaugural, I quit, and during that entire (Democratic) term, I remained essentially drug-free. (I loved a drink, it's true, but that makes sense: The Carters were thought of as teetotalers—they barely swallowed. Better make mine a double.) Reagan's ascent called for drastic measures, however, and good citizen that I was, I reenlisted, voluntarily ingesting the harder, more dangerous drugs a right-wing government demanded. By Bush's election, when I was in my thirties and ready to give up odd behavior and addled syntax for good, the president himself generously took up the slack. Specifically, there was the Halcion episode, but Bush's abiding loopiness amounted to its own ongoing, all-natural altered state. Listening to him talk (*Hey, feelin' candorous here—heck with it—Confession-Mode City!*) always made me feel like a designated driver, duty-bound to abstain.



Change the lens, and a different, scarier picture emerges. Emergency-room admissions and hot-line calls will tell you about overconsumers (often young or inexperienced users) and about changes in a substance's average quality (much purer heroin, much-higher-THC marijuana). The National Institute of Justice's Drug Use Forecasting (DUF) reports will tell you what the criminal population is using, and they have historically anticipated epidemics. Private hospitals will tell you nothing—their well-to-do patients are generally disinclined to give interviews, even to researchers—and so the drug habits of the upper classes remain fuzzy, the evidence almost entirely anecdotal. It's unlikely, for instance, that any survey will record Karen's history with heroin, and no statistic could do justice to the story I heard from a drug counselor at one of Manhattan's private facilities.

"We had a girl—24 years old, came from a real rich family," he says. "She had received [the painkiller] Fioricet for headaches and got hooked. Her doctor got wise and cut her off. So she went shopping. She did a lot of research and found that if she had an exploratory operation in her head, that would get her a prescription for life." The young woman had the operation and got the drugs. "But we got her back, contracted her for 30 days, and withdrew her."

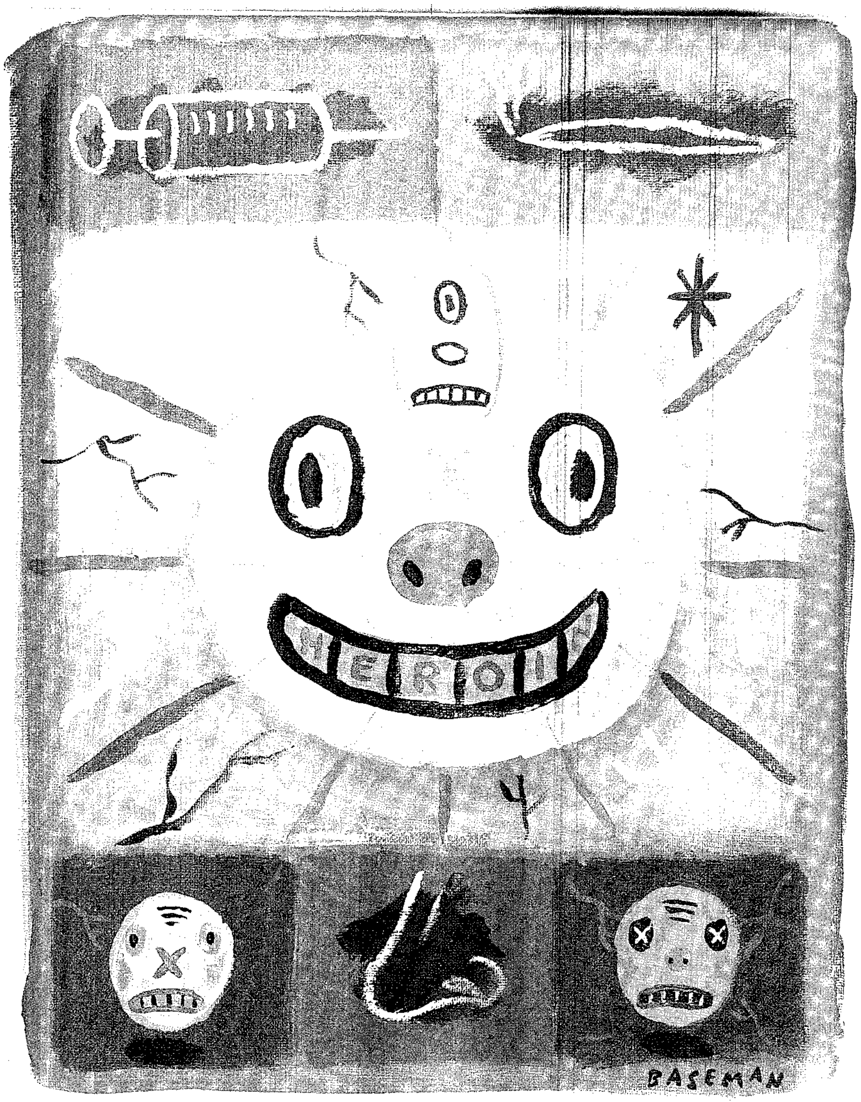
The drug culture nowadays is an enormous, s

freema

There's another category of evidence: free-floating and ambient. Does it mean something that a 30-years-out-of-print recording by William S. Burroughs, the seminal postwar American substance abuser, is being reissued? That glamorous ex-junkie Jim Carroll's *The Basketball Diaries,* written from

Illustrations: left, Raul Colon; right, Gary Baseman.

1963 to 1966 and published in 1978, has finally made it to the screen in 1995? That heroin-related disaster should come to be associated not just with—yawn—musicians (most recently with the bust of Kelley Deal of the relatively wholesome Breeders) but also with movie stars? It goes on. Peter Maas's last novel, *China White,* is all about heroin. The public accepts—and the Academy nominates!—*Pulp Fiction.* On Comedy Central, a joint venture of Viacom and Time Warner, one of the "What's Out, What's In" snippets announces, "Out: cappuccino. In: heroin." The rights to the hottest sitcom in Britain, the hilariously booze-and-drug-saturated *Absolutely Fabulous,* are bought by Roseanne, who means to produce an American version. The fashion world not only briefly embraces the look ("Suddenly [models are] being photographed . . . looking stunned and dazed and, frequently, wasted," wrote Charles Gandee in *Vogue* last year) but is rumored, in some cases, to come by it honestly. Gingrich wastes no time in blowing the lid off what he alleged were former drug users infesting the White House. (He could have gone further: Some of those people have probably used incense—even strobe lights.) The first online head shop, Kawumm, appears on the Internet, describing, evaluating—and presumably selling—seeds for dozens of marijuana strains and hybrids such as Shiva Shanti I, Northern Lights, Silver Haze, Sensi Skunk, and Swiss Miss. Even *The New York Times Magazine* puts the homegrown-pot movement on its cover, and another *Times Magazine* writer inhales psychedelic *toad venom* and lives to write about it for the magazine. Finally, Bob Dylan, this time, is really back.



Like Dylan, of course, drugs never really went away. Substance abuse is an enormously costly problem, both in human and financial terms: The country annually spends some $75 billion on health care for it. A recent survey by Drug Strategies, a Washington nonprofit organization that studies drug abuse, reports that "nearly half (49 percent) of all Americans, say they know a friend, relative, neighbor, or someone at work who became addicted to illegal drugs." But the politics of how—and to whom—drugs are distributed remain as cynical and destructive as ever. And each new generation dutifully offers up its own batch of casualties both famous and obscure, the best chance at reclamation reserved, as usual, for the better-off and better-connected.

VIRTUALLY NO ONE WHO REALLY KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT DRUGS can talk about them objectively—there's always an agenda—but in recent conversations with experts of all sorts, from physicians to counselors to users, some themes emerged:

1. Crack is, more than ever, a poor person's drug. And it still dominates the street economy.
2. Cocaine didn't totally disappear with the eighties, but it tended to move (a) down the socioeconomic scale and (b) further indoors. The drug's status is gone, so middle-class, middle-aged fans who still like to hoover it up and jabber at one another do so at home instead of at Area—and they don't boast about it the next day. "There was a time when it was perfectly acceptable to come into work wearing a long and abused night on your lapel as a badge of courage," a former user told me. "But there's a stigma attached to drugs right now. So people hide it. And if the problem is really bad, they really hide it."

wling
ry, with members, active
or emeritus, in every profession and every walk of life.

Steven Hager, the editor of *High Times,* predicts cocaine will make a comeback. "But not as a white powder," he says. "Cocaine tea. Coca wine. The drug is bad—it's full of toxic chemicals, and it's got all sorts of bad karma because the mob is delivering it—but there's nothing wrong with the plant itself."

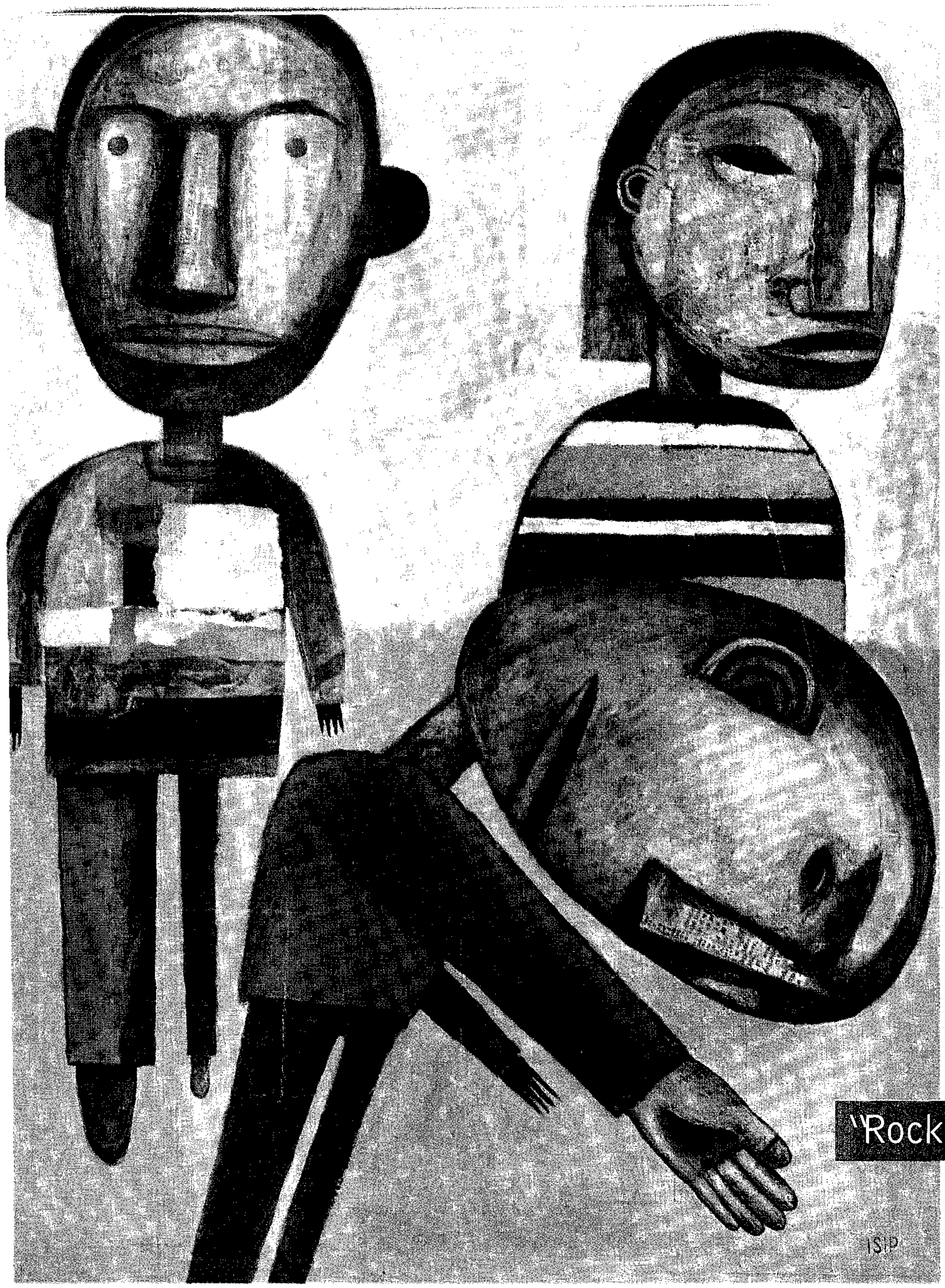
3. Marijuana is stronger, more expensive, and more popular than it's been in a decade. It's America's biggest cash crop. The THC level is fifteen times what it was fifteen years ago; in some places, cigar-size "blunts" have replaced joints; and one Manhattan dealer describes business last year as "phenomenal." Marijuana posted the sharpest rise in the Department of Health and Human Services' 1994 study of high-school drug use—38.2 percent of seniors and 16.7 percent of eighth-graders reported smoking at least once—but according to the Office of National Drug Control Policy (ONDCP), "more people of all ages and ethnicities are using marijuana." It's epidemic. "The school surveys show it," says Dr. Eric Wish, director of the Center for Substance Abuse Research at the University of Maryland (College Park), "and they're only the tip of the iceberg."

Kevin McEneaney, senior vice-president of Phoenix House, isn't surprised, given that kids tend to take their cues from slightly older kids. "They're in the right setting—they're in school," he says ruefully. "Everybody worries about the guys who are not in school."

Gordon,* 18, is an affable Manhattan private-school kid enrolled in Phoenix House's IMPACT program, an outpatient intervention service that requires parental participation. He was basically stoned between the ages of 15 and 17. "I'd have it next to my clock so when my alarm went off in the morning, I could just grab my bowl, smoke up, and then hit the shower," he says.

"Getting off pot was like trying to breathe underwater," he says. "It took me at least five months to be able to communicate effectively again and just act like a human." He's now most of the way through treatment and is applying to college.

**Names marked with an asterisk have been changed.*



Someone I know in publishing, Steven,* is twice Gordon's age and had smoked only a little in high school. But in the late eighties, after he quit cigarettes, he found himself smoking more pot. "The feeling of holding a burning white cylindrical object was gratifying," he says. By then, of course, it was gratification at as much as $600 an ounce. "But it was beautiful. You didn't even want to smoke it; you just wanted to smell the buds."

Steven still likes "a little bong hit" maybe four times a week when he comes home from work, "sort of like having a highball." He says: "I don't like getting fucked up—just a little buzz. I'm sort of unique because it doesn't make me at all paranoid. People tell me that when I smoke pot I'm nicer, sweeter, more pleasant to be around. It's sort of sad, I guess, that I can't be that way without smoking."

4. Heroin is purer, it's cheap, and it's more available, especially in the Northeast. "When I was buying heroin in Harlem and the Lower East Side in 1981–82, the average purity was 4 percent," says Robert Strang, a former DEA agent who runs Strang Hayes Consulting, a corporate-investigation firm. "Today it's 60 percent. There's been a change in the entire trafficking system." The new white heroin from Southeast Asia, most of it coming from Myanmar, is no longer passing through the hands of several middlemen, who would each cut it with lactose or quinine. "There are seizures on the street where the heroin is still wrapped in newspapers from Thailand," says Strang.

Once demonized—the filthy needle harpooning a ravaged arm—heroin is now pure enough to be inhaled. Dr. Arnold Washton, who runs the Washton Institute, a private treatment center in Manhattan, says it was the needles and even the image more than the drug itself that kept people away. "After all, the body has its own opiate receptors," he points out. "I'm not saying it's safe. But smoking and snorting it don't seem [to people] to be as dangerous as taking it intravenously." (The free-sample heroin—a staggering 90 percent pure—that sent seven people to the hospital in the South Bronx several weeks ago had been inhaled.) Also, heroin is being peddled under catchy, ever-changing names like Baseball, Deuces, Sweet Dreams, Dead on Arrival, and Bulldog—the lethal South Bronx blend was called On Point—a shrewd marketing move that keeps customers asking for identifiable brands.

These customers are younger and increasingly well-to-do—the drug is now appearing among nontraditional groups. "More upper- and middle-class people are using heroin," says the ONDCP. According to a recent Philadelphia *Inquirer* survey, the typical heroin-related fatality in the Philadelphia area is white, employed, middle-class, and suburban. The number of users may not be on the rise—people die off—but the type of user is changing.

5. Among the young, excess is de rigueur. According to a national survey on college alcohol consumption released last year, even though the number of abstemious undergrads has risen, bingeing is still popular. And it's not only alcohol: "The drugs of choice are the most traumatizing ones," one local high-school kid told me. "People want strong visuals and a completely different mind-set, and they'll pay the consequences." "The intent is to become blasted, stoned, drunk, incoherent—dysfunctional," confirms Dr. Mark Gold, a professor at the University of Florida's Brain Institute. Then he tells me about Rohypnol (flunitrazepam), the hot new party drug from south of the border. " 'Roofies' are the Quaaludes of the nineties. It's taken with alcohol to forget an entire day. People walk around and don't know where they are. They'll find themselves naked in the garage the next morning, with marks on their bodies that they don't remember. The intent is not minor fine-tuning of mood."

'Rock bottom wasn't even the living

6. Users are starting even younger. "The age of first illicit drug use has been decreasing," says Dr. Gold. "It's not uncommon to see sixth- and seventh-graders who have drug-related problems."

7. There are more "dual diagnoses." Increasingly, people with drug-abuse problems also have psychiatric problems. "A lot of people out there are medicating a depression," one person who works in the trenches told me, "but while the rich can get all the help they need, the poor have to rely on crack."

8. While the rich can get all the help they need, the poor have to rely on crack. People with deadly habits but no money tend not to get whisked away to private treatment facilities, repositioned in society, or, frankly, written about in articles like this one. People like Scott,* an Ivy League–educated advertising executive I talked to, do. He sacrificed a lucrative career and an MBA to a six-year cocaine addiction, on which he spent close to a half million dollars. Reduced to panhandling barefoot through the subway one winter,

Illustration by Jordin Isip.

he didn't start turning things around until his suppliers made threats and demanded the $5,000 he owed them from his father. Strang Hayes Consulting was brought in, and a mock arrest was staged inside a restaurant, with Scott being escorted out by two large men who had been trying to look inconspicuous at the bar. The dealers, who had tailed him and were waiting outside, scattered immediately, their interest in Scott officially at an end. (A yuppie facing prison isn't going to name names? Better to absorb a small financial setback.) Scott, meanwhile, was driven to an airstrip and flown out of the country, where his treatment began.

"Rock bottom wasn't even the living on the street, because people live on the street and survive," remembers Scott, now 35 and clean two years. "It was the debasement of my whole moral foundation, that I could do things that heretofore were considered absolutely unpalatable. I couldn't look in a mirror." He feels "a sense of embarrassment and failure" even now. It's also hurt his job prospects. But he was lucky to have been given a second chance, and he knows it.

9. Use of hallucinogens may finally have leveled off. Dana Hunt, a social scientist at Abt Associates, which publishes the ONDCP-sponsored drug-use roundup *Pulse Check,* has lately received several reports of toad-licking (actually, smoking a dried fluid extract from a certain species), but she's not about to sound an alarm. "What it indicates is that kids are looking for other hallucinogens, that they're interested again," she says. "It doesn't mean we're going to have a toad-licking epidemic." The potential audience for psychedelics is avid but small.

But avid.

"The fundamental truth is that psychedelics are wasted on the young," says my friend Dan. "It's the one category of drug where there's some opportunity for mastery." After I've plied Dan with some high-grade Nova and cream cheese, he confesses a fascination with wild new psychedelics such as DMT. "Not for the faint of heart," he admits. "You can do DMT once, be absolutely delighted, yet never want to do it again. It's so intense and potentially scary." Known as "the businessman's psychedelic," it lasts just ten minutes. "Before you put your pipe down, you've peaked," he says. "After five minutes, most of the effects are gone. After half an hour, you can go have tea with your grandmother." He enjoyed it? "*Enjoy* isn't really the word," he says grimly. "I underwent it."

On the other hand, Dan reports, fewer and fewer people are tripping at Grateful Dead concerts. "The shows are too short," he wails, meaning that the last time the band installed itself at Madison Square Garden, it played to the Birkenstocked faithful for a mere four hours. "You can't time your dose right! By the time you're peaking, you're already in Penn Station." Standing, one hopes, on the platform and not the tracks.

he street," says
a former addict. "It was the debasement of
my whole moral foundation. I couldn't look in a mirror."

But the biggest change, Dan says, is that for connoisseurs, the days of "eating a 'shroom with a bunch of friends and throwing a Frisbee in the park" are over. "You take a much bigger dose and go into a dark room—it's much more spiritual, much more insightful," he says. "Do it that way, and you don't need to do it more than once a year. You have an experience you can refer back to."

STILL, IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE THE LATE SIXTIES OR SEVENties. The reason may be that drug use has become factionalized. Gone is the catholic knowledge one always brought, or tried to bring, to the endeavor. One woman in her twenties, relating her (bad) experience with mushrooms at Woodstock '94, confided to me that "some people were even doing this thing called 'pay-oat'—is that it? 'Pay-oat'?" These days, scenes seldom overlap. Acid buffs would zigzag through traffic to avoid cokeheads, who themselves sniff at potheads, who in turn don't want to know from junkies who regard ecstasy as kid stuff. Years ago, if you were the sort of person who would try one thing, you were probably the sort of person who would try anything. That domino theory no longer tends to hold.

"The environment isn't the same as in the sixties and seventies, where people couldn't wait to get the latest thing," says Dr. David Musto, author of *The American Disease.* "The attitude toward substance abuse has changed." This, he suggests, might explain the mystery of ice, the much-publicized mid-eighties "epidemic" that never was. People really weren't interested in trying something stronger and more lethal than crack after all. "As we become more jaded on the drug issue, there's more resistance," says Musto.

A good thing, because there's also more acceptance, at least with certain substances. No casual user of any generation is ever going to make a plausible antidrug poster child. If you're lucky enough to have survived your own drug experiments unharmed, as the majority of users now pushing 40 and 50 did, it's pretty hard, frankly, to look back and say, "I'm really, really sorry I ever did any of this"—no matter how many Hot Tuna concerts you ended up at.

Though we all have some regrets: Winter, ca. 1974. Home from college for the holidays and looking to avoid another pot-suffused evening listening to Firesign Theatre LPs, I needed very little persuading to expand my narcotics range with something called PCP, later known as angel dust. Having promised my concerned parents always to make absolutely certain that I knew whatever it was I was ingesting, I demanded more information.

"It's an elephant tranquilizer," a friend replied cheerfully. "It may make us a little sick."

Thus reassured, I happily went along. Three of us smoked a bit, then climbed to the roof to look out over the lights of Manhattan and smoke some more. Nothing really happened, unless you want to count our sudden and not-altogether-pleasant transformation, as we descended the stairs, into large, inflated helium balloons. What a sight we must have been, a Macy's parade of depraved, giggling teenagers, tethered precariously to the banister by our arms, the flares of our Landlubber jeans somehow floating above our shag haircuts as imaginary gusts of wind buffeted us against the concrete walls. Fortunately, we passed no one in the stairwell (how would we have explained our embarrassing loss of gravity?), and the adventure wound down unremarkably—a little tequila to soothe the nerves, some perfunctory vomiting, and so to bed.

The evening was even more successful than it sounds. Weeks later, my double-spaced, typewritten account (very wide margins) of the experience actually earned me a winter-study credit for a course called "Psychopharmacology and the Arts." It's right there on my college transcript. Those were indeed different times.

I could have done without that PCP. I would venture, too, that my brief Quaalude Period probably wasn't such a brilliant idea, if only I could remember something—anything—about it. Cocaine the night before that cross-country race in 1985? Sheer lunacy, never mind the fast time. Finally, I wish, in retrospect, that the pile of discarded whippets outside our dorm window all those years ago had been a lot smaller, and not just for appearance' sake: By the time that particular nitrous-oxide craze had swept through campus, one of my classmates was dead of it.

Nevertheless, most people I know who eluded tragedy are as untroubled as I am about what we now regard as youthful high jinks, even if in middle age we wouldn't repeat them on a bet. No wonder professionals like Bonnie Kauder, director of IMPACT—the Phoenix House program that Gordon, the former marijuana addict, attends—have their work cut out for them. Kauder's toughest problem is parents who wink and look the other way—or even join in. (Indeed, Gordon said that many of his teachers had been inclined to dismiss students' pot, acid, and mushroom use as harmless experimentation.) Parents, says Kauder, are "so afraid of losing their kids, they let them do what they want." Talking recently to students at an Upper East Side private school, she was stunned to find that “no matter what we tried to talk about, it all came down to marijuana: ‘What’s wrong with it?’ They fight with us. It’s so legitimized by the parents.”

“WE’RE A GENERATION WHOSE PARENTS DID everything,” Karen, the 19-year-old, told me during our lunchtime heroin symposium. “But my mother used to say, ‘That’s the death drug.’ So it was the one thing I had to do. And I really did skip the rest. I think I did heroin before I even smoked pot.”

How did she manage that?

“At 16, I ran off to Los Angeles with this Red Hot Chili Pepper and then ended up in an apartment in a really bad part of L.A. with another guy who was a recovering heroin addict,” she says. “And I remember waking up on New Year’s Eve and walking into the living room, and he was shooting up. It seemed so tragic, but at the same time, I felt curious. I jumped right into it—a lot of driving around L.A. in old cars in bad neighborhoods with people with guns. About a year later, I was in college.”

She didn’t particularly want to be. Hers is a school “for rich fuckups,” she says. “I don’t ever meet anyone who says, ‘I worked so hard through public high school so I could go here.’ I do hear a lot of, ‘I hate my dad; he was supposed to send me some money, and now I can’t buy that sweater.’ ”

Karen’s on a tight budget now herself, pending her next set of grades. In fact, she just returned from visiting her mother in Europe “with 49 cents in my pocket,” her landlord is about to kick her out, and American Express would very much like to have a word with her. She’s always been bad with money, she says, but not because of drugs.

“A dime bag will keep you high for a day,” she explains. “The real problem was that my friends and I would get high and go shopping. If we were doing speedballs, for instance, we’d do the coke and decide that we really deserved to eat at a place like this.” She waves at the airy room, not so jaded that a meal in a good restaurant doesn’t seem a treat. “You know, ten college students. Or we used to take cabs back to school, which is like a $75 ride: ‘Oh, let’s take a cab.’ That was where all the money went.”

I think [heroin] use is widespread, much wider than anyone admits to. I would be hard-pressed to find some

I ask her why she stayed with heroin for so long.

“I don’t know what I was thinking,” she replies. “It’s not the greatest feeling in the world. Who wants to itch and throw up? I was 17 years old; I was running around being a punk-rock queen, a little fashion girl with tight pants and lots of makeup. To say that I was challenging life, or rebelling against my family, or exploring my self-destructive side—it’s of course partially true. In terms of human psychology, everything we do is gonna come down to things like that. But I was just fucking around 95 percent of the time.”

Karen admits to feeling “not very good” about having introduced others to heroin but insists they wanted to try it anyway: “You really need to be vested in the idea. You don’t do it accidentally. It’s not like you’re at a party and someone passes you a joint and you can’t say no.” Besides, she always “gave fair warning” about the danger. “Which, of course, just drew them in quicker,” she acknowledges.

“There is one thing that I think about,” she says. “One night I was going to Max Fish to meet some friends, and this guy wanted to come along. He brought some coke, and we were doing that, and then I went off to the bathroom and got really, really high [on heroin]. We went back to school together, and he was fascinated. He was asking questions: He wanted to do it; why didn’t I have any more? He ended up enchanted with the idea and within a few days started doing it, and he’s now a pretty hard-core junkie living in a weird squat in the East Village. That sticks in my head.” She pauses for a moment. “I mean, I came from Hollywood; I’m good at glamorizing things. When I was doing heroin, I acted the part. And that appealed to people.”

Karen says she knew about 50 schoolmates who used heroin, and that most of them still do. “I was the only one who got busted,” she says. (According to Pulse Check’s Dana Hunt, little heroin use is being reported on campuses—at this point.) Karen also used with her L.A. crowd. “In L.A., it’s in all of the cool places, where all those weird music-film people—they’re actors, but they think they’re rock stars—hang out. Like the Viper Room. There, it’s more that you’re dressed a certain way, it’s more about interacting, it’s more about cliques, it’s more about who’s who.”

In either place, it’s more about youth. Older users gave Karen “the creeps,” and she avoided hanging out with them.

“You’d go to this apartment to buy, and you’d find 40-year-olds who looked like 80-year-olds, with a needle in their arm,” she says. “And you’d think, *Who is this person who has such a blight inside that they’re here twenty years later?* There were times when I could give a shit whether I OD’d or not, but I knew that I didn’t want to be a junkie. I thought, *Either I’ll get through this and be really alive, or I’ll die.*”

Karen says that although she loved all the preparation—scamming the money, cutting up the heroin and cooking it (“It’s exciting because you know you’re doing something really scary. You tiptoe up to it with this ritual. A lot of people feel this way”)—what she loved best was buying the drug and then trading war stories (“I had a gun to my head!” “I had a machine gun to my mouth!”). Mostly she bought in Chinatown. At one point, when she had a connection to a crack house in Harlem, she’d throw on a farm dress—thereby increasing both the absurdity and the risk—and make the trip with friends.

“We’d go in with a thousand dollars and buy huge quantities of coke, then sell that to buy heroin,” she remembers. “It was so scary. Suddenly we were in this big house, and you went up all these floors, and people had big guns with napkins around them. And huge piles of coke, and big drug-lordy people . . . things that I’d seen in movies. I remember once I had to go through three sets of guards, and the last guard freaked out: ‘What the fuck are you doing here?’ He was waving his gun around, pointing it at me. I thought he was gonna go crazy and shoot. Then the second guard came up and said, ‘No, no, we let her through, she’s cool.’ But it was, like, ‘I’m going to die! I can’t believe I’m doing this!’ And there I was, spending my mornings talking about . . . Brontë.”

Like many other beginning heroin users, Karen could take it regularly—daily for maybe a week at most—and still stop. “I never considered myself a junkie unless I wanted people to think I was,” she asserts.

Karen was eventually caught and suspended. She gave up heroin nearly a year ago, on her own. “I know a lot of people in twelve-step programs in L.A., and all they talk about is getting high,” she says. “Their lives are completely as ex-junkies.”

“The second-to-last time I did it should have been the last, ’cause it was great,” she says. (The highlights: a nauseous-making bus ride to JFK at dawn, followed by a satisfying midair comprehension of the universe.) “But I did it one more time, and it was really horrible. I thought, *I’ve done it one too many times, and I’ll never do it again.*”

No dessert or coffee for Karen. She wraps a shawl around her shoulders, looking now like the waiflike teenager she still is.

“For people who get caught up in the *shoulds* of life, it’s the grand *shouldn’t.* You shouldn’t ever do heroin. I’m very rarely caught up now in what I should and shouldn’t do, because I have gone way far in the other direction. It takes great pressure off. I’ve already been the biggest fuckup I can be. If you’re a junkie, you don’t have to be anything else.

“I’m halfway through my sophomore year, and the idea of dragging ass through university is really unappealing. Stuff like heroin burns you out. You realize how easy it is to die when you've seen people die. I've had friends overdose." Now she wants to paint, photograph, "be a homemaker."

Could she ever go back to heroin?

"I have the greatest memories, and I don't want to tarnish the experience. I got what I got out of it. I don't think it has anything more for me." She smiles. "But I'll take you to buy some if you want to."

ONE LOVELY SPRING EVENING WEEKS LATER, I'M downtown, sitting on an East 9th Street stoop not with Karen but with a writer I'll call Jeff. He's just scored a dime bag ($10) of heroin on 7th Street. The sidewalks bustle with students, posers, families, and drunks. Jeff waits for a man and his young daughter to walk past, then unfolds his little packet and sticks a rolled bill—a single; this isn't coke, this isn't the eighties, and Jeff's not a bond trader—into the paper. He takes the powder in one nostril, incrementally. Within 30 seconds, he's no longer breaking the law.

We start walking, in and around Tompkins Square Park. Jeff is 26 and has been snorting heroin as much as two or three times a week for four years. "Why? Why does anybody like anything?" he says. "I like opiates. It can be done pretty much undetected, without losing your mental abilities. It's associated with no organic brain damage. Intranasally, it seems pretty safe." He never writes while high, preferring to work with all cylinders functioning. He buys only from people he knows, keeps up with the medical literature on heroin, says he'd never shoot it, and bristles slightly when I ask whether he worries about becoming addicted: "If someone drinks two or three times a week, do you consider him an alcoholic?" He assumes that someday he'll simply stop.

Hurrying across Avenue A in front of a police cruiser—the DON'T WALK sign is flashing—Jeff confirms that the heroin has kicked in. It's been just a few minutes. I ask him to describe what he feels.

e downtown who hasn't used it."

"Mild euphoria," he says, sounding like one of those telltale-signs pamphlets. "A sense of well-being." His plans for the evening: dinner with his girlfriend, maybe a movie. Right now a beer sounds good, although, he says, reversing the order of ingestion and drinking first would have certainly made him sick. We sit in a café and talk for an hour. Nothing in Jeff's manner or conversation betrays the chemical acrobatics taking place within. When I ask him to describe the crowd of some twenty regular users he knows, he replies, "Ivy-educated, often with a graduate degree, often with a graduate professional degree." The "upper echelon," he says, or very close to it.

"I think use is widespread, much wider than anyone admits to," Jeff continues. "I would be hard-pressed to find someone downtown who hasn't used it. We're people who, on Thursday or Friday or Saturday night, don't go out and drink—we stay home and do this."

Are they deceiving themselves as to how easy it is to stop once they've started? Time, as always, will tell.

Today's "drug culture," user division, isn't a trend or even a movement. Nor is it, any longer, a counterculture, though for many people drugs are a way of expressing their freedom from social constraints. The drug culture now is more like an enormous, sprawling freemasonry, with members, active or emeritus, at the highest levels of American business and government. No secret handshakes, no decoder rings, no concentrated cosmic power of the sort Timothy Leary used to dream of. Just a lot of common, illicit experiences, some too benign even to think about, others too taboo, too stupid, too dangerous ever to mention.

Me, I don't miss any of it much. When you're 39 and a father, reckless behavior tends to involve leaving the house without an umbrella. Still, just a couple of weeks ago, I relapsed. It had been a raucous party, and as the last of the 35-inch-high revelers trailed out the door, I slid glazed-eyed down a wall, grabbing a passing balloon for support. Then I unknotted it and took a hit. Turning immediately to my son—whose second birthday we were celebrating—I addressed him in the squeaky, mirth-making tones no child can resist. The look he gave me, a stinging combination of bafflement and wordless pity, deflated me in more ways than one. Was helium really off-limits now, too? What a drag. But the consequences, I've concluded, simply aren't worth it. ■

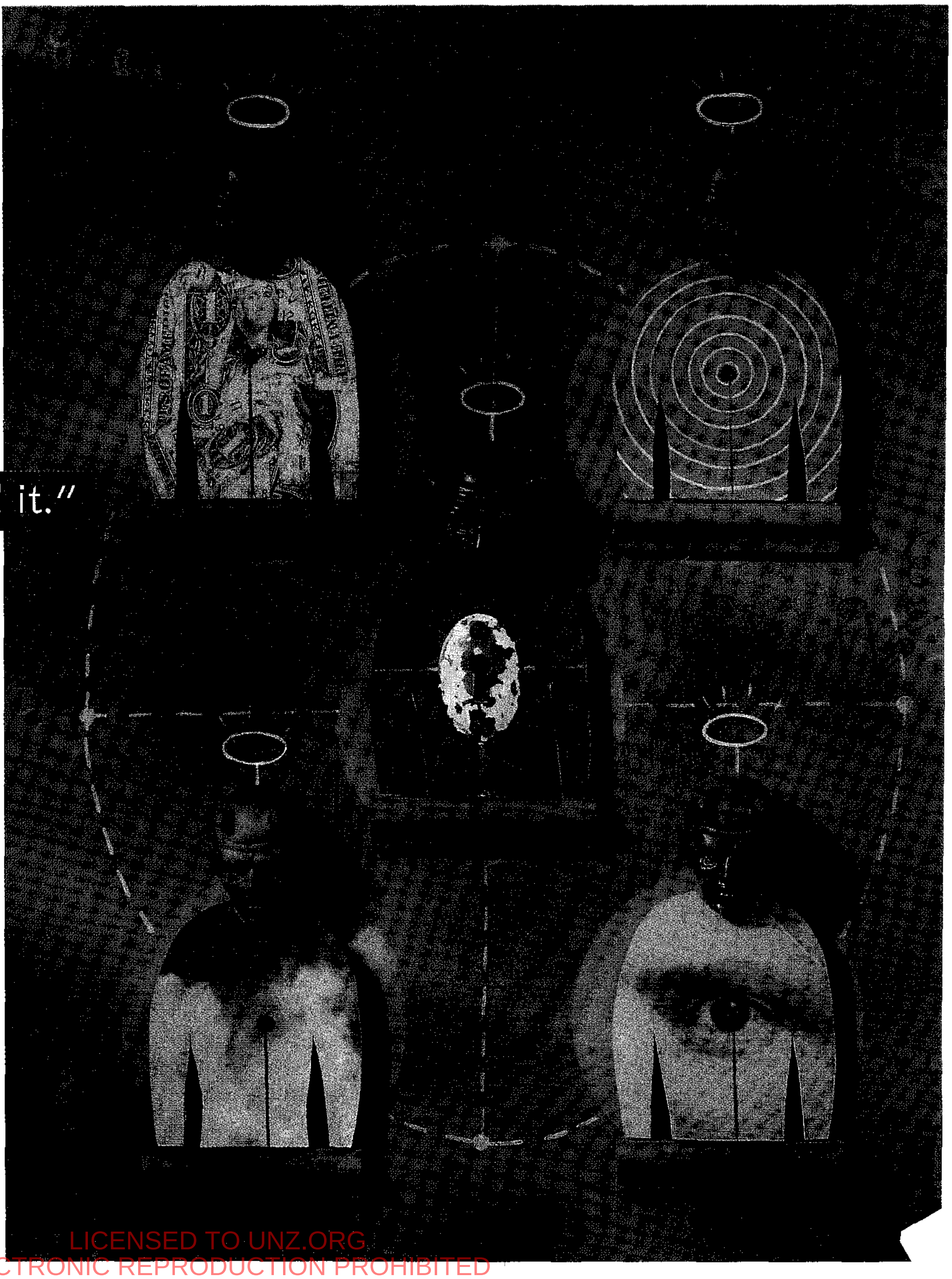


Illustration by Gary Tanhauser.

THE MOLE

In three years working undercover at the Javits Convention Center, letective James Mullan Jr. helped expose widespread corruption and mo ties. So why is the D.A. treating him like dirt? **By John Connolly**

WHAT MADE JAMES MULLAN JR., THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE DETECTIVE who went undercover to ferret out the particulars of mob control of the Jacob Javits Convention Center, reveal everything he knew to the press and effectively bring to an end his fifteen-year career? For three years beginning in 1991, Mullan, an officer assigned to the district attorney's office, was privy to an extraordinary array of alleged corruption: union extortion, fake employees, weapons dealing, and fraudulent worker-compensation claims that cost the city millions. But he had been pulled out of Javits last March, not long after his superiors ordered him to entrap a peripheral player in the Javits probe, a man who had bragged that he could get guns from his brother. The brother was a cop. Within days, police wiretaps picked up snippets of conversation suggesting that "J.C.," Mullan's cover name, should be "taken for a ride, and if he is a cop, dumped in the river."

Mullan may have left Javits, but what happened next suggests that undercover work doesn't end when you take off the body mike. A little more than a month ago, Mullan was having dinner in a Manhattan restaurant when he was approached by a 6'2", 200-pound man he knew from the Javits Center. The man, Mullan says, asked him "to take a ride," an offer he wisely refused. A terrified Mullan went down the district attorney's office and warned that if steps weren't taken to protect him, he would go to the press. His contact not only refused to help him but that evening, Mullan says, suspended him without pay and threatened to "lock him up" for going public.

Mullan piped up anyway. The next day, his story was plastered on the front page of the *Daily News*. In the furor that followed, two top NYPD officers were demoted and Commissioner William Bratton took the unheard-of step of *re-suspending* Mullan for another month without pay. (As a point of comparison, the "Dirty 30" cops arrested in Harlem for drug dealing and other felonies were placed not on suspension, but on modified assignment, and continue to receive full pay.)

The severity of the punishment is not surprising, because Mullan is the kind of fellow who, as they used to say in *noir* movies, knows a little too much for his own good. An increasingly loose cannon, Mullan has expanded his complaints about his bosses to include allegations that the D.A., Robert Morgenthau, failed to act on information Mullan gathered about a high-ranking state official's alleged cocaine use in 1988, and that Morgenthau dragged his heels on the Javits case last year to avoid embarrassing his friend Mario Cuomo during a reelection campaign. A Morgenthau official says that bringing charges against the state official would have imperiled a broader investigation into organized crime; in the case of the Javits corruption, the D.A. official says his office didn't want to hand down indictments in a piecemeal fashion (no charges have yet been filed). As to Mullan himself, the Morgenthau official says, "He is fucking nuts! He should be chained to a desk!"

THOSE WHO KNOW HIM SAY THERE IS SOMETHING ALMOST CHILDLIKE about Jimmy Mullan, a headstrong quality that has often gotten him in trouble with superiors. Retired sergeant Danny Sullivan, Mullan's supervisor during a near-disastrous 1987 drug buy—in which a police voucher was inadvertently included in the $125,000 in buy money Mullan handed over the dealers—calls Mullan "one of the most

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BARRY
FOR *NEW YORK*

talented, creative, and gutsy undercover cops who ever worked for me." But like many others who know Mullan, he says "the kid"—as the 38-year-old is invariably called—is his own worst enemy.

In 1987, after seven years as a beat cop, Mullan was promoted and transferred to the intelligence division, where he was soon assigned to an undercover operation. The operation, code-named "Primavera," required him to infiltrate a mob-frequented restaurant in Little Italy. It was at the retaurant that he crossed paths with a labor-relations official in the Cuomo administration whom he contends he saw repeatedly break the law.

Mullan claims that more than once during his investigation, this official bought cocaine from the restaurant's bartender. Though he noted his observations in a police report, Mullan says, his superior ordered him to omit any references to the official, a woman, despite the fact that she had been caught on audiotape. Mullan contends that when he approached the district attorney's office with the evidence, Morgenthau also declined to pursue the case. Mullan believes the D.A. was reluctant to embarrass the governor by pursuing a top official (her boyfriend at the time was also a longtime Cuomo supporter). The Morgenthau official denies that any political considerations were taken into account and says that the woman was spared because she had engaged in "only a few transactions."

But Mullan would not let the incident go. By 1990, his indignation had become so intense that friends feared he might hurt himself. One morning he walked into the back room of a friend's Brooklyn delicatessen and after complaining he "could not take this shit anymore," left his weapons on the counter, and walked out of the store. The friend called the 63rd Precinct. As punishment, Mullan was placed on desk duty, relieved of his guns, and sent to a psychiatrist. Despite his recent psychological turmoil, however, Mullan was once again sent undercover by the D.A. "We knew Jimmy had problems, and was emotionally immature," says a law-enforcement official who knew him at the time, "but we also knew that he was incredibly resourceful and could get results; so we used him."

Mullan's new target was to be John Zodda, an associate of the Gambino crime family and allegedly the main supplier of illegal guns to New York's mob families. Within a matter of months, Mullan had purchased 22 guns from Zodda, who specialized in semiautomatic weapons. His work helped convict Zodda on eight gun-related charges. The success of the operation did not prevent the Police Department from fining Mullan fifteen days' pay and placing him on a six-month probation for the still outstanding AWOL charges.

In 1991, the Manhattan D.A.'s office assigned the increasingly overtaxed Mullan to yet another undercover operation—infiltrating the New Westies, the younger generation of the murderous gang of West Siders led by Mickey Featherstone, who became a government informant in 1987. Mullan quickly established himself as "J.C.," a thug from the West Side, and within months he had managed to move up through the ranks. "When I started selling TVs and VCRs out of the back of a truck as swag [stolen goods]," says Mullan, who had actually paid retail, "everybody wanted to know me."

His big break came in 1993 when he became friendly with James McCann Jr., whose father, James Sr., was allegedly the unofficial leader of the gang. Shortly afterward, J.C. became McCann Sr.'s personal driver, a position that gave him special status on the West Side. While serving as McCann's driver, Mullan says he bought more than $50,000 in drugs and guns from members of the New Westies.

Through McCann, Mullan soon landed a job at New York's mob-strangled Javits Center. Long aware of the illegal high jinks at the center, the Manhattan D.A. gave Mullan a green light to infiltrate. Welcomed by the Genovese mob as one of "the McCann boys," he spent his days at Javits, working a "union job," and his nights buying contraband in Hell's Kitchen, all the while gathering valuable information on the mob's control of the center.

The Javits operation was particularly dangerous, since the electronic equipment Mullan wore could not transmit through the center's walls. Still, he began to notice the backup he had received in previous operations begin to disappear altogether. In 1993, after Mullan repeatedly demanded backup, he says, the D.A.'s office assigned four agents to Javits, only to reassign them elsewhere a short time later. In one case, that backup was crucial. "Whenever I'd buy drugs or guns, I'd personally have to take the evidence to be vouchered at the police academy that night," Mullan says. "But after doing this for months, [a member] of my backup team learned that McCann's daughter Peggy Anne, who knew me, was a rookie [cop] at the academy. It was amazing that we never ran into each other."

Within months, Mullan had become so well liked that his associates even helped put him in the loan-sharking business. "To build a case against one of McCann's loan sharks," Mullan remembers, "I had borrowed $3,000 from him and was paying six percentage points a week [312 percent a year]; but once I was in with the mob, the guy reduced the vigorish three points a week, so I could then lend money to others at six points and keep the difference."

After Mullan broke his hand in an off-duty accident, McCann Sr. told him that with a little help from his friends, they all could make some "green" from the Javits Center, Mullan alleges. Mullan was instructed to give Expo union official Paul Coscia a couple of hundred bucks; Coscia, he was told, would take care of everything. Sure enough, the next day, an Expo foreman staged a dramatic workmen's-compensation accident at the Javits Center for J.C., according to Mullan. The foreman set up a piece of lumber on the stairs and arranged for some people to "witness" the accident. Mullan was sent to a lawyer in Brooklyn who, Mullan contends, told him that "he had done a bunch of phony workmen's-compensation cases. He also told me that if I didn't do exactly what he told me he would break my other hand." Mullan says he was told to split the $100,000 the boys expected to make from his injury suit with Expo union boss Steven "Beansie" Dellacava and Coscia.

Early last year, Mullan filed his claim and was called on to give a deposition. But his D.A. handlers refused to allow him to testify. Mullan protested that since he was ostensibly pursuing his claim at the behest of the Javits mob, he would blow his cover by not giving a deposition. The D.A. stood by its decision. Explains the top D.A. official: "We had decided to pull him out in a few months, so it didn't matter if his cover was blown."

Not long after this confrontation, Mullan was approached by a local operator who was aware of J.C.'s interest in guns. The man told Mullan he could get all the guns he wanted with the help of his brother—who happened to be yet another New York City cop. Though Mullan dutifully reported the conversation to his superiors, he warned them that he did not want to go after a fellow cop because he feared he might further jeopardize his cover. Despite his objections, Mullan was ordered to entrap the cop, who, as Mullan had predicted, spread word that Mullan might be a narc.

The D.A.'s office finally pulled Mullan off the case. "Months before the cop thing [arose], we had decided that Mullan was getting out of control," the D.A. official says. Out of control or not, Mullan was yet again thrown into undercover work, this time on a major drug case for the Brooklyn D.A. He was still working on the case when he was suspended last month.

Mullan's emotional turmoil has intensified. He has never married, and his girlfriend left him last month, saying she couldn't take the stress. Mullan is convinced that his life is over. When we first met, he spoke elliptically about ending it all.

Last October, Mullan wrote to Morgenthau personally, asking him to help him move to someplace safe—Javits operatives had discovered where Mullan and his then-girlfriend were living—and to get him a department car that his ex–mob pals wouldn't recognize. His letters have gone unanswered. Though Mullan has demanded an apology for repeatedly being placed in harm's way, he says he would settle for some respect and a promotion. He has, needless to say, received neither. ▬

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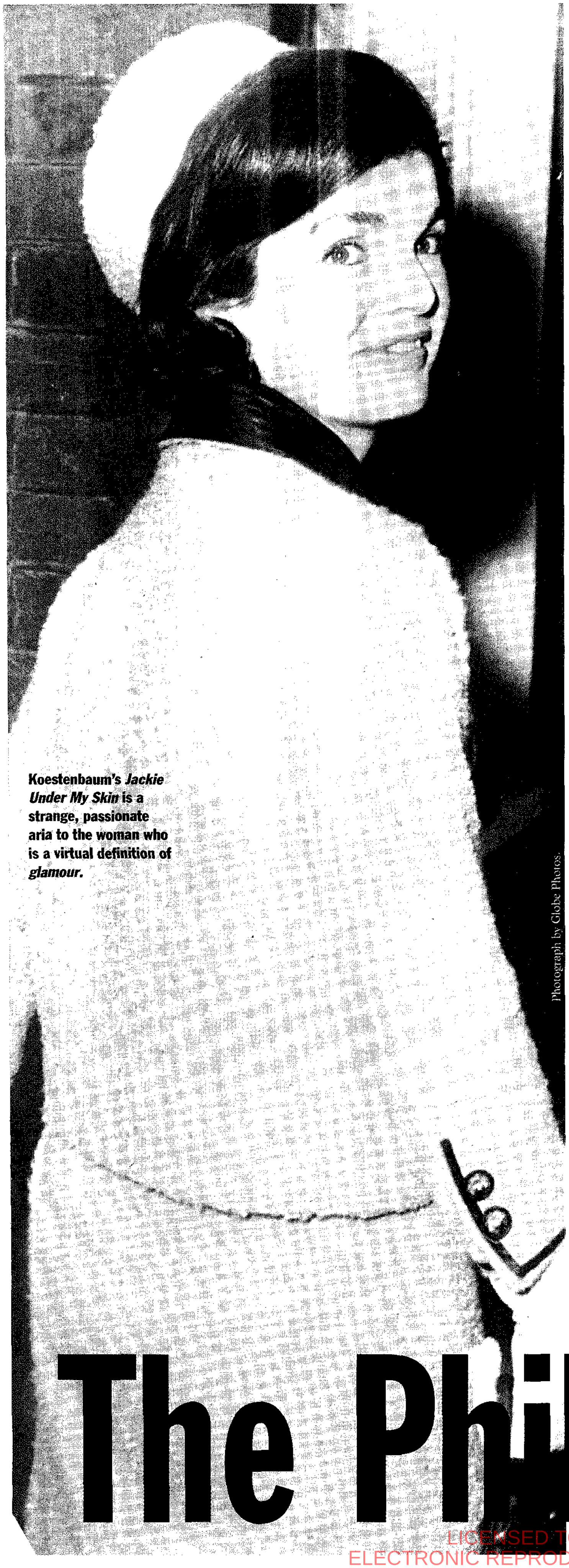
Illustration by Barbara Maslen

The Philosopher

Yale professor Wayne Koestenbaum's magnificent obsession with diva-hood has made his a voice to be reckoned with

By Rebecca Mead



Koestenbaum's *Jackie Under My Skin* is a strange, passionate aria to the woman who is a virtual definition of *glamour.*

Photograph by Globe Photos.

"THERE'S SOMETHING REALLY SCARY ABOUT New England qua New England," Wayne Koestenbaum is saying as he tramps through the snow on this February night, his leather pants, leather jacket, and narrow-brimmed black hat hardly seeming sufficient protection against the elements. "It makes me think of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf.*"

"Underheated and not enough to eat, but lots of money," agrees Steven Marchetti, the man Koestenbaum lives with, as they enter the Russell House, an early-nineteenth-century mansion at Wesleyan University. Inside, in fact, the scene is more John Waters than Edward Albee: One girl wears a black cocktail dress with spaghetti straps over her jeans, and work boots, self-conscious under her pink turbanlike hat; another, heavyset woman in a pale pink sweater trimmed with white fluff at the cuffs and neckline has bagged a front-row seat.

They and a roomful of other students are here to listen to Koestenbaum reading from a series of poems called Star Vehicles, fantasies of intimacies with film actresses: a conversation with a querulous, elderly Bette Davis; a slow dance with Joan Crawford. Standing at the lectern,

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRON CLAIBORNE
FOR NEW YORK

# of Fabulousness

he's birdlike, with tiny bones, bright eyes, and fine features; he leans beakily forward as he speaks, looking at his audience with the manner of a quizzical parakeet.

"The nice thing about movie stars," he says, "is that you can go as deep into them as you want. The theory is that Joan Crawford, a somewhat overdetermined choice, yields as many stories about you—about me—as I have the energy or the imagination or the persistence to draw. It's a kind of divination, I suppose."

He pauses. "An uncharitable critic would call it 'projection,' " he says. The students laugh.

"A charitable critic would call it"—he smiles neatly—" 'a timely use of a natural resource.' "

Such might also be a description of Koestenbaum's new book, *Jackie Under My Skin*, a dazzling, exuberant, highly idiosyncratic exploration of the public persona of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis that is published this month by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, on the first anniversary of Jackie's death. The book is a fantasia on Jackie, in which Koestenbaum fondly but indecorously teases out significances from Jackie's bouffant (which is "bulbously defensive armament. Her hairdos remind me of the bubbletop over the presidential convertible—the bubbletop that *should* have been lowered in Dallas"); from the sobriquet "Jackie O" ("the nickname implies orgasm, and summarizes the public's prurient fantasies about what attracted Jackie to a man as seemingly irregular as Ari. Ari gave Jackie her 'O' "). He free-associates to Jackie, who conjures for him Guerlain's Jicky perfume, Chiclets, petits fours, and enameled clip-on earrings; he chronicles fifteen years' worth of his Jackie dreams ("we have swum together in strange oceans . . . we have taken a bus from Baltimore to Manhattan, a ride during which she quipped to her companion, 'One never knows when Wayne is going to tell a dirty joke' "). The manner is reminiscent of Roland Barthes, the French semiotician who wrote about Garbo's face, or wine and milk, in the fifties; but Koestenbaum writes with a heady lyricism that makes Jackie-watching an exercise of the soul as well as the intellect. "[Jackie] encourages ESP, or tempts us to read *her* Atlantis mind: looking at photos of Jackie, reading stories of her life, we invest her with our own complexities, streams of fancy that we could never ford without her image to assist us."

On the strength of *Jackie Under My Skin*, Koestenbaum—a 36-year-old associate professor of English at Yale whose name might be familiar from the New York *Times*'s 1993 list of notable books (for *The Queen's Throat: Opera, Homosexuality, and the Mystery of Desire*), and will soon become more so as his byline begins to crop up everywhere from *The New York Times Magazine* to *Harper's Bazaar* to *Allure*—is on his way to becoming the most sought-after pop-intellectual commentator since Camille Paglia put a haughty warning on her voice mail referring all media callers to her New York agent. "I am titillated, of course, divinely titillated, but incredulous," Koestenbaum says when he is invited to contemplate the prospect of his own impending celebrity. "But I would love to be wrong," he adds. "I have thought about fame my whole life. I would love to experience a little of the other side of things."

INTERVIEWING WAYNE KOESTENBAUM is a little like interviewing a celebrity in reverse: With a famous person, the outer life is already a matter of record, and the point is to find out some surprising truths about the inner life. But with Koestenbaum, it's the inner life that is displayed in intimate detail. If you've read his latest poetry collection, *Rhapsodies of a Repeat Offender*, you've been led through his tragicomic adolescent journey from hetero- to homosex. If you've read *The Queen's Throat*, you know Koestenbaum saw his first opera (*Aïda*) at age 11; that he leaves his car window wound down when Madonna is on the stereo but rolls it up when he is listening to Maria Callas for fear of seeming strange and effeminate to the man in the next vehicle. That he wears a wedding band, signifying matrimony; but not that he wears it on his right hand—as does Steven Marchetti, who's an architect with Cesar Pelli's firm in New Haven, and to whom all Koestenbaum's books are dedicated.

And because Koestenbaum has already disburdened himself of a range of intimate fantasies, asking him questions feels rather like being left to trace a plain black outline around a vividly colored figure that has already been drawn on a piece of paper.

What was your childhood home in San Jose like, Wayne?

"It was a ranch house. It was one story, and I really wanted a two-story house."

Why?

"*Glamour*. I knew about staircases, and we had none, and I really thought that was an impoverishment. I had a crush on a girl called Cheryl in fourth grade who lived in a colonial house. She was French too. I thought, 'Wow, she's French and she lives in a colonial house.' And Mary Poppins, sliding down the banister. It was the first movie I saw. It totally blew me away."

Wayne Koestenbaum grew up in a staircase-less ranch house in San Jose, California. His father, a German Jew who in childhood had fled the Nazis, taught philosophy at San Jose State University; his mother is a poet (they divorced in the eighties). Koestenbaum was "proto-gay, though it's difficult to know what to call it," he says. "If there was a sexuality I invented in prepubescence, or early pubescence, it would be one where I would certainly get married and be intimate with women—really rich women. Or not necessarily rich, but really major women—you know, movie stars. But I would look at naked men all the time."

At Harvard, Koestenbaum met Marchetti; he also gave up his aspiration to be a professional pianist (his older brother is a professional cellist). "I was taking the bus to a piano lesson, and I thought, 'I really prefer being on the bus to being at the piano lesson. I like eavesdropping on people's conversations; I like staring into space; I like not producing. I like Dunkin' Donuts. I like the world of ephemera and trash and the things that you see on the road rather than this ethereal realm.' "

Later, Koestenbaum attempted, unsuccessfully, to write a novel about his obsession with the diva Anna Moffo. "I didn't have any control of my reigning myths," says Koestenbaum. "I knew at that point that Anna Moffo or Jackie were very important to me as images, but I had no sense of how that could be put into writing."

At Princeton, working on his Ph.D., Koestenbaum wrote what was to become his first book, *Double Talk*, a study of male literary collaborations. That book, which was part of the efflorescence of gay studies, helped get Koestenbaum a job at Yale in 1988. In 1990, he published his first poetry collection, *Ode to Anna Moffo and Other Poems*, the ultimate incarnation of the failed Anna Moffo novel.

At Yale, Koestenbaum also began working on *The Queen's Throat*, for which he studied singing manuals, divas' autobiographies, and back issues of *Opera News*, and to which he brought his own autobiographical experience as a sometimes ambivalent opera queen. "I crowned myself; no one crowned me," he writes. "In my most elevated, mournful, and diva-identified moments—the instants when I understand it would be grand to sweep across a stage with a long dress trailing behind me—it is possible that the word 'queen' washes over me as a consolation ('I am a queen!') and a caution ('Don't act like a queen, don't think like a queen')."

"It started as a very different book, with footnotes, that got rewritten," he says. "It wasn't that I wanted to be trendy as much as realizing that my arguments were kind of dippy. When I was trying to write this logical book about the affiliation between opera and homosexuality, it was kind of bogus. It was only true to a certain extent—and the extent to which it was true was the extent to which I felt it to be true. When I stepped back from it, I was more struck by the evidence of my immersion as a case history than the evidence itself."

Admiring the way Koestenbaum rummages through his own tastes is itself a matter of taste. The book was critically acclaimed, though some readers were made uncomfortable by his preoccupation with the closet—like the librarian in the New York Public Library whose help I sought in finding Koestenbaum's essays in academic journals. He'd tried to read *The Queen's Throat*, he said, but found Koestenbaum's autobiographical discursions too full of self-dislike. "And he chooses Anna Moffo as his favorite diva—well!" Which diva did my librarian prefer? "Oh—Miss *Price*," he said, confidentially. "Miss *Sutherland*."

"There is a nostalgic element to Wayne's imagination," says Joe Gordon, the dean of undergraduate studies at Yale. "In *The Queen's Throat*, he talks about this pre-Stonewall period, which is not of his experience, and he tries to imagine the gay man who writes to *Opera News* who doesn't think of himself or know himself to be gay. Anna Moffo and Jackie are like that closeted gay man, these important figures in the imagination. He invokes them to try to find something that is just hidden from him."

Jackie Under My Skin IS, IMPLICITLY, an exploration of another closet: the closet of privacy with which Jackie protected herself. In Koestenbaum's interpretation of her, Jackie adopts defensive strategies and gestures, such as inventing a pared-down "Jackie look," a uniform that, while ostensibly an expression of her taste, is also a means of reducing the number of outward clues to her individuality. What Jackie has in common with the opera queen for Koestenbaum is a private world that may, nonetheless, be defended by a dandyish flamboyance. It's also what Koestenbaum's Jackie has in common with himself.

"I write in a somewhat defensive posture, with what feel to me inhibitions, internal and external, that are about to seize me and shut me down as a thinking and feeling enterprise; and what I do when I write is try to find a form or a way of conceiving that I can banish temporarily all those impediments, and then I feel spacious and maybe glamorous. But it is a little defensive," he says. "I work in relation to secrecy, prohibition, repression. I wouldn't say that they are beneficiary to me, or that I love them."

But, having now reversed the putative sexuality of his adolescence—he's intimate with men, but looks at really glamorous women for pleasure—he's dependent on his repressions and secrecies for inspiration. What would he do without them?

He sighs. "Sleep in. Move to Skorpios. Hang out with Liz Tilberis. I don't know. I don't know."

Perhaps it is just as well, then, that some people do find Koestenbaum's doings utterly inappropriate. *Kirkus Reviews* panned *Jackie*, saying that "Koestenbaum seems to take rapturous, solitary delight in his own cleverness. . . . [He] makes connections so personal that they provoke nothing more than wonder that an associate professor at Yale has so much time on his hands." At Yale, Koestenbaum is highly regarded as a teacher, although his perceived drift away from literary criticism and in the direction of popular culture and his own subjectivity is likely to discomfit a few colleagues when he comes up for tenure review in the next academic year.

But while most academic cultural critics aim to demystify and to deconstruct popular culture, Koestenbaum is *enthralled.* Of his use of the word *divination* at the poetry reading, he says, "You are not just fantasizing about whomever; you are actually uncovering an important core in that 'other' that might be lost if you didn't discover it. To put it grandly in terms of Jackie, I am uncovering Jackie's divinity. I am uncovering a kind of noble essence I can divine because I feel a connection to it.

"Stars aren't necessary, but the star-making impulse is incredibly important, to me at least," he says. "I don't think it's a dismissible impulse or an impulse that is merely a product of late capitalism or something like that. I think it is deep and real. But," he adds, "I don't believe that stars really have glamour if scrutinized close-up; I believe that people are created equal, more or less."

When asked, then, whether he has, in *Jackie Under My Skin*, dispelled Jackie's glamour with his scrutiny, he pauses and says, "Jackie is an odd case. I would revise my statement about 'everyone is created equal.' I would say there are some people whose supernatural endowment or gift it is to actually have glamour. There are talents in the world, and glamour is a talent that some people have."

Though Koestenbaum may not (yet) have refined these self-contradictions into a kind of ironic gospel, as one of his powerful influences, Oscar Wilde, did, he is an inheritor of Wilde's rarefied, hothouse aestheticism. Wilde wrote, "In all unimportant matters, style, not sincerity, is the essential. In all important matters, style, not sincerity, is the essential," though, of course, Wilde's style was the most sincere thing about him. Likewise, it is Koestenbaum's style and sensibility that persuade—or fail to persuade. Precision of argument is almost beside the point. Indeed, he says, not entirely unseriously, he'd like to give up arguing altogether. "I am more interested in writing appreciations than analyses," he says. Such as the piece he's just written for the journal *Parnassus* on Gertrude Stein.

"I love Gertrude Stein," he says. "The essay is called 'Stein Is Nice.' I want to say Stein is nice. She's a nice writer. She's great. That's about as far as my criticism is going to go: She's great, she's cute. She's really nice."

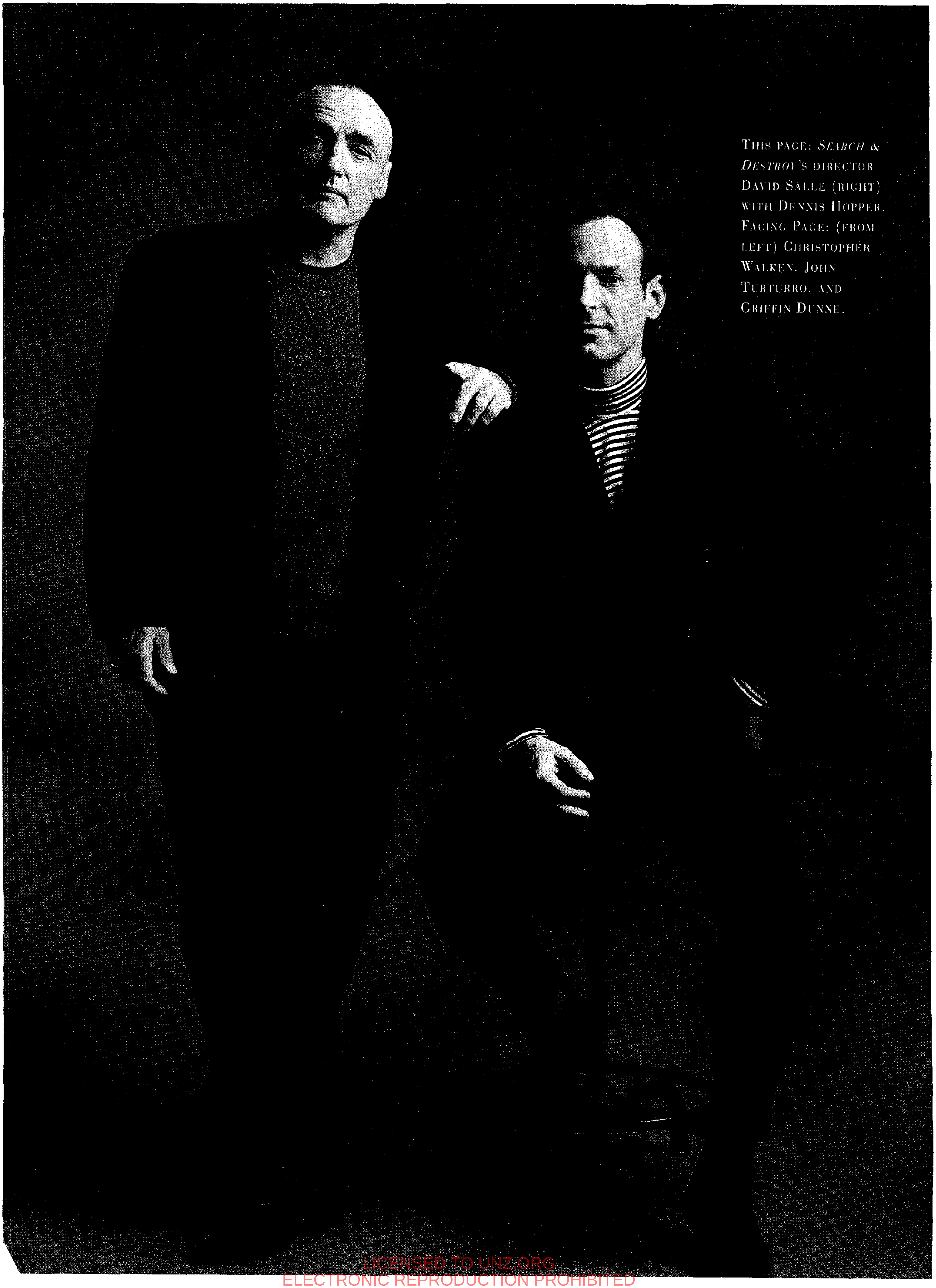
There's a mannered, charming archness to this, which might be infuriating—if it were not that he is redeemed by his writerly talents. The reason Koestenbaum can get away with exalting and exploring his sensibility has less to do with academic trends making that permissible, and more to do with the reason real poets and writers—as opposed to hack critics—have always been able to do it: They're worth reading. And Wayne Koestenbaum is a nice writer. He's great. He's cute. He's really nice. ▬

I rustled up to you and dared to grasp/your ring-wild hand and say, "Miss Moffo, I love your last/songs as much as your first. My name is Wayne,/just like your home town. I want to write/your biography." You said, rushed by fame's/

"Wa

yo

Photograph by Richard Avedon/BMG Classics/RCA.

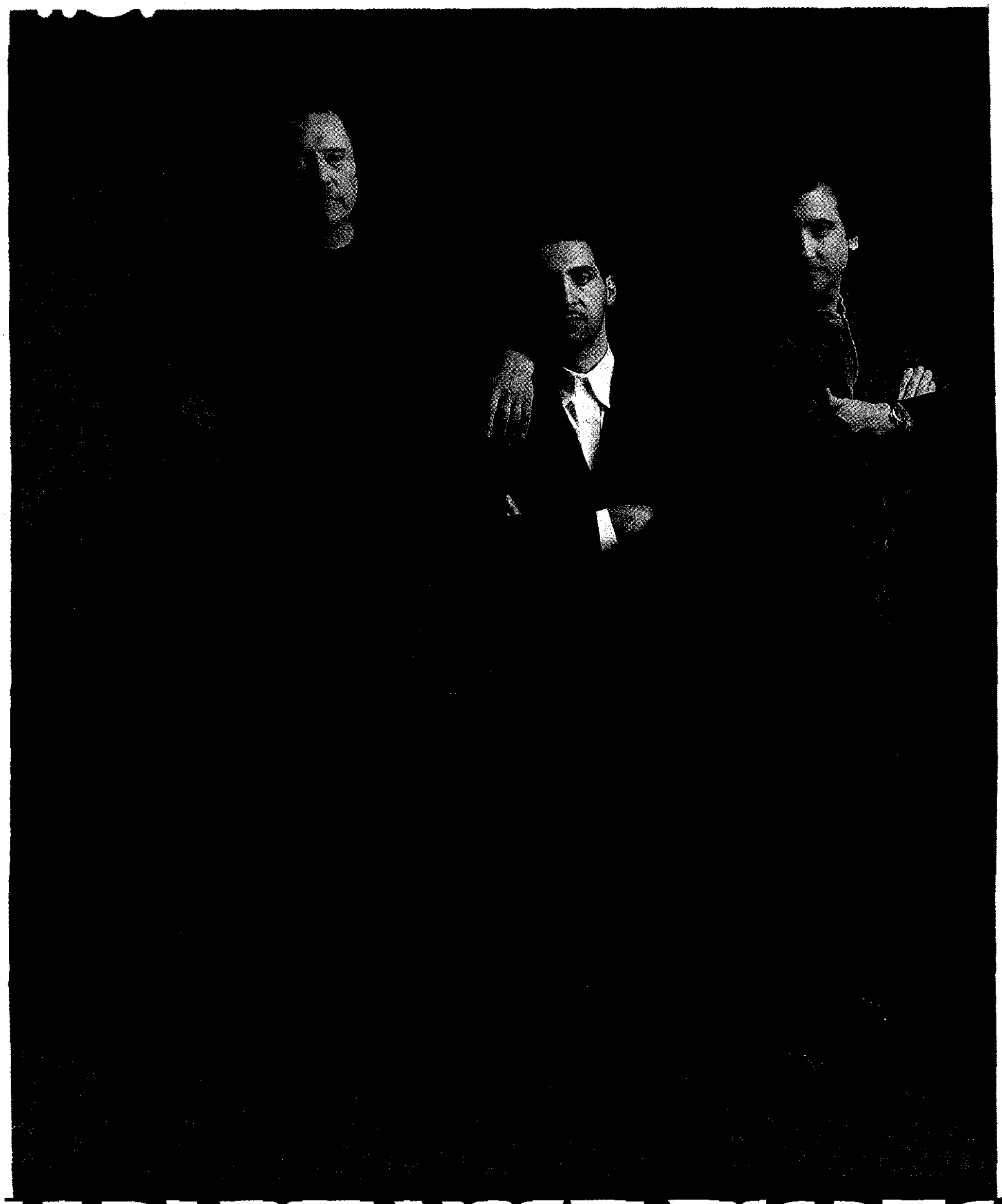


This page: *Search & Destroy*'s director David Salle (right) with Dennis Hopper. Facing page: (from left) Christopher Walken, John Turturro, and Griffin Dunne.

THE HOT EIGHTIES ARTIST ROBERT LONGO HAS LONG DRAWN A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE WAY HE MAKES ART—WITH A TEAM OF COLLABorators working under his instruction—and the way a filmmaker crafts a movie. But directing his first feature film, *Johnny Mnemonic* (to be released by TriStar over the Memorial Day weekend), he found that the comparison worked only up to a point.

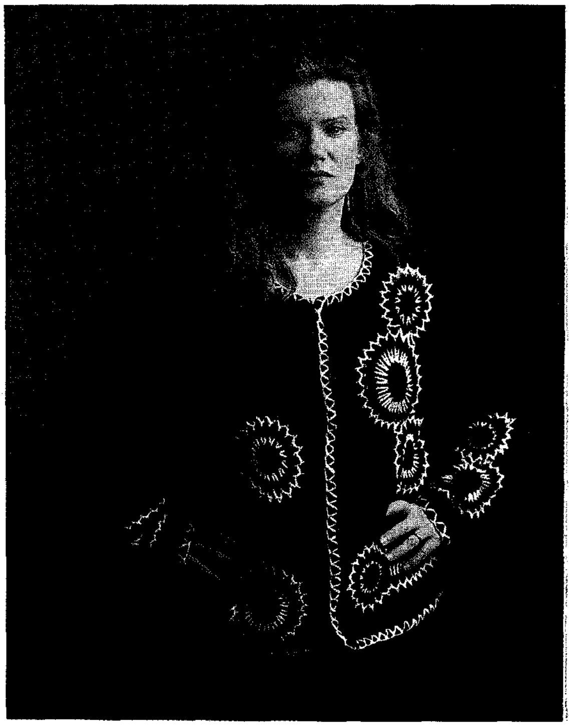
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

TEXT BY REBECCA MEAD

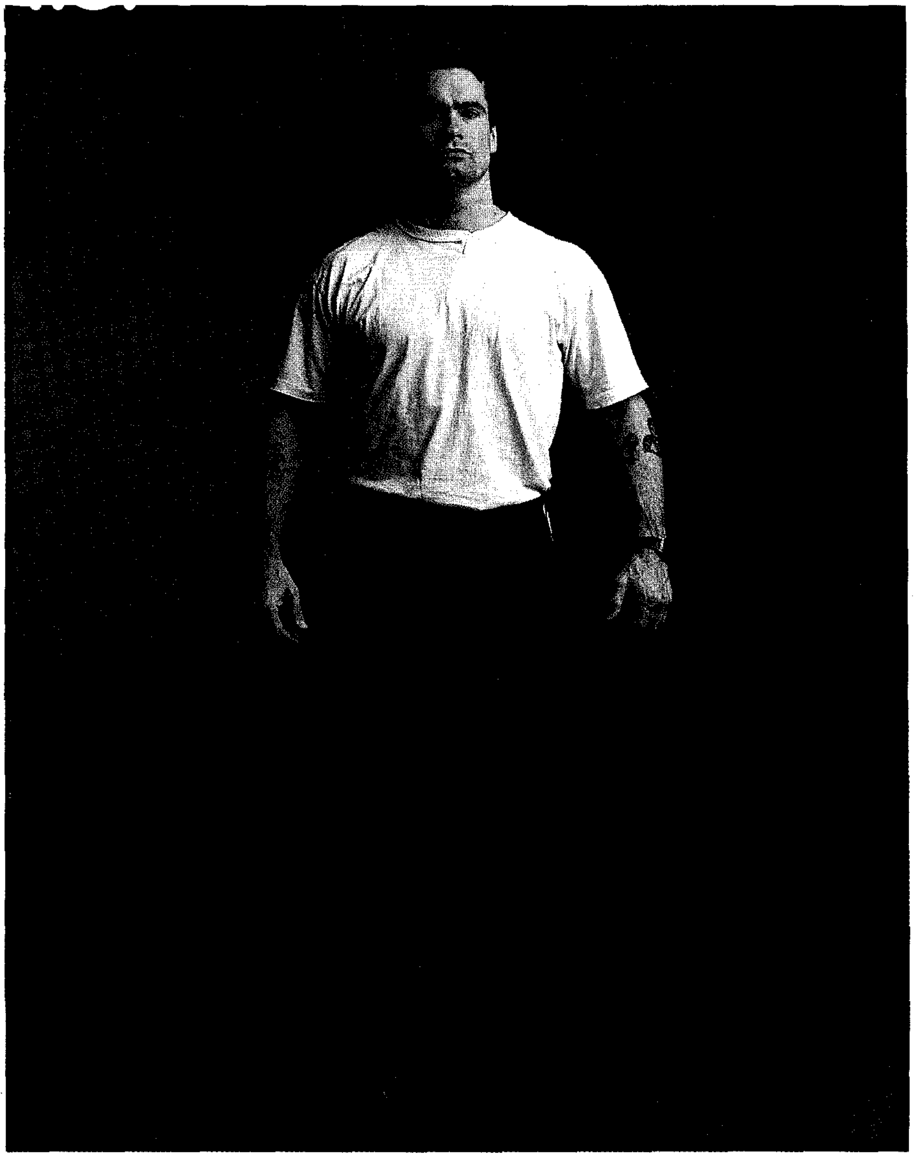


THEY WANT TO BE IN PICTURES

Eighties art stars David Salle and Robert Longo have decided that what they, too, would really rather do is direct



This page: (left) Barbara Sukowa and (below) Henry Rollins, who play major supporting roles in *Johnny Mnemonic*. Facing page: the movie's director, Robert Longo.



"The biggest difference with the movie was that I had to go to work every day for 60 days, except for Sundays," he says. "There were many times—around the fortieth day—that I would wake up in the morning and have this feeling that I wished I could cut school. That was difficult."

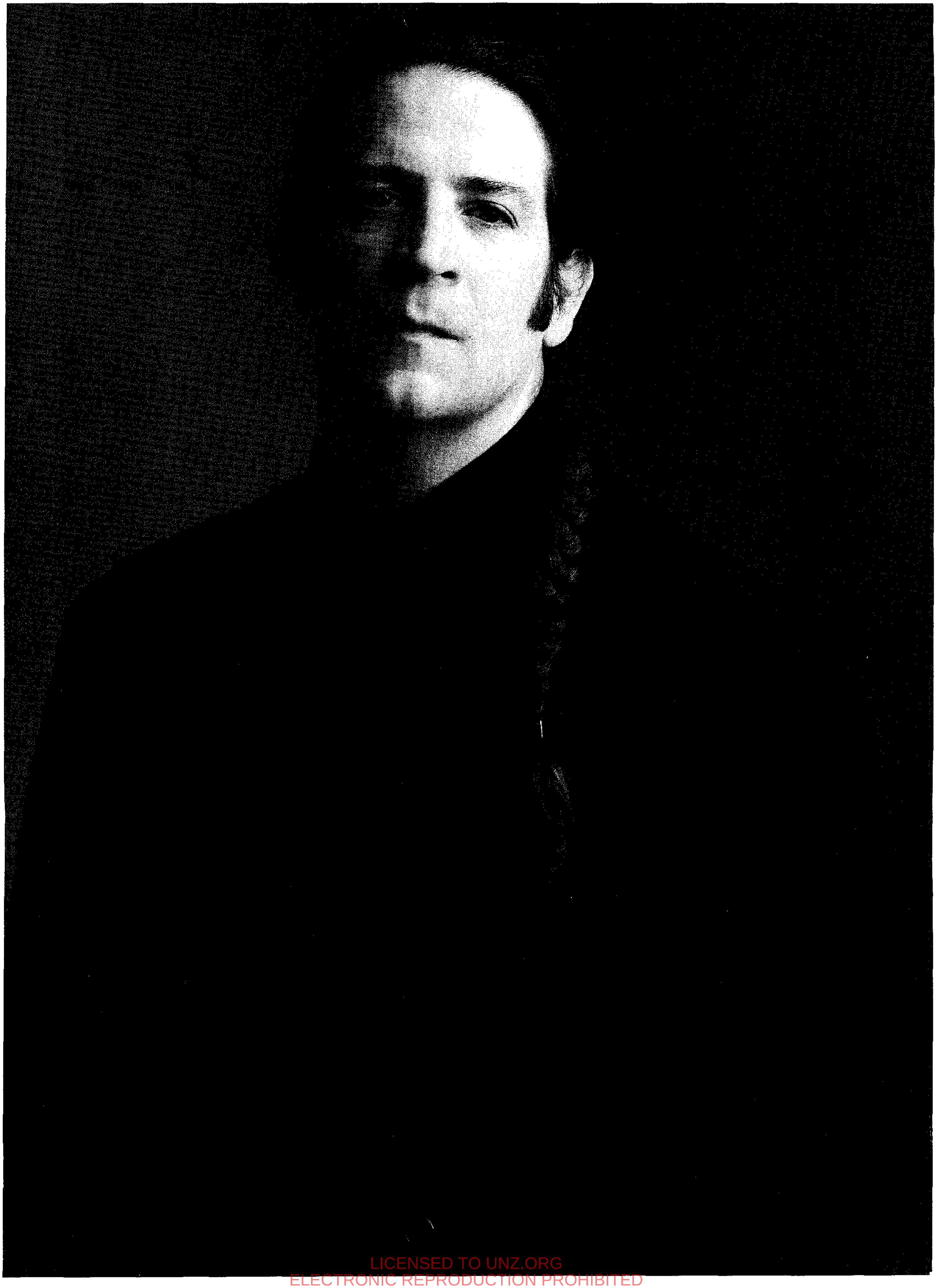
Johnny Mnemonic is adapted from a William Gibson story and stars Keanu Reeves as a computer-chip-enhanced courier to whom it has fallen to save the world, with punk quasi-intellectual Henry Rollins as a renegade doctor and Longo's wife, Barbara Sukowa, as the founder of Pharmkom, a multinational pharmaceuticals giant. The movie is also part of a trendlet in the art world: The hot eighties artist David Salle's first movie, *Search & Destroy,* is coming out this week; Julian Schnabel is planning to work in celluloid; and Pace Gallery owner Arne Glimcher's second movie, *Just Cause,* came out in February. Though Longo insists that he didn't want to make an art movie, *Johnny Mnemonic* is, he says, a natural progression. "I took my [art] work as close to the pop edge as I could," he says. "I was accused of being too pop for the art world and too smart for the real world. I think the movie enabled me to get more severe with my artwork, and darker and more limiting in its audience. The movie enables me to take care of the larger audience."

SALLE CALLS HIS LOW-BUDGET, unabashedly arty *Search & Destroy* "a smallish tone poem on the theme of loneliness." Adapted from the stage play by Howard Korder, it stars the physically Salle-esque Griffin Dunne as an idealistic would-be moviemaker who, in the company of John Turturro and Christopher Walken, gets dragged into some underworld unpleasantness. Dennis Hopper is a self-help guru, flogging his four steps to success on cable TV ("No. 3: Just Because It Happened to You Doesn't Make It Interesting"). Martin Scorsese is the executive producer, which may explain why critics have slagged Salle for trafficking in an ironized Scorsese *noir.*

"It has been compared to Quentin Tarantino and a whole range of movies that I think it has virtually nothing in common with," says Salle. "This sounds self-aggrandizing, and I mean it in the most neutral, descriptive way: The precursors of this film are Surrealist films—Buñuel and Dalí and Cocteau. People read the screenplay and said, 'Oh, great, a *noir* thriller; we can sell that,' and I said to Marty, 'Well, I think it would be more interesting if we shot this film like a kind of flat sixties Pop Art movie.' So Marty said that was a great idea. He was looking to be surprised. Otherwise, what's in it for him?"

Salle reflects for a moment. "So I guess if we erred on the side of the abstract, I'll just blame it on Marty." ▬

All grooming by Kian Stave/8 Co.



The Best Quarterback In the NBA

In 1993, Charlie Ward was the top college football player in the country. He decided to play basketball. Now he's not even warming the bench.

By Meredith Berkman

CHARLIE WARD IS STANDING ON THE SIDELINES. BACK WHEN HE still had a chance to play, he'd stand there watching his fellow Knicks practice before the game, his feet slightly apart, his hands on his hips. With his shiny white warm-up suit zippered to the top, he seemed small and subdued, like a kid brother allowed to hang out on the court before a game. Afterward, he'd take a shower whether he needed one or not, and stand by his locker methodically rubbing Soft Sense into his bare arms.

Now it's worse. Ever since the rookie point guard was put on the injured list March 26—putatively because of a sore left shoulder but mostly to make room for Anthony Mason on the twelve-man active roster—he stands there in street clothes. It's just another insult for the 1993 Heisman Trophy winner, who dropped football to play for the Knicks only to end up not playing very much. But as Charlie Ward sees it, at least now he *knows.*

"I'd rather be sitting in a suit on the bench knowing that I won't play," the 24-year-old says. "It's worse to have the expectation and hope that you might play, but you might not."

In the first year of his $5 million, five-year contract, Ward has languished in Pat Riley's purgatory—playing a total of 42 minutes over nine games, scoring 14 points—caught in heavy traffic behind veteran point guards Derek Harper and Greg Anthony and even shooting guard John Starks, who occasionally plays the position. These days, Ward simply shows up, takes his regular seat toward the end of the bench, and makes himself comfortable.

"I'm wise," says Ward, a soft-spoken and deeply religious man who refers to the Lord far more often than to the Coach in the course of a conversation. "It doesn't take a genius to figure it out. When you're the last guy to get off the bench, if there's a numbers game, you'll always be the first one on the injured list.

"Hoping someone else will get hurt," he adds, " is not what I'm about."

No one's quite sure just how Ward became the best-known thirteenth man. Little more than a year ago, the honor-student quarterback who led Florida State to its first national championship in 1993 was hailed as a bona fide hero: *Sports Illustrated* crowed that he had "an ego you could fit through a Cheerio." Yet when it was time for the NFL draft, Ward—who had also been a high-school basketball star—suddenly seemed as arrogant as "Prime Time" Deion Sanders. Ward declared he could not commit to playing football unless he was chosen in the first round.

"I had excelled to the highest level," says Ward, who was half-jokingly referred to as the best quarterback in New York when the Giants and the Jets were struggling last fall. "And there was no need for me to go and try to prove myself all over again."

It was even more of a shock when the NFL's then-28 teams responded as if the Heisman were some sort of consolation prize. Experts say Ward was too small—he's generously listed by the Knicks as six feet two and 190 pounds—and that teams were understandably reluctant to use up a priceless top pick on a player they weren't sure would ever show up to play. But there have also been rumblings that Ward may have been a victim of a lingering bias against African-American quarterbacks in the league. (Currently, only the Vikings' Warren Moon and the Eagles' Randall Cunningham start in the position; former Jet Jeff Blake got his chance with the Bengals last season only after David Klingler *and* his backup were knocked out by injury. However, Alcorn State's Steve McNair was projected to be a top pick in last week's NFL draft.)

"I can't say if it's racism or what, because I wasn't there," says Ward, who hasn't picked up a football since just before Christmas. "I don't know what people were talking about behind closed doors. I can't speculate about what people say about me or how they feel about me, because I'm going to always be black. And there's nothing I can do about it. I can't change colors."

"It sounds racial," admits Ward's former football coach, FSU's Bobby Bowden, "but it didn't seem like that was a factor at all. I really felt [teams] thought he was a great basketball player and he might not play football. Charlie's honest, and sometimes that works against you."

Ward's candor and his obvious struggle to remain upbeat have worked in his favor on his new team. Harper, whose locker is next to Ward's, took the rookie under his wing, working him hard in practice and providing encouragement whenever he could.

"It's not easy for Charlie," says Harper, who "got into trouble" with Pat Riley in February when he encouraged the crowd to chant Ward's name during the Knicks blowout of the Miami Heat; Riley blasted his winning team as "unprofessional" after the game. "I tell him his day is coming and his future's in front of him," Harper says.

"It's very hard for a guy who has had as much attention and accolades as [Charlie has had]," says Madison Square Garden president Dave Checketts, adding that the team plans to protect Ward from being snatched away by the two new expansion teams in a special draft to be held this summer. "But giving him a five-year contract was our way of saying, 'We don't think you'll play for us right away, but we know you're going to be with us long-term.' Next year, he'll see some daylight, and the following year he'll play an awful lot."

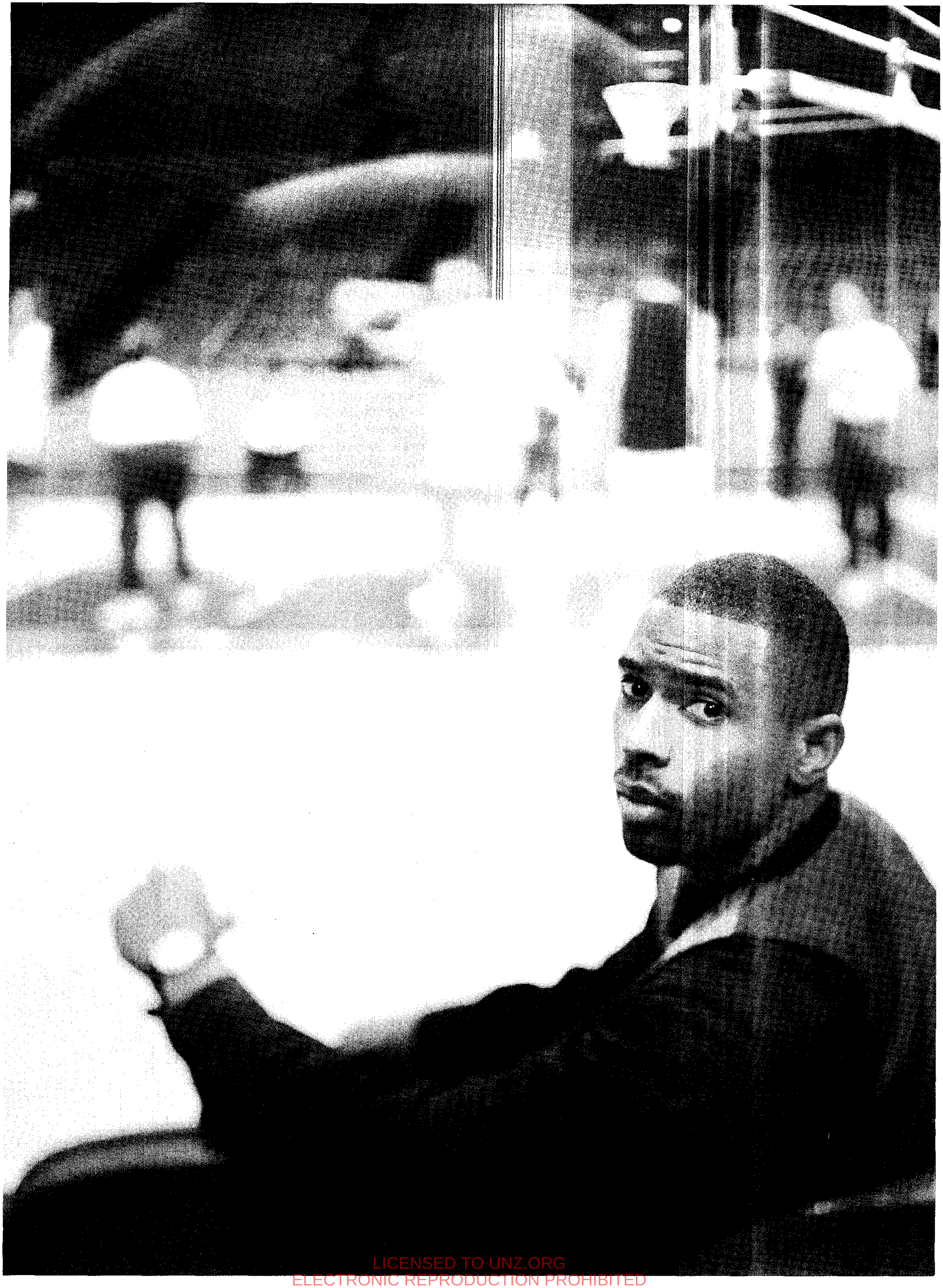
But Ward, who stresses that he wouldn't want to play for any other team, seems weary of the talk. Edged out of his locker by a knot of reporters crowding around Harper, Ward grabs his black nylon bag and gets ready to head home to the apartment in White Plains where he lives alone; he's getting married this summer.

"I knew it would take a little time before I developed to where I wanted to be," he says quietly, dousing himself with CK cologne. "But I feel now that I'm in basketball shape and I'm capable of playing the way I want to play. It's just a matter of getting the opportunity."

Has the coach talked to him about when his chance might come?

"Coach Riley?" marvels Ward, resigned, incredulous, shaking his close-shaven head. "Really, what can he say besides 'Sit over there'?" ▬

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANNY CLINCH
FOR NEW YORK



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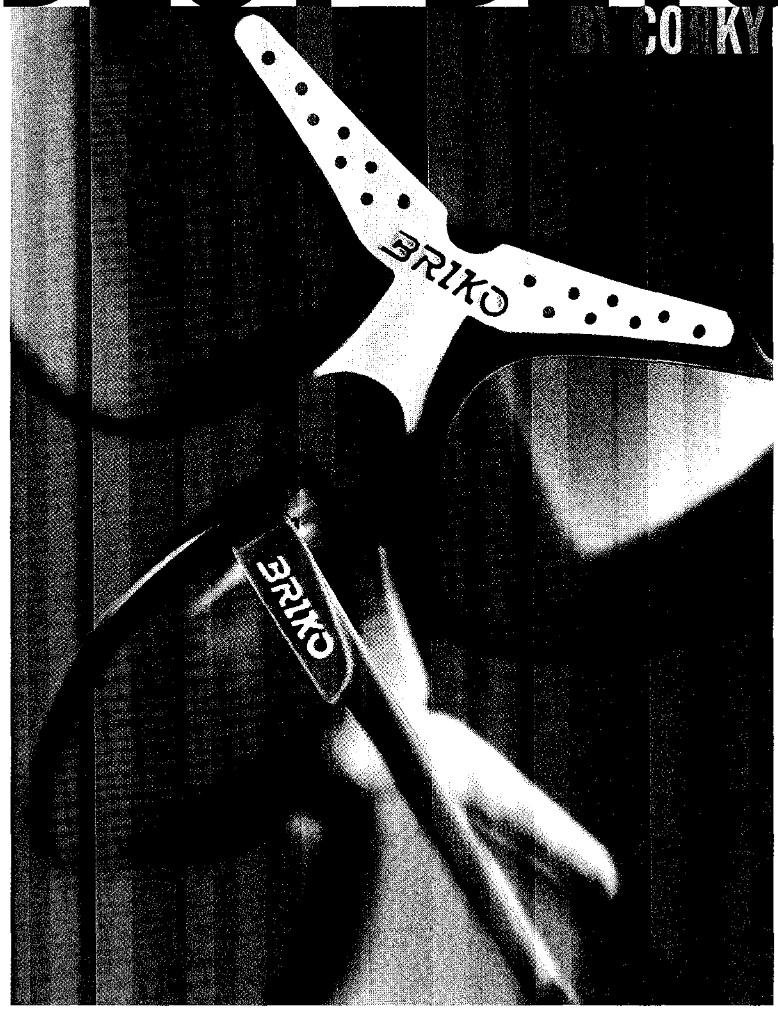
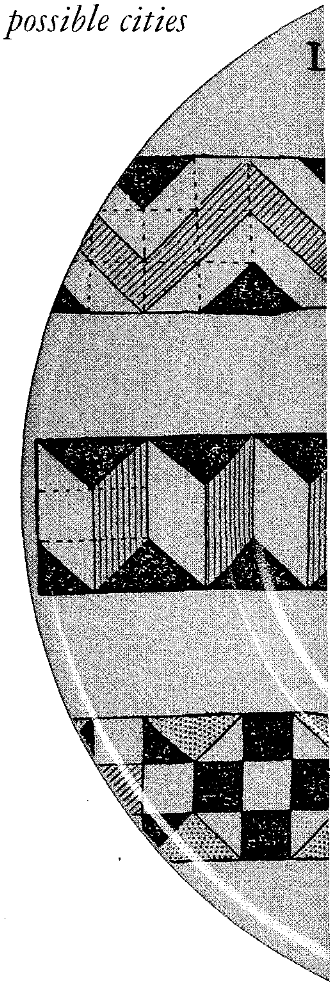
BY CORKY POLLAN





View Masters

They're light, flexible, and comfortable—precisely what's required in a pair of biking glasses. But it's not just their contoured frames that make the new Briko Stingers popular with racers; it's their Thrama lenses. These lenses are, of course, impact-resistant and block out harmful UV rays, but more particularly they offer sharp image definition and increase the eye's ability to adapt to just about any weather or lighting conditions ($109.95).

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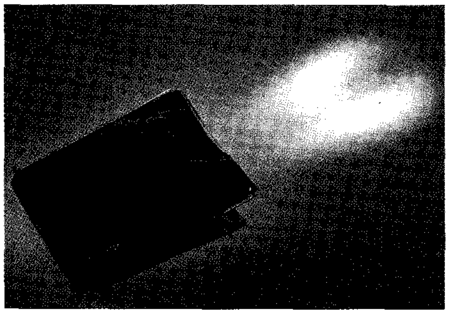
Crib Notes

Most shopkeepers are overwhelmed running just one store, but the sisters Simon (Diana and Becky) have three: Village Bra Smyth, Uptown Bra Smyth, and now Uptown Baby Smyth, inspired by the success of their original stores and a new baby (Diana's). Unlike the usual cramped, tightly packed kiddie store, Uptown Baby Smyth is spacious and bright, and it's stocked with an esoteric mix of things for boys and girls up to age 6. There's an assortment of what Diana calls "Sunday School dresses" (delicate and smocked with a decidedly Madison Avenue air) and lots of casual downtown looks (striped rompers, checked leggings, bold T-shirts). The accessories alone—antique quilts, vintage Beacon blankets, crib linens, furniture—make Baby Smyth worth a visit. (From $22 for a onesie to $220 for a Monica Noel silk dress to $550 for a Laura D. Folk Art table-and-chair set to $2,400 for a custom-made wooden fire-truck playhouse.)

UPTOWN BABY SMYTH/*903 Madison Avenue, near 72nd Street/570-4075*

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Gary Hush; Steve Wisbauer; Jeremy Shatan; Carin Riley.



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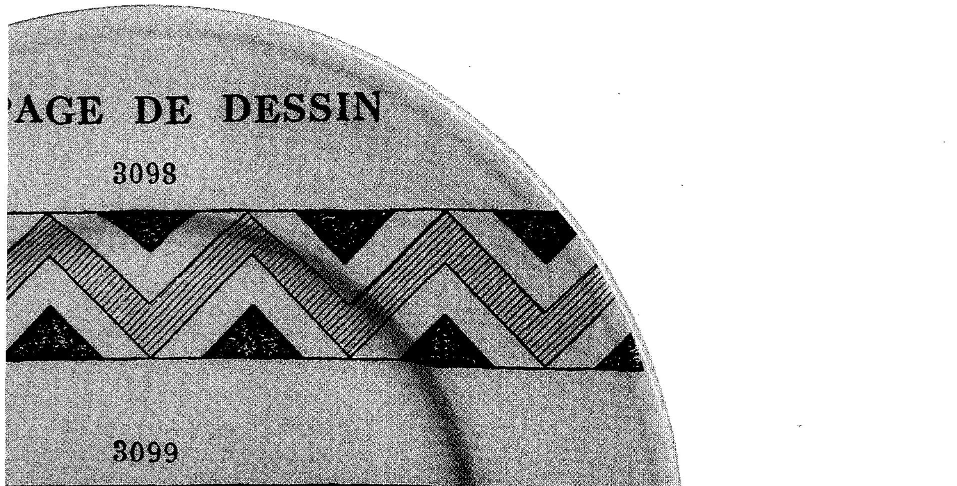
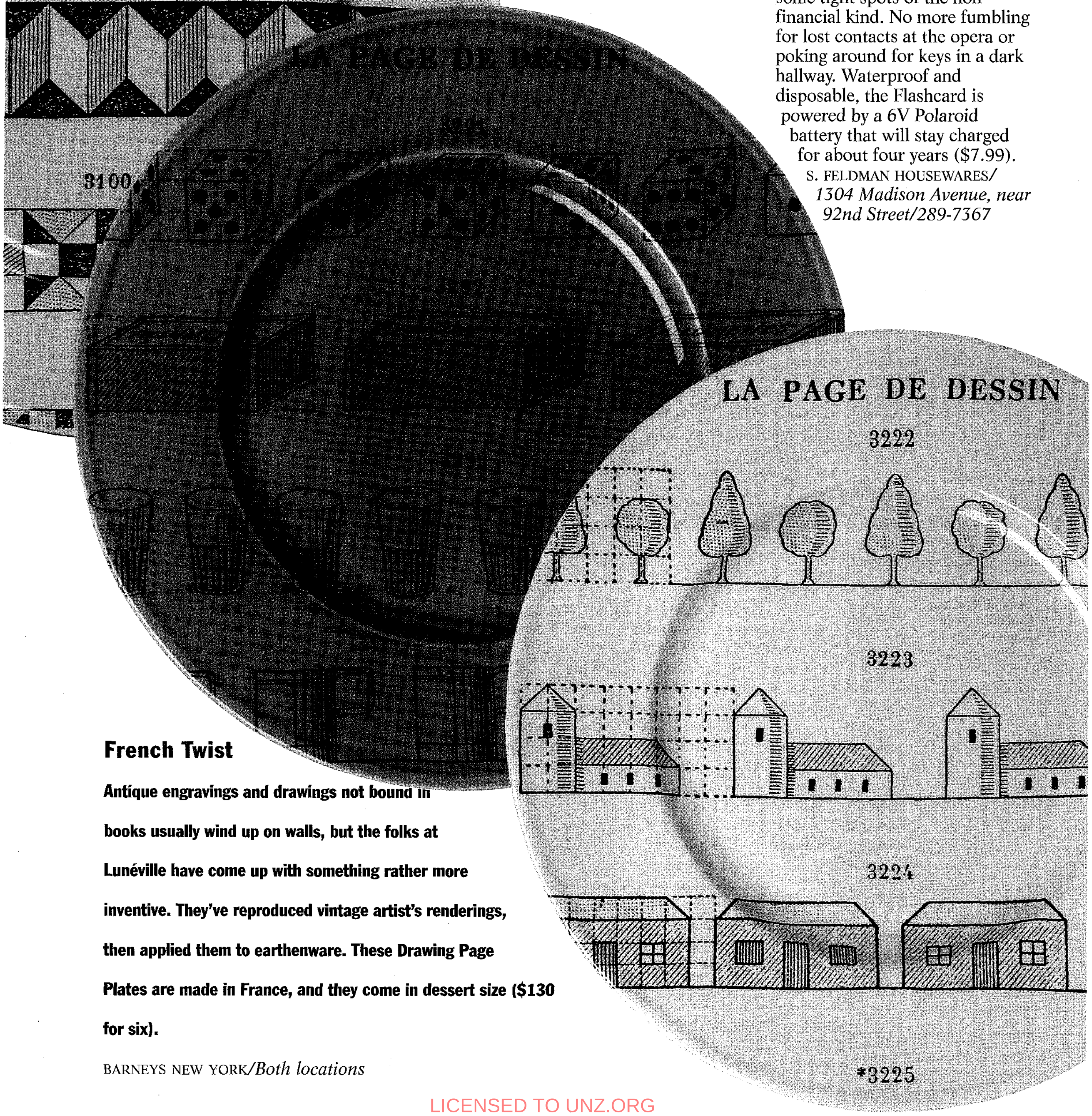




French Twist

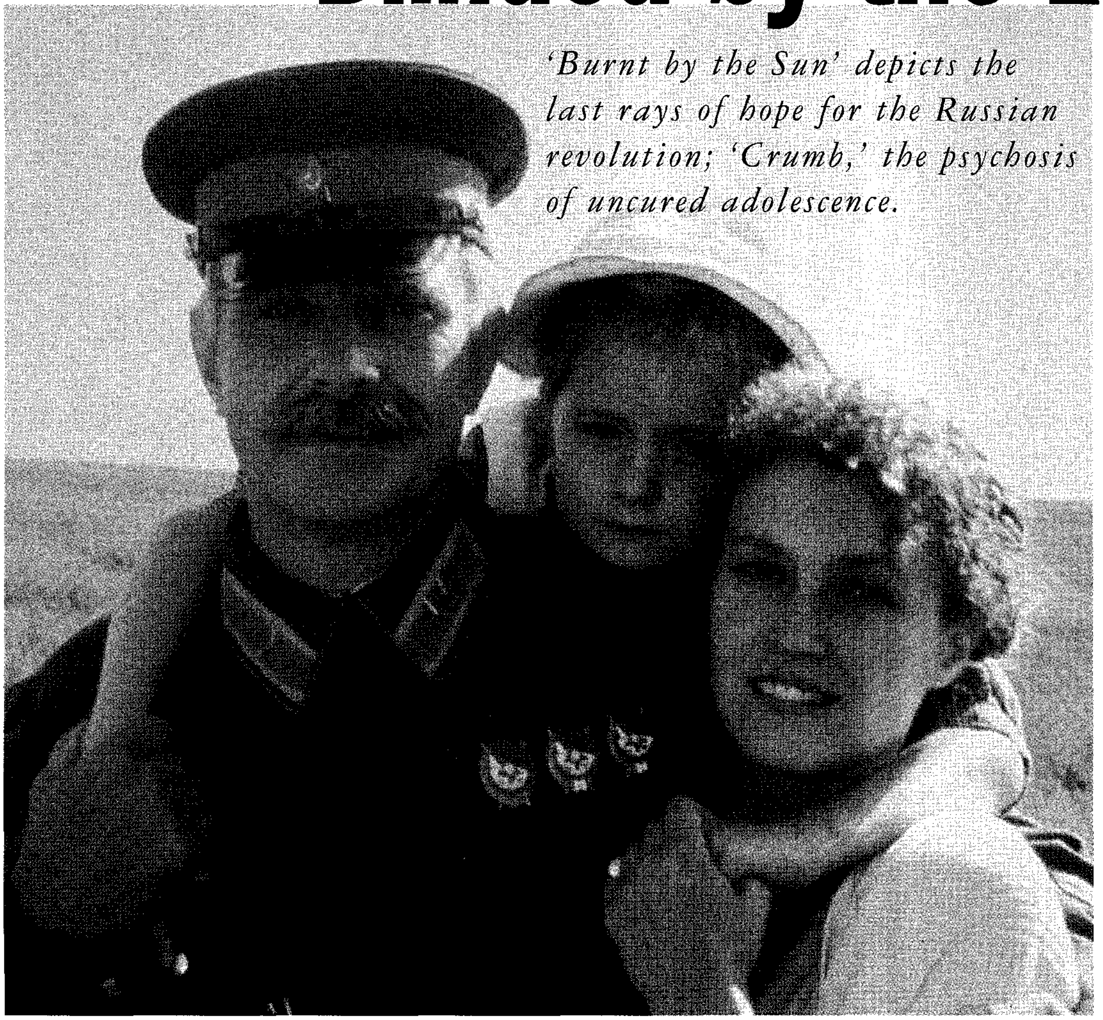
Antique engravings and drawings not bound in books usually wind up on walls, but the folks at Lunéville have come up with something rather more inventive. They've reproduced vintage artist's renderings, then applied them to earthenware. These Drawing Page Plates are made in France, and they come in dessert size ($130 for six).

BARNEYS NEW YORK/*Both locations*

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Blinded by the Light

'Burnt by the Sun' depicts the last rays of hope for the Russian revolution; 'Crumb,' the psychosis of uncured adolescence.



Nikita Mikhalkov as Colonel Sergueï Kotov (left), Nadia Mikhalkov as his daughter, and Ingeborga Dapkounaite as his wife, Maroussia.

THERE'S TOO MUCH SUNSHINE IN **Burnt by the Sun,** the new film by Russian director Nikita Mikhalkov (*A Slave of Love, Oblomov, Dark Eyes*). Or so I thought at first: The refulgent golden rays pour in everywhere, irradiating wheat fields and streaming through the trees surrounding a lovely old dacha. Mikhalkov has long been addicted to brilliant natural light and summer-afternoon scenes of gorgeous excess. In his films, ripeness, literally, is all. He feasts on his enchanted moments, as if everyone in his country of short summers got only one chance to be happy or sad. Mikhalkov, who just won the Oscar, is a highly theatrical director, and some of his symbolic effects announce themselves as rudely as a missile parade through Red Square. In *Burnt by the Sun,* there is actually a melancholy character who plays Russian roulette with a loaded pistol. And as if the sunshine weren't enough, little sun meteors run like Tinkerbell through the background of scenes and then fly out the window.

But if some directors have a talent for the obvious, Mikhalkov has a genius for it. *Burnt by the Sun* is an extremely powerful work. By the end of the movie, Mikhalkov's usual mood of bittersweet sentiment has reached an unnerving pitch of anguish. He doesn't need those mini-fireballs. We get the point—this time the sunshine is dangerous and blinding.

Burnt by the Sun is set in 1936, at the beginning of the Great Terror, the last possible moment in which anyone not an idiot or a scoundrel might have believed in the Soviet revolution. Somewhere outside Moscow, in the country near the wheat fields, Colonel Kotov, a true believer and bristling revolutionary patriot, lives with his young wife, Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite), the daughter of a famous musician. At Maroussia's dacha, a Chekhovian house party appears to be in full swing. Elderly relatives have gathered for the summer, and also friends, hangers-on, a longtime servant—in all, a gracious remnant of the old bourgeois prerevolutionary culture. Kotov, the untouchable revolutionary hero, protects them. A formidable, barrel-chested man, fiftyish, with beautiful eyes and a fine mustache, he is played by Mikhalkov himself, who has been made up (intentionally, I am sure) to look like a more handsome version of Stalin. Kotov, the people's hero, with his beautiful young wife, is a happy egotist who finds it easy to be benevolent. He romps with his little daughter, played by Mikhalkov's own child, Nadia, who was so appealing on Oscar night. By bringing the wistful landowners and aesthetes of *The Cherry Orchard* and *Uncle Vanya* nearly 40 years forward, deep into the Communist period, Mikhalkov emphasizes the fragility of a certain kind of human richness. Kotov, it turns out, can't protect them; he can't even protect himself. All they've got is their sunshine, which blinds them to the vipers everywhere.

Mikhalkov works with Fellini-like exuberance shading into menace. Little groups of fanatics—children mobilized by the state—march about the countryside chanting and holding aloft pictures of Stalin. Civil-defense officials show up at a river bank where people are lolling in the sun and absurdly insist that everyone put on a gas mask; eventually, a heavyset, distracted woman, masked, gets carried out on a stretcher, which is not a bad metaphor for the country itself. In all, one gets the impression that the Soviet Union of the thirties was supremely equipped to defeat fascism but to do nothing else.

The abundant theatricality—the festive, noisy performances, the general air of physical delight—drives the story forward, but there are nasty surprises hidden in the jokes, a sense of dismay under the lilting tone. Mitia (Oleg Menchikov), Maroussia's old lover, mysteriously away for ten years, enters with a flourish of laughter and music. He sings, dances, plays the piano; he's an actor, a genius, a great seducer—as much a part of the old culture as the rest of them. At first, the young Mitia, handsome and dark, with a knifelike slenderness, seems to be there to fight the burly, middle-aged Kotov for Maroussia's love. But a much more sinister game is afoot. In the person of Menchikov, Mitia has a Dostoevskian intensity—he could be someone out of *The Possessed.* A jumble of aggression and masochism, he has been destroyed by the Communist state and then put back together as a charmer suited for betrayal. He is now a member of the secret police. Exactly what Mitia is doing there is the first mystery; the greater mystery is why he's doing it. And Mikhalkov's answer is convoluted and fascinating in a way only possible within the tormented history of the Soviet Union. Mitia carries out the betrayal of the revolution in the name of the revolution.

There's too much sunshine; and Mitia plays the piano a little too violently. By the end, however, Mikhalkov's excess makes perfect sense. The careless abundance of life, spilling over the edges, is about to come to an end. *Burnt by the Sun* conveys the desperation of a culture trying to feel good in the face of a past so dreadful that it renders the future almost unimaginable.

R. CRUMB, THE UNDERGROUND-CARTOON artist who devised such "comix" as *Weird* and *Zap* and then received international renown and critical comparison to Brueghel and Daumier, is a rail-thin geek with a lower-middle-class brush mustache, a faded tweed jacket, and a small hat, all worn as a uniform in a display of ironic counter-dandyism comparable to William Burroughs's black-suited rig. In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary portrait **Crumb,** there is shockingly little separation between life and art. Crumb complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentments and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. That's rather funny, but it's also rather sinister. Crumb shares the same awful childhood with his wrecked older brother, Charles, who lives at home with their mother, and his kid brother, Max, who sits in a San Francisco SRO on a bed of nails, yet Crumb turned the semi-psychotic material of bent adolescence into art, while they were consumed and destroyed. The artist becomes black magician here, drawing strength from the dismay of others and giggling over his victory. *Crumb* should turn into the midnight-movie sensation of the decade: Robert Crumb is a remorseless man, and the movie, in a coolly ambiguous way, revels in the grotesque appropriateness of his triumph. ■

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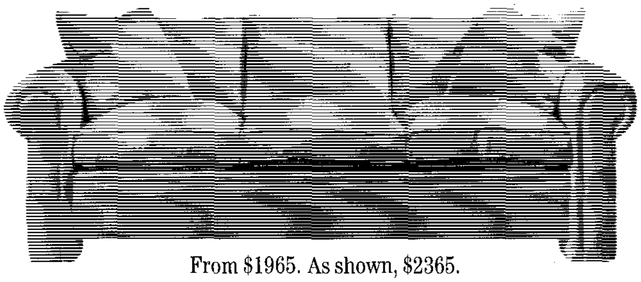

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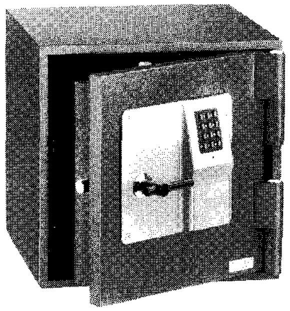

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THEATER JOHN SIMON

Camp Following

The Glasgow Citizens' Theatre's 'Travels With My Aunt' is giddy, inspired high camp; 'Having Our Say' is a well-performed non-play.

Brian Murray, Jim Dale, and Martin Rayner in *Travels With My Aunt* (above); Mary Alice and Gloria Foster in *Having Our Say.*

NOVELS MAKE POOR PLAYS, RIGHT? USUALLY, BUT not in the case of **Travels With My Aunt,** as adapted and directed by Giles Havergal of Glasgow's Citizens' Theatre. Graham Greene's less-than-best effort made an even weaker film, with Maggie Smith braying away in the title part as though she were really in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Travels With a Donkey.* But this stage version is something else: an exercise in high camp so inspired as to be quintessential theater. For what is high camp if not mummery carried to such giddy heights as to become, bypassing literature, the essence of playfulness, sheer riotous theatricality? I haven't laughed this sweetly since I watched Letterman make the ass he is out of himself at the Oscars—only there I laughed *at;* here I laughed *with.*

You may recall this as the story of Henry Pulling, a dried-up retired bank clerk devoted to tatting and growing dahlias, who at his mother's funeral meets his aunt Augusta (an obvious *hommage* to Oscar Wilde) and is taken under her fabulous, fluttery wing. Aunt Augusta is a glorious hybrid; black sheep, bird of paradise, and gilded butterfly, she is a mid-septuagenarian with the frivolity of a dippy debutante and the wisdom of Solomon. She believes in travel, adventure, sex, and life as a fiesta. She dallies with her gigantic black butler, Wordsworth, and eventually marries an Italian con man, Visconti, as the action shifts from Brighton to Istanbul to Paris to Paraguay. Repressed bachelor Henry progresses from shocked befuddlement through grudging admiration to enthusiastic abandon as he leaves dahlias for dalliance, emotional parchedness for Paraguayan exuberance.

But the full excitement comes from the amazing, absurd, wicked, and irresistible characters who pop up all over: efficacious spies and ineffectual policemen, too-faithful retainers and too-loving pen pals, not-so-secret agents and damsels of distressing dizziness, opportunists who can climb the greasy pole of success with one hand and busybodies with a hand or nose in everything. These and more, plus a hilarious dog that comes to an epic end, are brought to pullulating life by a quartet of dream zanies to tickle you pink and turn a couple of your hours as golden as the shower that impregnated Danaë.

What four comedians! They play many different characters, or take turns playing the same one, or can even be Henry in quadruplicate, with the tiniest, delicious variants. You are left just enough time between gales of laughter for gasps of astonishment at so much versatility. There is Jim Dale, who is mostly an exquisite Aunt Augusta, not in vulgar drag but in an impeccable gray suit (except when it turns impeccably white), with gestures and inflections suggestive but never obvious. There is Brian Murray, who is mostly Henry (but also a lot of others), and is surely one of the supreme comic actors of our day, at his finest when he is aghast, his eyes popping out of his head.

Martin Rayner, an actor new to me, works his own wonders, whether when, small and white as he is, he turns into a giant black man, or switches from accent to accent as an aural quick-change artist, or is just a one-man barrelful of monkeys. And despite his tiny role, Tom Beckett is right up there with the rest, especially unforgettable as Wolf, a dog whose pranks and demise he—no lesser word will do—immortalizes. Add to this Havergal's magisterial direction, the ingeniously ecumenical set by Stewart Laing, extravagantly lit by Gerry Jenkinson, and you can have yourself a ball at this ballsiest, totally uneffete evening of sky-high camp. I discov-

Photographs by T. Chas Erickson.

ered only one minute lapse: the Italian paper *La Repubblica* spelled with one *b;* otherwise, perfection from A to Z.

THE FIRST THING TO NOTE ABOUT **Having Our Say** is that, whatever else it is, it is not a play. It is based on a book of reminiscences and comments by two black middle-class sisters: Sarah L. "Sadie" Delany, now 105, and A. Elizabeth "Bessie" Delany, now 103. Two of the ten children of a black minister and an administrative staff member at St. Augustine's College in North Carolina, they grew up sheltered by the campus but keenly aware of the goings-on outside. They never married, but went on to groundbreaking careers: Sadie became the first black teacher of domestic science in the New York City schools, Bessie one of the first two accredited black dentists. Eventually, they retired to a cozy home in Mount Vernon, New York, whence they continue their observations with seemingly undimmed canniness.

The sisters complement each other seamlessly: Sadie, the restrained and diplomatic one; Bessie, the sassy, impatient one ("If Sadie is the sugar, I'm the spice"). They often speak simultaneously, because hotheaded Bessie likes to finish Sadie's measured sentences ahead of her. Over the decades, they have watched the conditions of blacks grow worse and then better again, while both sisters did their own useful bits: active but not activists, neither shitkickers nor doormats. Sadie with her unflappable dignity, Bessie with her scurrilous pawkiness, are terrific—but nondramatic—characters. One should read their books and hope for a documentary movie with the actual Delany sisters. Even with two outstanding actresses, this shortish but still overlong play stretched beyond endurance by supererogatory ovations and endless intermissions left me restless.

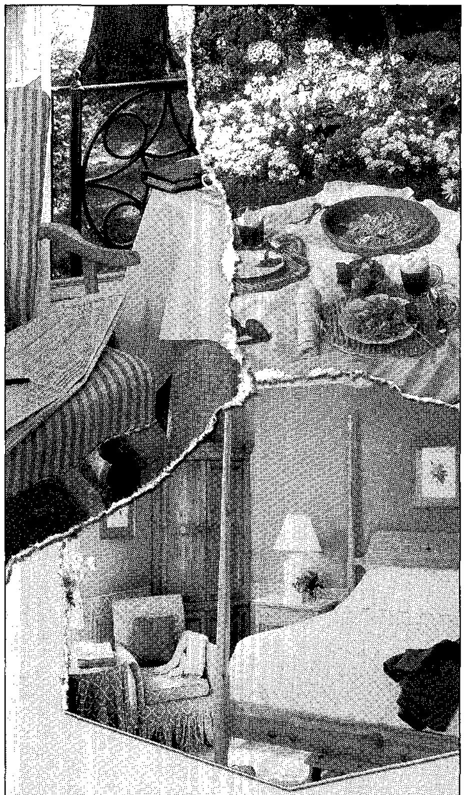
Of course, *Having Our Say* serves a purpose for two groups: black audiences eager to see themselves represented on Broadway and dyed-in-the-wool white liberals who whoop it up at every white-bashing joke. Both audiences are entitled to their fare, but unless you fall into one of these groups, you may feel left out in the cold. For example, Bessie says: "I'm just as good as anyone else—that's the way I was brought up." Pause, then with a conspiratorial smile, "I'll tell you the truth, I think I'm better." And she says, "Colored folk built this country, and that's the truth." If these truths don't elicit outbursts of laughter and protracted applause from you, or if the mere mention of Dan Quayle doesn't have you rolling in the aisles, this may not be your kind of show.

Not having read the book by the sisters and Amy Hill Hearth, I can't say how well Emily Mann has adapted it; her staging certainly smacks of desperation. She has Bessie repeatedly leaving the room just so that, a bit later, she can stick her head in for a saucy comment, or come sailing in for a rowdy one. But the visual aspects—in the capable hands of Thomas Lynch, Judy Dearing, and Allen Lee Hughes—are expertly managed, with slide projections by Wendall K. Harrington and Sage Marie Carter supplying much of the drama.

Having most of the good lines, Mary Alice (Bessie) has the juicier role; though she may mug a bit overmuch, she is endearing and charismatic. Gloria Foster has the harder part, having to play prudent, sometimes even dumb, to prosper; she handles it with unfailing mastery. So there is a third group to recommend *Having Our Say* to: those who are content to watch two fine actresses strut their stuff.

HAPLESS TONY RANDALL and his National Actors Theatre have done it again: Their **Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,** taken over from the Goodspeed Opera House, is as artless, charmless, and mirthless as a musical production can get. This mediocre Jule Styne–Leo Robin score and Anita Loos–Joseph Fields book can barely stand up anymore, least of all in such a visually and histrionically undernourished mounting. Certain shows, like sports jerseys with famous numbers, should be retired when the stars or athletes who carried them on their backs have moved on. *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* without Carol Channing is, in my view, as unimaginable and unfeasible as bricks without straw, a rock singer without a mike. It is a day without sunshine, night without a star.

Nothing works here: not Eduardo Sicangco's tacky sets and costumes, not Michael Lichtefeld's drab choreography, not Charles Repole's soporific staging. And least of all the leading ladies. Karen Prunzik, as Dorothy, dances and acts no better than your average chorine, but can and does outgrin a Halloween pumpkin. K. T. Sullivan, as Lorelei, couldn't get a billionaire to cough up a zircon for her. It is as if she were operating under a curse, and so she is: the curse of being in the shadow of Carol Channing without a shadow of talent. ▬



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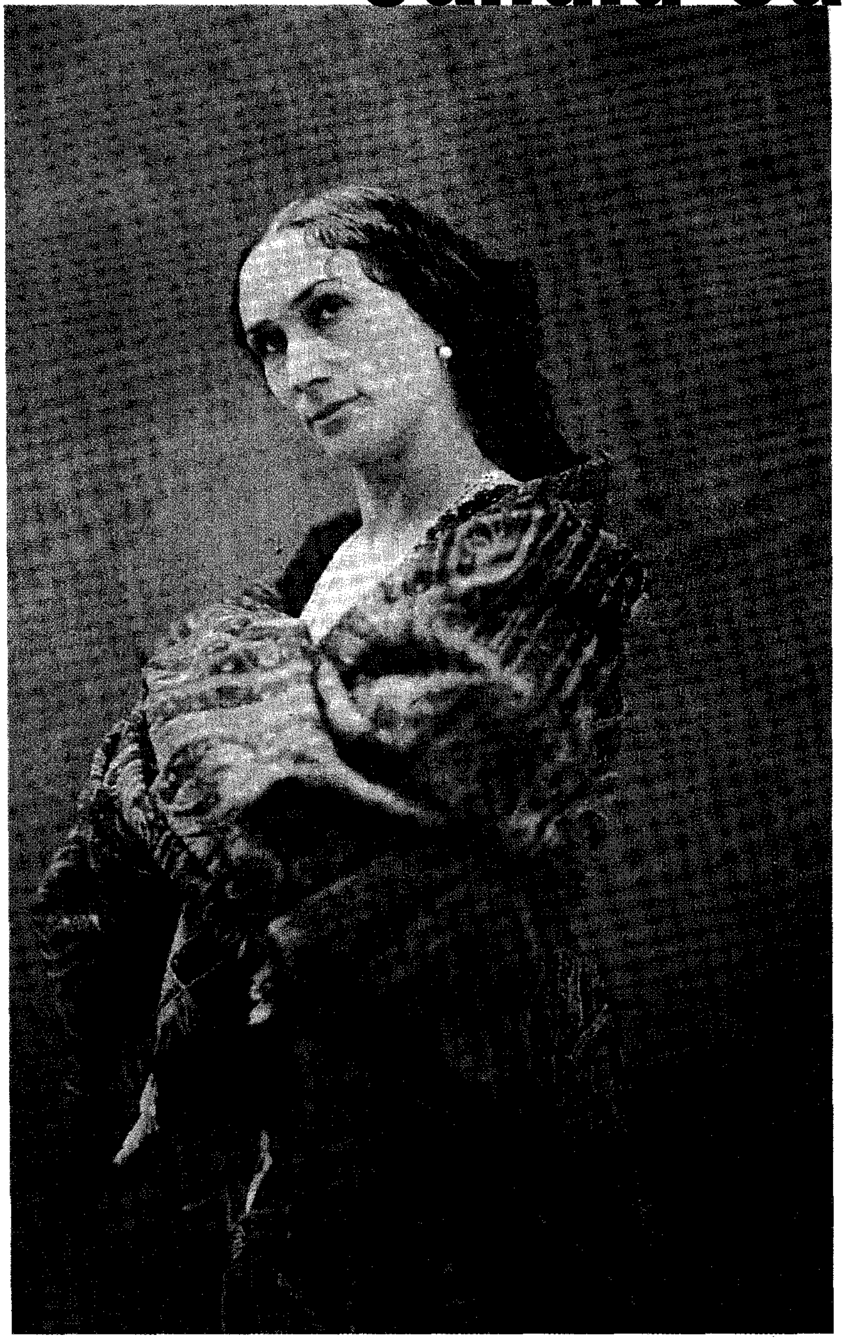
ART MARK STEVENS

Candid Camera

The Met reveals Nadar as a connoisseur of individuality who didn't yield to the merely arty or the too-easy effect.



Above: Nadar's salted-paper print of Rosine Stoltz. Opposite: *Pierrot Surprised.*

Nadar (1820–1910) WAS A GREAT PARISIAN OF the nineteenth century, a man-about-town who claimed to have 10,000 friends. He was also a bohemian gadabout, political activist, advocate of science, entrepreneur, writer, caricaturist, publicity hound, and, in general, well-known impresario of romantic enthusiasms. In the 1860s, having become obsessed with flying, he announced with customary reticence, "I shall make a balloon—the Ultimate Balloon—of extraordinarily gigantic proportions. . . ."

Such individuals, larger than life while alive, usually recede after death, becoming the revealing minor figures who embody the passions of their period. And Nadar was certainly an emblematic modern character. His fluctuating self—his flair for inventing and reinventing a persona, his blurring of the grand and the grandiloquent—represent an essential modern manner. What elevated Nadar beyond the merely historical, however, was his enthusiasm for the newfangled and faddish business of photography.

In the 1850s, Nadar took some of the most beautiful photographs ever made, many of which are portraits of famous figures of the period such as Baudelaire, Daumier, and Ravel. These pictures not only bring to life nineteenth-century Paris; they also—in their exacting delineation of character—call to mind the great nineteenth-century French novels. They are the visual complement to Balzac and Stendhal, Flaubert and Proust. They seem to invoke the muses of both science and art, creating a physiognomy of the modern soul.

The current exhibition of nearly 100 vintage Nadar prints that the curator Maria Morris Hambourg has brought to the Metropolitan Museum of Art—the show opened at the Musée d'Orsay in Paris—serves a vital purpose. Nadar's art is clouded by many poor prints and by the hack studiowork of the later nineteenth century, when "Nadar" became a business, often ignored by Nadar himself, that cranked out portraits in a way Warhol might have admired. This exhibit focuses Nadar's achievement by concentrating upon his early work. It includes both familiar shots and genuine surprises. And it is not just the present that here clarifies the past. The past returns the favor, for the show does that rare thing—illuminating, unexpectedly, our own time.

Born Gaspard-Félix Tournachon, Nadar was a tall, red-haired man who started out as a caricaturist. It seems unlikely that a mercurial man of showy surfaces, who took up the camera almost by chance in 1854 to help a ne'er-do-well brother, should have created such deeply telling images. Wouldn't a man of this kind have yielded to the merely theatrical, the arty, the too-easy effect? Perhaps it was the recalcitrance of the early camera. Its "slowness" may have served as a foil to an impatient temperament, adding concentration and a measure of gravitas to the witty insight of the boulevardier.

Nadar set up his early studio in his home and liked to spend hours with a subject, who was often a friend. They would chat until the right pose, glance, insight presented itself—that novelist's moment of "intimate resemblance" when character clarifies into an aphoristic brilliance. And so we see Daumier, who stripped pretension from others, dressed plainly, his hair unwashed, his eyes both strict with intelligence and weary with a certain exasperated melancholy. And then we see, positioned next to the photographs of Daumier, the image of a man who would have aroused the caricaturist's satirical eye: the illustrator Gustave Doré, a dandy with carefully coiffed hair who entwines himself in a serpentine scarf.

Photographs courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Nadar could express an astonishing range of temperaments, from the most reclusive to the most histrionic. He did not flatten, as a caricaturist would; there remains something ever elusive in the faces of his subjects, which is a sign of the photographer's tact. And he rarely sets up as a judge. So his work appears generous, an unsentimental embrace of humanity. His use of salted-paper prints (an early printing process) enhances the sensation of subtlety; the dusky earth tones are both delicate and palpably physical. These people of 150 years ago seem as fresh as this morning; or, sometimes, this morning's hangover.

Nothing better demonstrates Nadar's range than his portrayal of women. They are as various as his men. If he can render the melancholy charm of a mistress—the "sickly Parisian flowers" who haunted Bohemia—he can also show women of emotional force and intellectual power. For example, Rosine Stoltz was the Maria Callas of her time, an opera singer of volatile temperament. Nadar does not condescend to her. He does not imprison her with charm. He does not compose her nicely in the rectangle. She is permitted her angles.

The show includes an extraordinary series on "Pierrot," played by a mime who looks like the grandfather of Marcel Duchamp. The photographs are a kind of curtain-raiser for modernity. Assuming the many exaggerated poses, gestures, and expressions of the great commedia dell'arte figure, a wistful Pierrot, in one picture, points to the camera; he is about to photograph the spectator. Will the photographer, then, become a Pierrot—recording the silly posturing and pretensions of the modern world? Nadar's Pierrot looks back to Watteau's *Gilles,* but also ahead to the last great intimations of Pierrot in recent culture, Charlie Chaplin and Beckett's hoboes. In these photographs, the ancient clown, stripped of both voice and movement, plays out his fading role for a modern audience.

Like some nineteenth-century romantics, Nadar had a taste for both the scientific and the exotic. These came together in an astonishing picture of a hermaphrodite—astonishing less for its shock value, incidentally, than for its complexity of feeling. The hermaphrodite is lying down, knees up and legs open. We see a doctor's hand gracefully, precisely, scientifically exposing the genitals to the camera. But we also see, in the blurred background, an image of romantic pathos: One of the hermaphrodite's arms is clasped to his/her chest; the other hides his/her face.

Again and again Nadar's art foreshadows subjects that remain important. The differences are always poignant. Here is an early photographer of celebrity—who was himself a celebrity and interested in all forms of inflation, including that of balloons. Yet his art during this short period is neither frantic nor distorted by showmanship. The hot air, in short, hasn't yet destroyed some rooted confidence in character. Where, today, are women presented so evenly? Where is the sexually shocking image that has the subtlety or human richness of Nadar's hermaphrodite?

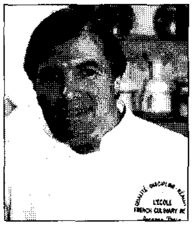
Certain similarities, however, are reassuring. Concerning critics, for example, little has changed. Nadar's portrait of Jules-Gabriel Janin, a famous theater critic, shows a man of preposterous vanity and bloated certainty. Poisonous and puffed-up, "the expansive little man," as Maria Morris Hambourg writes in one of her psychologically deft catalogue entries, "rises in the picture space like a hot-air balloon—a dreamy, inflated self with a great, hollow interior." Like most critics, then and now, he has a mind that has not been clarified by doubt.

HOW IS A CONTEMPORARY artist to awaken the power of myth? In a 45-minute movie called *Cremaster 4,* the artist **Matthew Barney** has created a kind of sci-fi satyr who goes on a chthonic quest on the Isle of Man. During the movie, Barney often cuts from this hero to a pair of two-man racing machines—infernal motorbikes, one a neon yellow, the other a neon blue—that go screaming around the stately island like mutant bees.

The protagonist, attended by three androgynous fairies, prepares for his quest by adjusting his acid-red hair, pasty-white body, and pointy ears. Then he tap-dances a hole into the pier where he has been dressing, falls through the hole into the ocean, digs through the seafloor, writhes through the belly of the earth—and eventually cracks the island's surface. Like most allegories, *Cremaster 4* is steeped in symbols. For example, the aptly named Isle of Man is a symbol of the body. The modern imagination animates it.

The ferocity of the contrasts—the acid-bright colors set against the worn green landscape—has a nightmarish fascination. Here, the sexually and the visually outrageous open a kind of contemporary gash in the timeless landscape, as if to release the ancient ghosts.

(The infernal motorcycles and props are on display at the Barbara Gladstone Gallery through May 6; call 431-3334 for information and reservations.) ■



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The Cowgirl Way

As a postmodern Calamity Jane, Anjelica Huston reminds us of how much more hospitable television is to women who can act than movies are.

Anjelica Huston and Sam Elliott, as Wild Bill Hickok, in Larry McMurtry's *Buffalo Girls*.

AS CALAMITY JANE, ANJELICA HUSTON IS GOD'S gift to deconstruction—or Larry McMurtry's, anyway. They'll construe her for decades to come in theory courses at Duke and Yale. Carrying all four hours of **Buffalo Girls** (Sunday and Monday, April 30 and May 1; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) on her buckskin shoulders, this "broken-down ol' bullwhacker" will smoke a cigar, crack a whip, dance a jig, chop some wood, and shoot a varmint in an Old West so pre-Oedipal and cross-dressing that the culture hasn't yet constructed gender. To see her gussied up (by Melanie Griffith) in a whalebone corset and a bustle for a saloon flirtation with Wild Bill Hickok (Sam Elliott), listing leeward, entirely innocent of flounce or simper, is to appreciate the uninscripted body. On the whole, Jane would be happier in long johns. No wonder she feels so decentered, contingent, improbable, perhaps even pastiched, and certainly, well, calamitous, when Wild Bill turns up stone-dead before she can present unto him the whelp of their one-night stand. Where in the Dakotas is a metanarrative? And what could possibly be more postmodern than her ending up in London, for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, a helpless vector of forces she can't locate, much less modify, to mimic in allegory and spectacle the fundamental free-range-chicken truths of her ancestral heritage, like spitting and genocide?

Sitting Bull! (Russell Means!) Buffalo Bill! (Peter Coyote?) Reba, the ravishing McEntire, as Annie Oakley! Melanie, of course, is a reformed prostitute calling herself Dora DuFran. Like Shakespeare's clowns and Toni Morrison's ghosts, Jack Palance, as Bartle Bone, and Tracey Walter, as Jim Ragg, maunder on and off the stage, given to whoops and gnomic utterance. As No Ears, the friendliest of aboriginals, Floyd Red Crow Westerman takes an understandable interest in Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum. Never mind Gabriel Byrne, who's surprisingly creditable as Teddy Blue, Melanie's cowboy squeeze, but just gets in the way of the real business of this mini-series, which is to celebrate the chaste love, spiritual kinship, and polymorphous playfulness of Calamity and Dora in a sudsy copper tub on the one hand, and, on the other hand, Calamity, Jim, Bartle, and No Ears, after a hard day of beaver trapping, asleep on the ground in a sexless huddle, under the chivalric stars, before the dominant discourse arrives to oppress them.

I will detain you with no more plot. There's little enough to spare, however skillfully director Rod Hardy fills up the empty spaces with polyunsaturated West, with peaches-and-blood sunsets worthy of a Norman Rush Botswana. But Anjelica Huston is fabulous. We are reminded, once again, of how hospitable television has always been, compared with movies, to women who can act, regardless of their age, and not only in sitcoms from Lucille Ball and Mary Tyler Moore to Brett Butler and Roseanne. Think of the singers who had their own long-running shows, like Dinah Shore. And the clowns, like Carol Burnett. And the psychotherapists, like Oprah. Of the serial soaps and the local-news anchorfaces. Of so many stalked, abused, and otherwise menaced, in underground parking garages or their own bedrooms. Of murderous mothers, heroic nurses, and the multiple-personality disordered, all of them emoting like the elephants in *Aïda*. With a livelier sense than Hollywood of just who sits there watching, passive-aggressive in her living room, television picked up right where Tennessee Williams left off. Calamity Janes! It's knee-jerk now to bash the shamelessness of the yak-show Rickis, Jennys, Sallys, and Rolondas. Even

I admit it sometimes seems as if their scripts were written by Bret Easton Ellis, the poisoned Twinkie who imagined, in *American Psycho,* symposia on subjects like "Teenage Girls Who Trade Sex for Crack" and "Dwarf-Tossing." But I'd also suggest that these shows' excesses are reciprocal, an equal-opportunity TV alternative to the shamelessness of all those Sitting Bulls on CNN, the mostly male and mostly pale media heavies with their canned opinionizers from the laptop/lapdog think tanks, shrink-resistant in Beltway blister packs and invariably mistaken about everything, from the economy to Eastern Europe to smart-bombing "ragheads" for the greater glory of the New World Order, plus residuals on the lecture circuit.

PAUL WINFIELD AS DON KING, THE BOXING promoter with the homegrown fright wig, steals the TV movie **Tyson** (Saturday, April 29, and other dates; 8 to 10 P.M.; HBO) from George C. Scott as Cus D'Amato, Malcolm-Jamal Warner as Rory Holloway, Tony LoBianco as Jimmy Jacobs, and James B. Sikking as Bill Cayton, even as Showtime, just this month, stole the ex-champ and ex-con, for an exclusive series of revenge bouts, from HBO, where he did most of his damage before going to jail for rape. Since HBO is also where we find this less-than-flattering portrait of Iron Mike, maybe the premium cable services are likewise duking out a grudge. As Tyson, black-belt karate champion Michael Jai White has some presence, but that presence is rather too gracefully lithe, lacking the thuggishness. It's not Kristen Wilson's fault that she isn't Robin Givens. Who would really want to be? A documentary on NBC two years ago covered the same ground much more thoroughly than this docudrama, while also managing to suggest that maybe even the white folks who brought up the boy, as if in captivity from age 13, barely socialized and far from civilized, wanted a cannibalistic piece of him. Sweet science, my athlete's foot.

YET MORE DICKENS, BUT WHAT A DIFFERENCE a director makes. As conceived by Peter Barnes, with Alan Bates as banker-bully Josiah Bounderby and Bob Peck as numbers-crunching Thomas Gradgrind and Emma Lewis as delectable Sissy Jupe, **Hard Times** (Masterpiece Theatre, Sunday, April 30; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) is English Industrial *Noir* or German Expressionist Victorian, as if, for a penny dreadful or a shilling shocker, Harold Pinter had gone to bed with Ionesco and the Italian neorealists. His sets are minimalist, his lighting freaky, his cameras cunning as small predatory beasts; and Coketown itself, intended by Dickens to look like capitalism at its unbridled smoggiest, more resembles the hell of William Blake. Jeremy Bentham's Panopticon goes to Charlie Chaplin's Circus, while the Weavers and the Mill Hands sing a gloomy union song. ■

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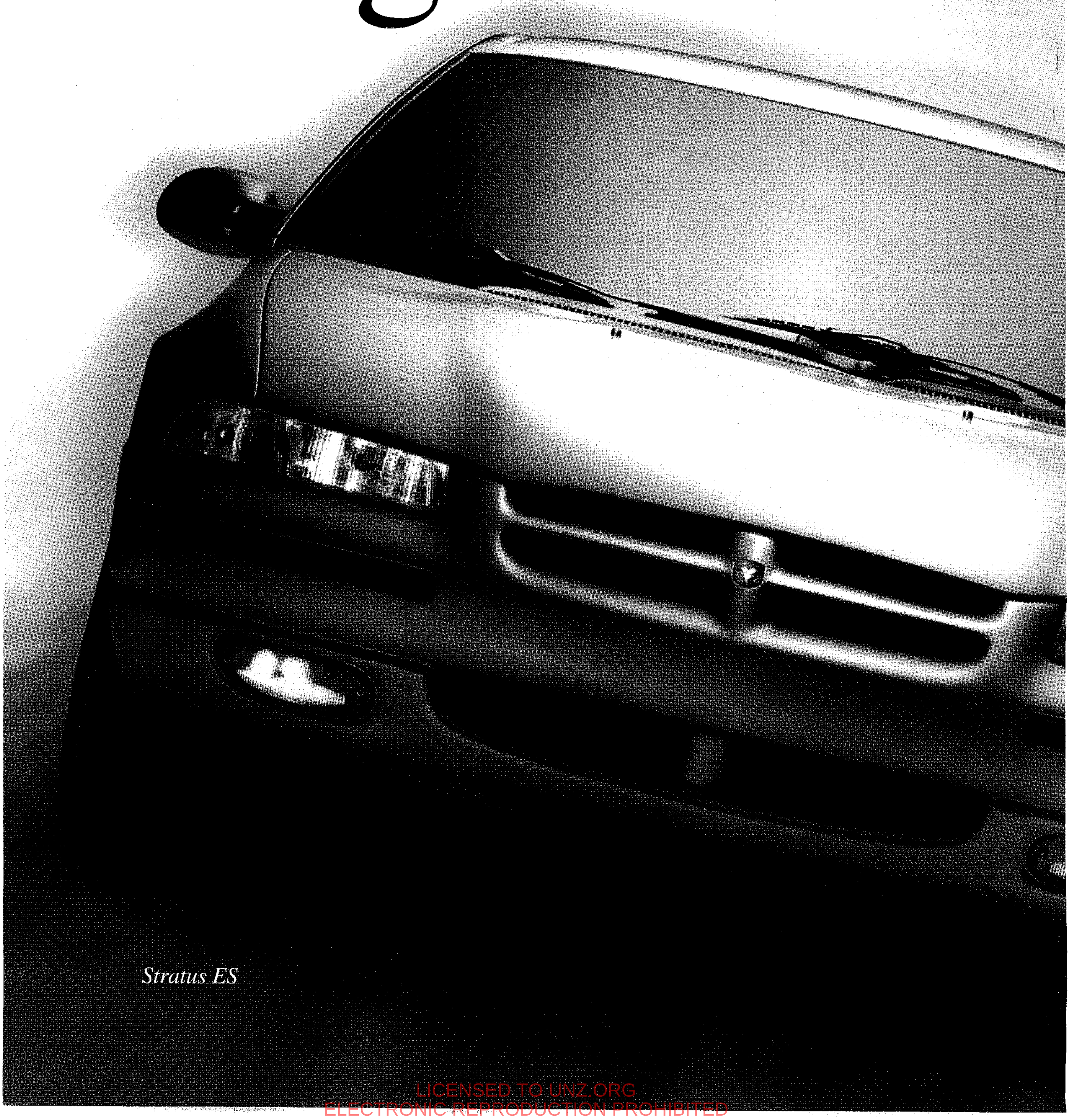

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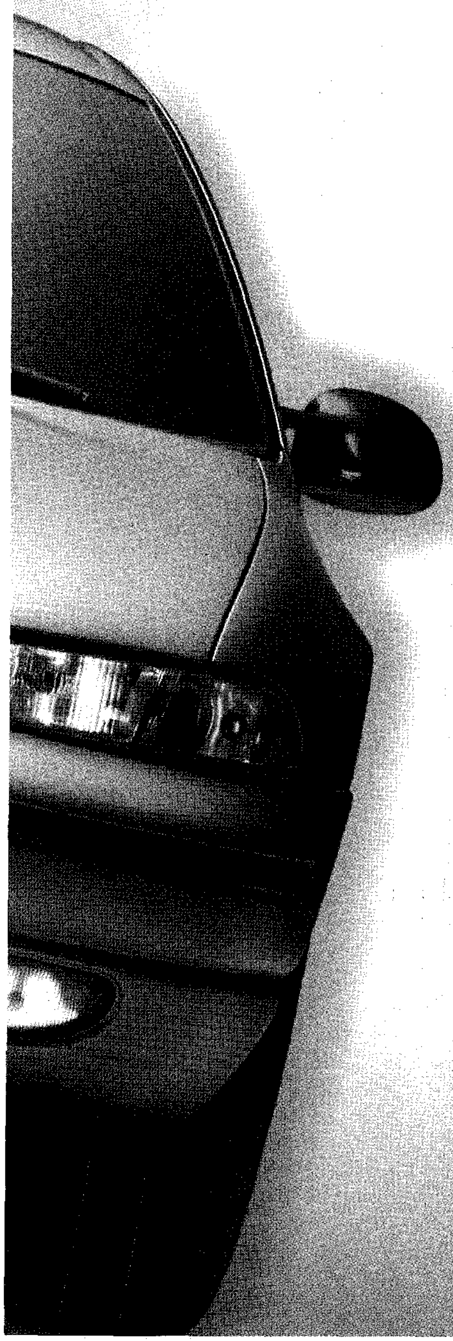

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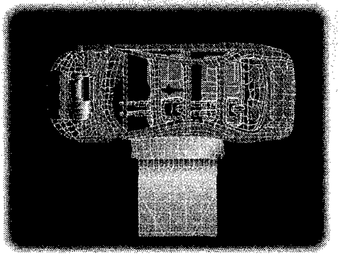

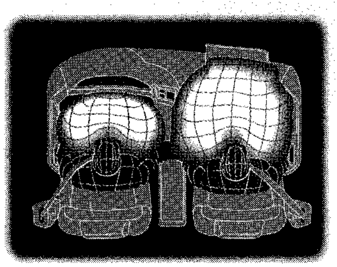

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The Mania Event

The cooking at Bouley grows ever more ethereal, though the master chef, alas, still can't quite beat the clock.

I NEVER MEANT THIS TO BECOME SO PERSONAL. IDEALLY, the critic never wants to meet the chef, not even one anointed by *People* magazine as one of the world's "50 Most Beautiful." Distance and cool should be the rule. Still, David Bouley didn't protest when, in an issue of this magazine a few years ago, I called him "crazed, obsessed, monomaniacal (if not megalomaniacal)." Indeed, *nuts* was the word he used in describing himself.

He has been ticked off, even offended, by my complaint that the pace of the meals at **Bouley** is torturous. By my gripe that a recent birthday dinner took so long that I aged two years instead of one. By my observation that the woman knitting at the next table between courses that night was clearly a regular.

"Please let me know if your time is limited," the menu once advised (though no longer). And Bouley has called to inform me that he now has a computer to help avoid unseemly delays. If only the system worked. A month ago, sensing a review in the works, he urged me to spend time in the kitchen. And I saw. Saw the chaos, smelled the genius, felt the tension, understood why a glorious night at Bouley can turn into a punishing ordeal. At first, the kitchen appears organized: the clerk at the computer, the busboy rotating breads into the warmer, the evening's VIP-reservation slips pushpinned to the wall—TOM WOLFE, AUTHOR and EIGHT SENT BY GRAY KUNZ. They will probably order the tasting (nine courses for $75) or even the chef's special tasting (ten or twelve courses for $85), and for certain house habitués, there will be instant improvisation so as not to repeat what was served last time.

Now I see what veterans of his kitchen describe as "the nightmare." Are there 30 cooks, or have I counted a kitchen runner twice? They dash and dart, bend and feint, whirling to avoid collision. Unlike most other executive chefs, who merely supervise, Bouley is everywhere, touching everything—patting a fish to see if it is done, whisking a mix of sauce and *jus,* squeezing a few drops from grated white ginger, and dribbling vinaigrettes at the tiny setup table. He and his minions work side by side as runners stand by with a last-minute tassel of herb torn from the flowerpots along the wall, ready to rush plates into the dining room. When he's just created a dish or changed a garnish, Bouley may recite the delivery line—"French turbot, fricassee of baby fennel, artichokes, sun-dried tomato, fava beans, and blood orange. That's *French* turbot," he calls to a departing back. And wherever he is, sautéing, searing, or layering, he will be interrupted, because he permits no plate to go to the dishwasher till he has inspected the remnants, collected an explanation. "This man didn't eat his appetizer," the waiter offers. "He didn't eat the fish. He's a big talker." Bouley shrugs, and then he's off, lost in the crowd at the range, totally unpredictable. Two former sous-chefs who tried to organize the kitchen gave up when he resisted. "He needs the chaos," one told me. "He wants it that way." Is it the anxiety that feeds him? Or is he an out-of-control control freak? Did the stars fall too quickly on a shy, insecure loner? Is he feverish now with ego, the country boy from Connecticut whose creation eclipsed longtime institutions like Lutèce and The Four Seasons in the hearts of Zagat's 11,500 wannabe critics?

The pressure mounts again. A chef from the cold pantry walks past with a fistful of cooked lobster meat. The captains cluster in hopes of speeding things up. The *patissier* reaches over the heads of Bouley and his seconds to glaze a tray of crèmes brûlées in the broiler above. It's as if the world exists in some hazy other dimension. In all that madness, Bouley's inner voice runs the show. Someone is dis-

(continued on page 94)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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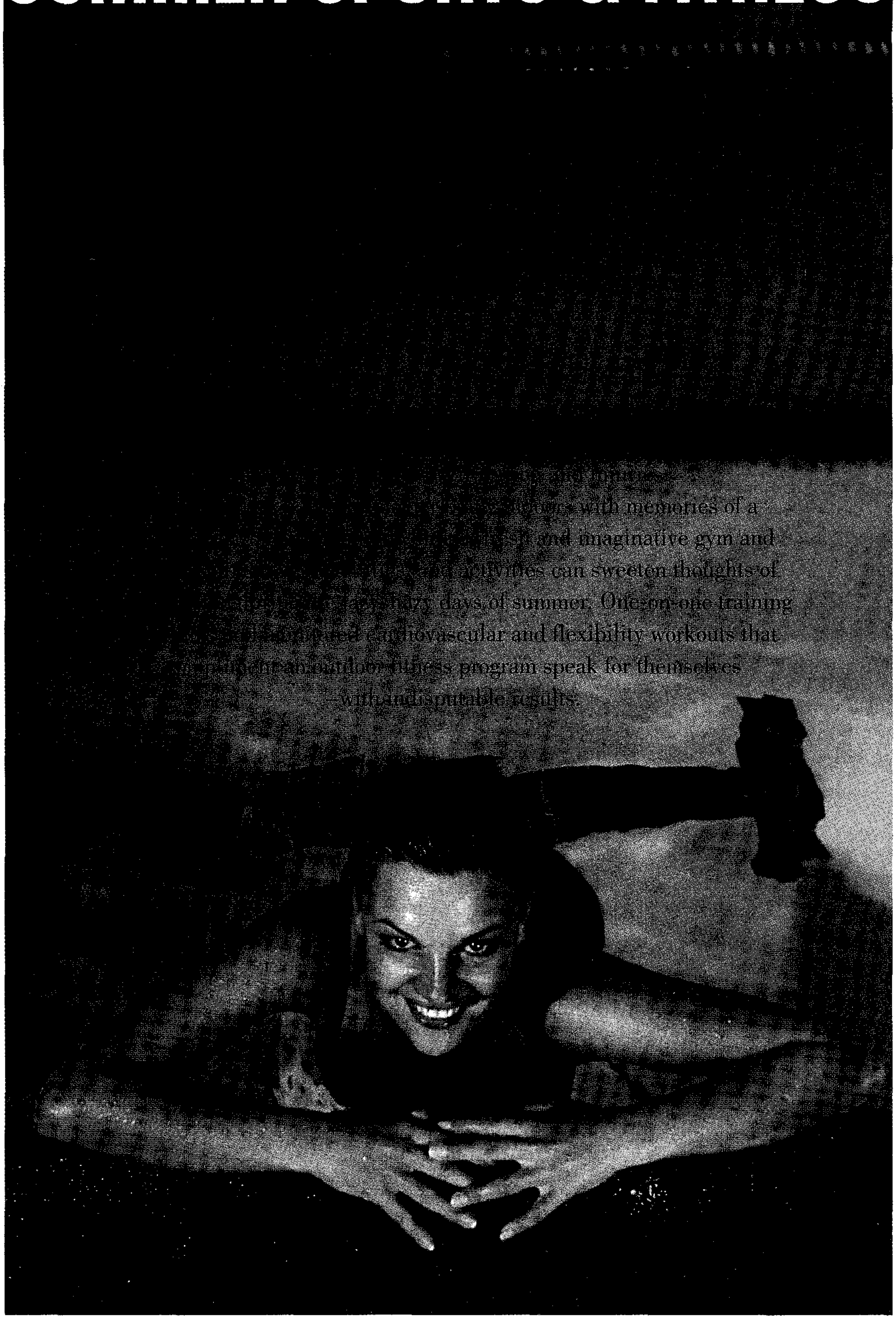

[illegible] and lunges.
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—with indisputable results.

NEW YORK HEALTH & RACQUET CLUB

BY SARA FIEDELHOLTZ

URBAN FITNESS GUIDE

New York Sports Clubs (800-796-NYSC) has nineteen full-service health club facilities in the metropolitan area with programs and classes that will help to establish an effective cross-training program: If you spend the day playing softball, you can stop by the gym for some Active-Isolated Stretching before heading home. Or you can do an upper body strength workout before spending the day on your bike. If you are heading to the beach, NYSC has adult swim clinics to freshen stroke fundamentals and advanced techniques. And, if you are determined to spend as much time outside as possible, NYSC's BodyWalk classes (a 90-minute fitness walk through Central Park) or in-line skating classes will give you the ultimate outdoor workout.

With six locations throughout the city, the **Cardio Fitness Center** (9 West 57th Street, 753-3980) also provides individualized exercise programs. Cardio Fitness offers four different types of programs: Cardio Sport, Cardio Lite, Cardio Classic, and Cardio Fit. Each program is designed to help a client achieve their fitness goals whether it is to improve performance in their sport of choice, to reduce weight, body fat or both, or to enhance overall fitness. In addition to personalized attention, Cardio Fitness makes it even easier to exercise by providing its members with full-service locker rooms, and on-site workout wear each time they visit.

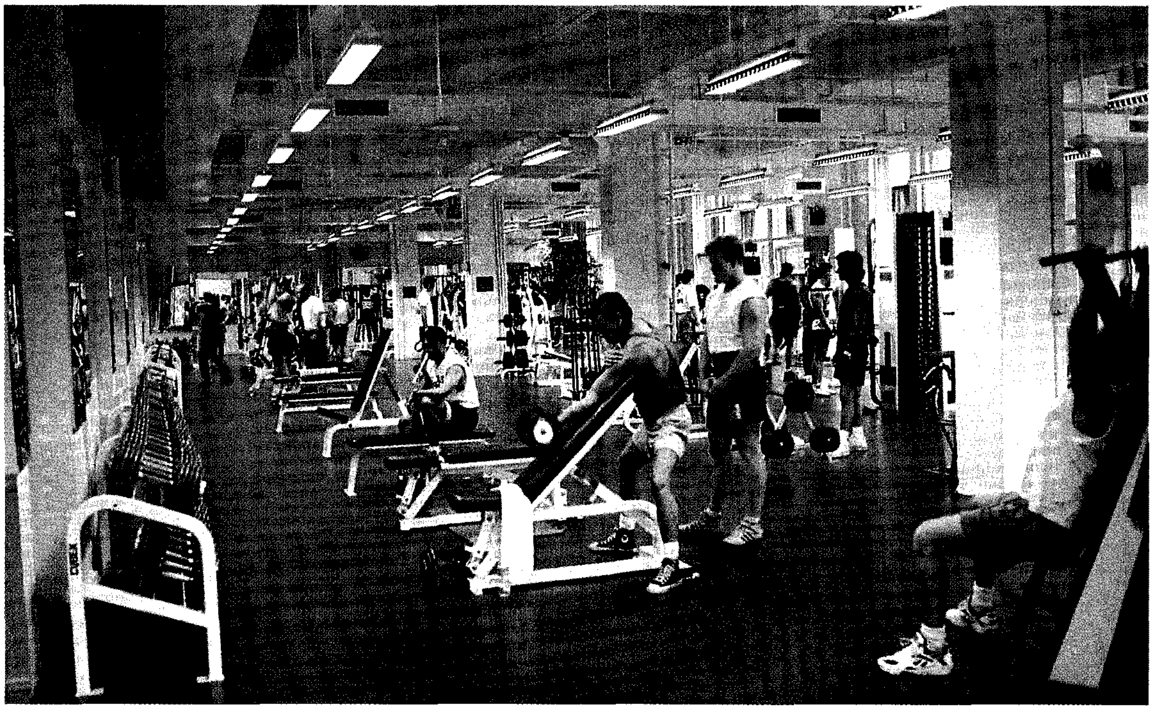
The **Vertical Club** has four locations in Manhattan to help city dwellers get in shape: (330 East 61st Street, 335 Madison Avenue at 43rd Street, 139 West 32nd Street, and 350 West 50th Street, 800-826-3111). Combined, the clubs offer more than 400 classes per week including step, Reebok slide, boxing, kick-boxing, and body-sculpting. All locations have an indoor swimming pool, (three of the four clubs have the largest indoor lap pools in the city), a running track, free-weights, cardiovascular bikes, circuit training, and martial arts.

The 110,000-square-foot 61st Street flagship location features an exercise rockclimbing wall, racquetball, squash, and tennis courts. When a member joins the Vertical Club, they receive three personal training sessions to develop a workout program specific to their goals.

Motivation is a key factor in sustaining interest in a program, and turning it into a lifestyle. Participation in a new class with the encouragement of expert trainers might be just what it takes to keep motivation high.

To give Upper Eastsiders easier access to a workout, **David Barton Gym** (552 Avenue of the Americas at 15th Street, 727-0004) is opening a new location (Madison Avenue at 85th Street, 517-7577) in June. This 14,000-square-foot facility has advanced freeweight systems, Life Fitness, Butt Blaster, and a new line of Cybex and exercise equipment by Arthur Jones, the creator of Nautilus. Says owner Barton, "There will be trainers on the floor at all times to assist members." In addition to the strength-training facility, results-oriented classes will include Pilates, which combines stretch and strengthening, yoga; aerobics, and martial arts. Barton aims to keep his members enthusiastic about their cardiovascular workouts with individual entertainment consoles that can be used while on treadmills, StairMasters or Lifecycles. Gym amenities will include complimentary robes, a full line of skin and hair products, and aromatherapy steamrooms.

At the recently opened **Callanetics Studios of Manhattan** (154 West 57th Street, Suite 832, 765-2900), classes based on method founder and author Callan Pinckney's best-selling ***Callanetics***, are non-aerobic, non-impact, "joint friendly" routines that tone, trim, and tighten the body without placing stress on the knees and lower back. The Callanetics classes are small and offer personalized instruction of this re-shaping exercise technique that focuses on such problem areas as the waist, stomach, legs, and hips.



No excuses: The free-weight area at World Gym available around-the-clock suits all schedules.

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Although **Asphalt Green** (555 East 90th Street, 369-8890) is best known for its AquaCenter, which houses a 50-meter Olympic pool, the nearly six-acre facility has an AstroTurf athletic field, two gymnasiums, indoor and outdoor running tracks, and a health and fitness facility with cardiovascular and weight-training equipment. Asphalt Green's AquaCenter conducts a variety of adult swim programs including water exercise classes: Water Running, Water Step Aerobics, and Water Aerobics. It is also introducing new lap swimmers clinics, scuba diving classes, and an adult water polo team.

To encourage its members to workout during the summer, Asphalt Green is opening a sun roof terrace that overlooks the East River, and two outdoor basketball courts. Weather permitting, the fitness center will conduct some of its classes on the AquaCenter's roof. Six new exercise classes will debut including Fitness Boxing, Stretch, Conditioning & Stretch, Dynaflex, the Gut Blaster, and Cardio Zone.

If you really want to take advantage of the longer hours of daylight, **World Gym** (1926 Broadway, between 64th and 65th streets, 874-0942) is open 24 hours allowing you to get in a full-body workout at anytime of day or night. Along with flexible hours, World Gym offers 85 aerobics and conditioning classes weekly, more than 40 pieces of cardiovascular equipment as well as its new partner exercise class, You & Me Yoga. The yoga class allows partners to combine quality time with conditioning time in a stress-free environment. World Gym also has one-on-one training, massage, and steamrooms.

In addition to more than 75 aerobics and fitness classes a week, **Gold's Gym** (1635 Third Avenue, between 91st & 92nd streets, 987-7200) has more than 50 pieces of cardiovascular equipment and 25 tons of freeweights available to its membership.

One of the benefits of working out indoors at Gold's Gym is that each piece of cardiovascular equipment has a heart rate monitor allowing members to work within their targeted rate. In addition, Gold's Gym has an indoor swimming pool with a sauna, jacuzzi, and steamrooms.

Being a member of Gold's Gym also allows its members to use any of the 480 Gold's Gyms worldwide.

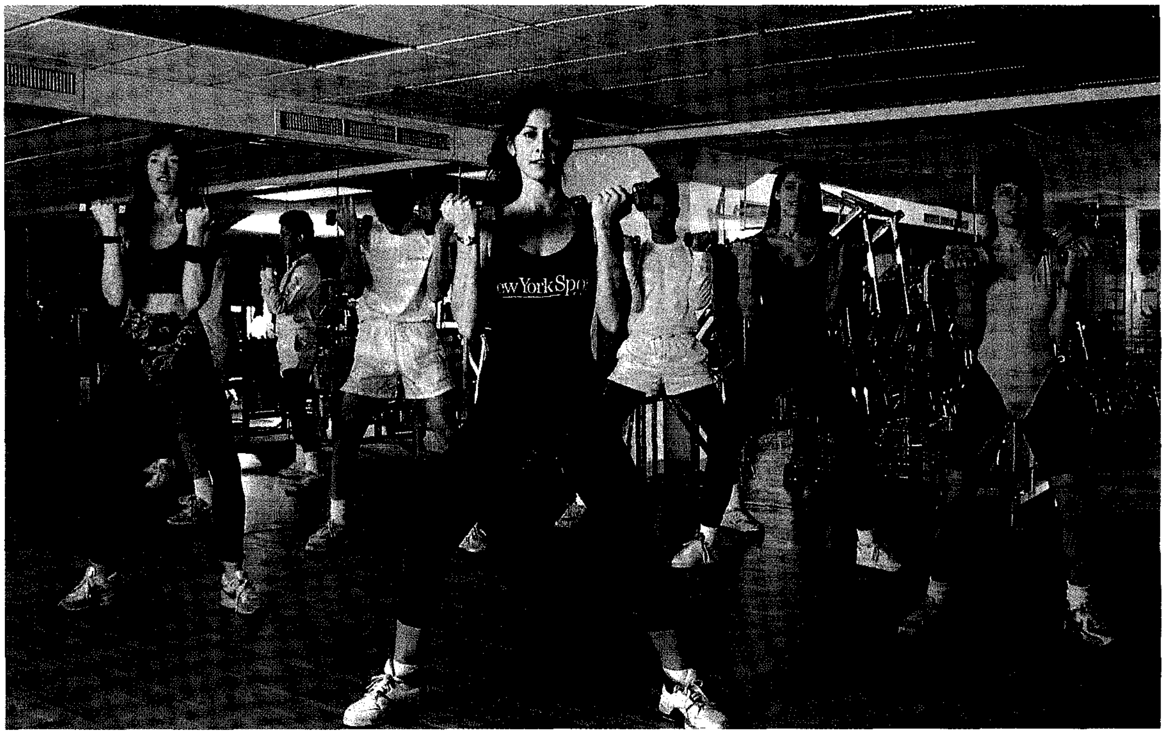
Executive vice-president Nanette Patee Francini of New York's newest and largest sports and fitness complex, calls the **Reebok Sports Club/NY** (160 Columbus Avenue at 67th Street, 362-6800), an urban country club. Upon entering its lobby, the membership is welcomed by a doorman, a Gallery of Sports Memorabilia, and a lushly landscaped lounge making the thought of working out indoors more appealing than ever. This 140,000-square-foot oasis has a 45-foot rockclimbing wall, two regulation-size basketball courts, a six-lap-to-the-mile rooftop in-line skating and running track, and a 4,000-square-foot sports simulation center, designed to help you get in shape for such outdoor summer activities as windsurfing and kayaking.

Spa areas, a body salon, nutritional counseling, and a For Kids Only Club with interactive technology are some of its other goodies.

Known as the pied-piper of aerobics, Jeff Martin of **Jeff Martin Superstudio** (403 East 91st Street, 996-2626) with instructor Livingston Miller serves up a standout schedule that includes such classes as Cardio Blast, Boot Camp, Sweet Step, and Lengthen and Strengthen.

The **Manhattan Plaza Health Club** (482 West 43rd Street, 563-7001) has a 3,500-square-foot training floor equipped with Nautilus, Cybex, NordicTrack, freeweights, and cardiovascular equipment. A 75-foot indoor/outdoor atrium pool is surrounded by a rooftop sundeck. Adjacent to the pool are two heated whirlpools, and there are saunas, steamrooms, and massage and facial services available to its membership.

Climb Manhattan and Manhattan Plaza's indoor rock climbing wall with 2,000 square feet of climbing surface provides more than 35 different techniques and power climbs. The club has a regular orientation session on the



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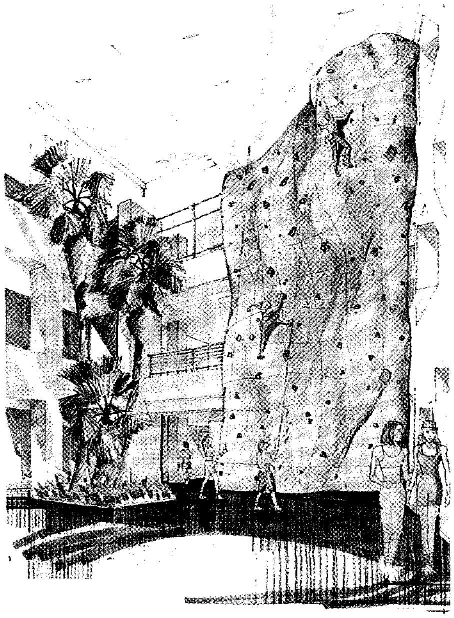
basics of climbing, belaying, and rope handling.

Members of the club may use the Racquet Club next door for tennis and racquetball.

"Our mission is to make tennis easily accessible as well as rewarding and fun," says Rod Waywell, president of **East River Tennis Club** (44-02 Vernon Boulevard, Long Island City, 718-784-0600). The club has 20 Har-Tru outdoor tennis courts, and a matchmaking program that sets up tennis matches compatible with busy schedules and with one's own playing level. East River Tennis is offering a special summer membership fee of $1,500 with no additional court fees, and full use of all of the club's facilities. A shuttle bus ($6 roundtrip) departs every hour on the half hour from 57th Street and Third Avenue to East River's location in Queens.



Rock 'n' Reebok: Scaling a 45-foot side of Manhattan through the club's atrium central.

Members of the bi-level **Club La Raquette** (119 West 56th Street, 245-1144) can make good use of the more than 10,000 square feet this full-service health club has to offer. Along with three racquetball courts and one squash court, the club has a glass-enclosed penthouse-level pool with an outdoor jogging track and sundeck, saunas, and a whirlpool. The club also has freeweights, Cybex and Nautilus equipment, treadmills, StairMasters, Lifecycles, and rowing machines, as well as one-on-one training.

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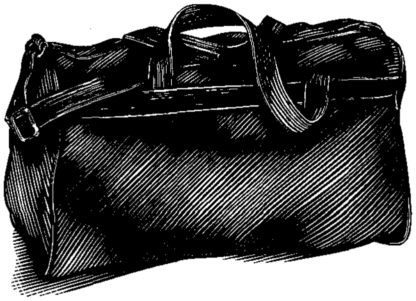

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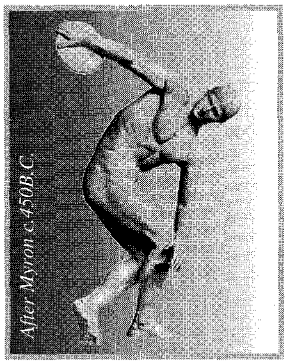

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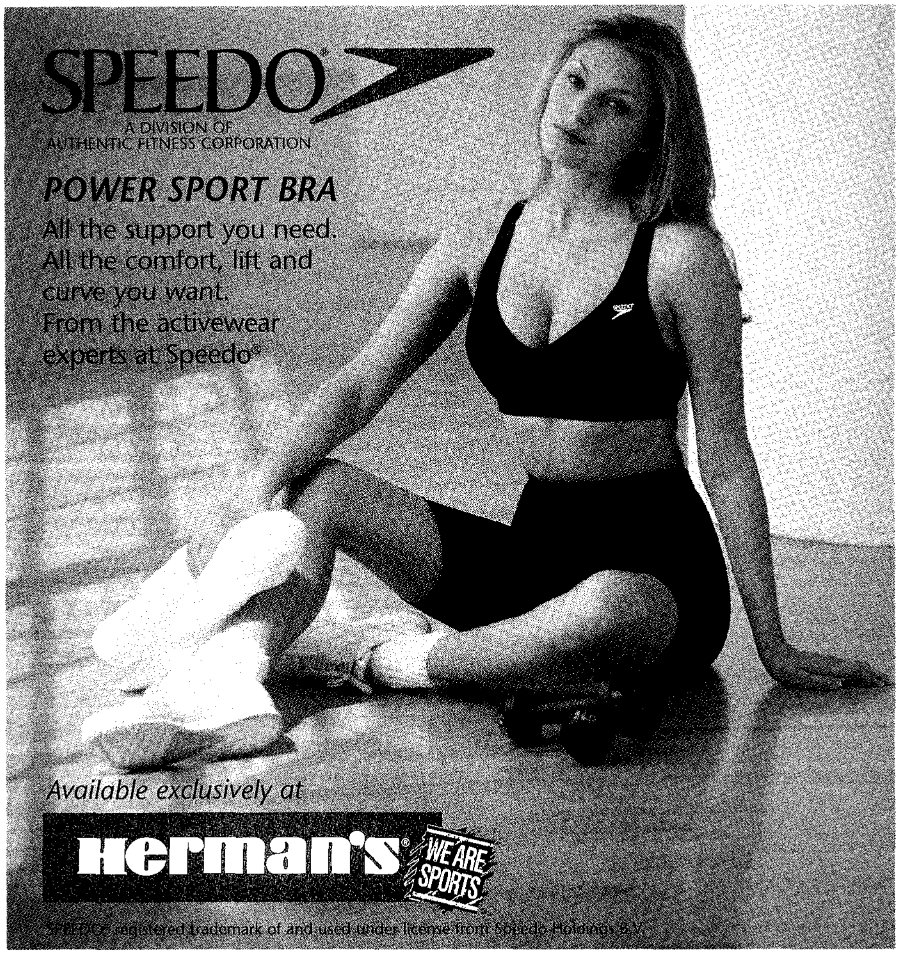
New hour-long Fit-and-Fun classes for children from ages two-and-a-half to five years combine tumbling, jumping, and motor-skill exercises, while allowing their parents the freedom to workout.

The **92nd St Y** (1395 Lexington Avenue, 996-1100) offers a variety of classes that will help you beat the summer heat. Its Tai Chi Chu'an class combines meditation and movement in exercises that increase balance, endurance, flexibility, and concentration. The boxercise class features drills, speed and heavy bags, and jumping rope. For more sports-minded activities, the 92nd St Y offers a co-ed basketball league on Monday nights in the ideal environment—an air-conditioned gymnasium. Other classes to train you for outdoor activities, include a certification class in scuba diving as well as in-line skating classes for both the beginner and intermediate levels.

One of the benefits of working out indoors is the ability to get personalized attention. **Personal One 2 One Fitness** (224 West 4th Street, 691-5905) partner and director Jeff Rochford says the facility's emphasis is on personal attention — from the limited number of members who use the center at one time to the individualized programs that are made available to the client. The center customizes a time-effective workout program, and a personal trainer works with you offering motivation, guidance, and support.

Designed to open in phases throughout the summer and fall, the **Chelsea Piers Sports and Entertainment Complex** (23rd Street and the Hudson River between 17th and 23rd streets, 336-6000) is transforming four historic piers, 59, 60, 61, and 62 into a major center for public recreation and waterfront access. The complex will feature a driving range, sky rink, sports center, gymnastics center, in-line skating center, maritime center, and Manhattan's largest film and TV soundstage.

The Sports Center, on Pier 60, will include the world's longest indoor running track and largest rock climbing wall in the Northeast. Three basketball courts, a boxing ring, and an 18,000-square-foot infield to accommodate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track and field events will also be opening.

Scheduled for a Memorial Day debut, Pier 62's much anticipated Roller Rinks at Chelsea will be the venue for such innovative classes as How To Stop, Streetstyle, Stunts, Hip-Hop, Slalom, and Blade Fitness.

Pier 59, which is due to open in September, will be home to the Golf Club, with 52 all-weather driving stalls on its four levels, and a 200-yard fairway with target greens.

All that swinging can work up an appetite, and nearby, **Moran's** restaurant, 146 Tenth Avenue at 19th Street, 627-3030, is gearing up for the summer and the arrival of its newest neighbors with seasonal specialties that include soft shell crabs, chilled lobster, clams on the halfshell, bouillabaise, salmon Wellington, and a hot (or cold) poached seafood combination entrée. Built in 1827, this finely renovated Chelsea establishment's surroundings include a tin ceiling, wainscoting, and exposed brick walls.

WEEKEND WORK IT OUT

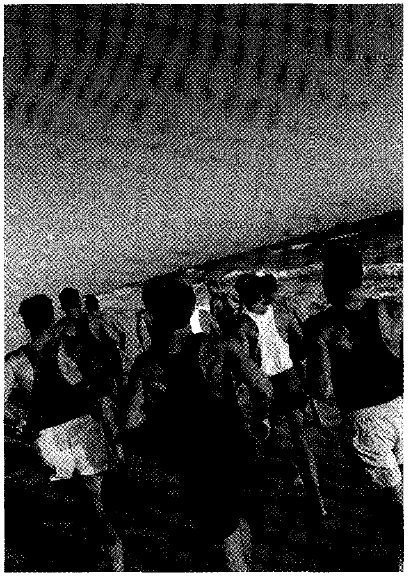
Hamptons weekend plans during the sultry season are no reason to forego the in-town fitness regimen you've worked into your regular weekday schedule. Considering that several of New York's exercise studios offer classes out where the salt air meets the shore, staying on course should be a breeze.

Radu, personal trainer of Cindy Crawford, Matthew Modine, John F. Kennedy, Jr., and Regis Philbin, says using indoor training develops good physical conditioning for participation in outdoor sports. **Radu's of East Hampton** (24-26 Gingerbread Lane, 516-329-0077) occupies an elementary and high school and their track and soccer fields to prove his point. Classes are designed to focus on leg work, upper body work, speed-training, and flexibility — all practical components necessary to being a good athlete.

The ever-hip Crunch Fitness, already in three Manhattan locations uptown and down, is kicking up the exercise scene in the Hamptons with its new clubs **Crunch at Studio East** (Hampton Square, West Hampton, 516-288-1273) and **Crunch at Absolute Fitness** (Bridgehampton Tennis & Surf Club, Bridgehampton, 516-537-1180) offering such cutting-edge classes as Spinning using visualization techniques, Heart Attack, and kick-boxing.

Another club available for weekend workouts on Long Island's east end is the **American Fitness Factory** (Bay Street, Sag Harbor, 516-725-0707).

Manhattan Plaza's 25-yard atrium pool—with four lap lanes and two recreational alcoves—looks out to its sundeck and tennis courts.



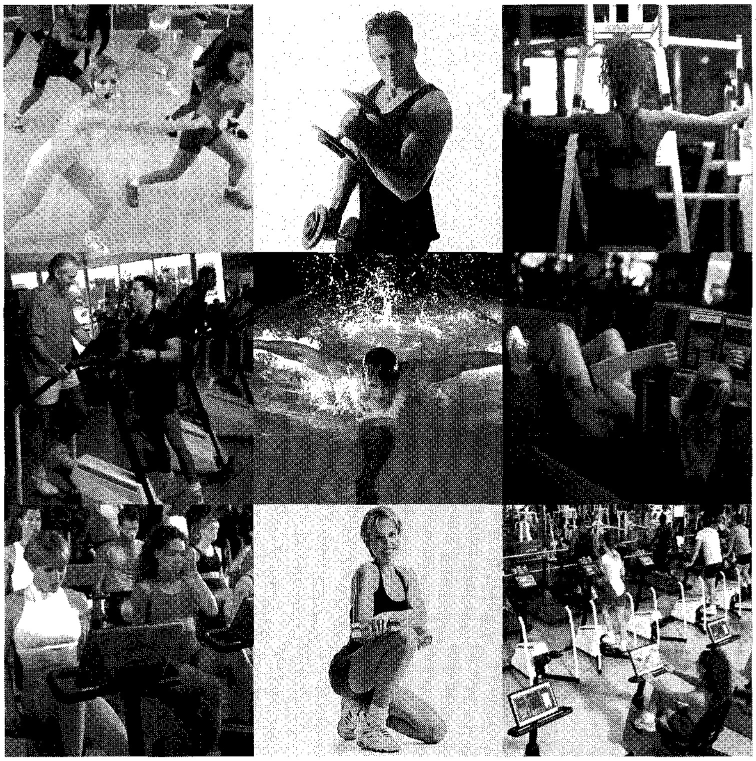
'Chariots of fire' beat a shoreline path to the tune of Speedo.

OUTDOORS, AT LAST

Diehard outdoor aviators (and pedalers alike) up for the challenge can get a respectable workout on Sunday, May 7th with the **Bike New York: the Great Five Boro Tour**. Starting at Battery Park at 8 A.M. the tour will traverse a 42-miles course — through Greenwich Village, midtown, Central Park, Harlem, the Bronx, Brooklyn, Bay Ridge, and Staten Island — which will be closed but for the two-wheel adventure. Call Hostelling International New York at 932-2300 to participate.

For those Central Park-bound, whether the activity of choice is jogging, biking, in-line skating, volleyball, tennis or basketball, knowing when it is verboten to traffic will be useful. Central Park is closed to cars on holidays and Fridays 7 P.M. to Monday 6 A.M., and January through November, Monday to Friday from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. and 7 P.M. to 10 P.M.

Throughout the spring and summer the non-profit **New York Road Runners Club** (9 East 94th Street, 860-4455), dedicated to developing the sport of running and walking for competition, fitness, and recreation, sponsors every combination of walk/run races, 100-mile ultra marathons to 100-yard children's dashes, in addition to clinics, workshops, and informational forums for all ages and levels in all five boroughs.



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SUMMER BEAUTY

This season, a healthy-looking, revitalized top-to-toe is possible with the rich menu of pampering treatments offered at Manhattan's skincare salons and day spas to compliment any fitness regimen.

Faina Shafir of **Faina's European Skin Care Center** (157 West 57th Street, 245-6557) says that the summer is the season to exfoliate the skin. "People are exercising and perspiring more, and pores are bound to get clogged. It is good to have a deep-cleansing facial and to exfoliate the body's dead skin." Through mid-summer Faina is offering several beauty specials including a full leg and bikini waxing ($39), a European manicure and pedicure ($32), body scrub ($69), and facial with exfoliating treatment ($68).

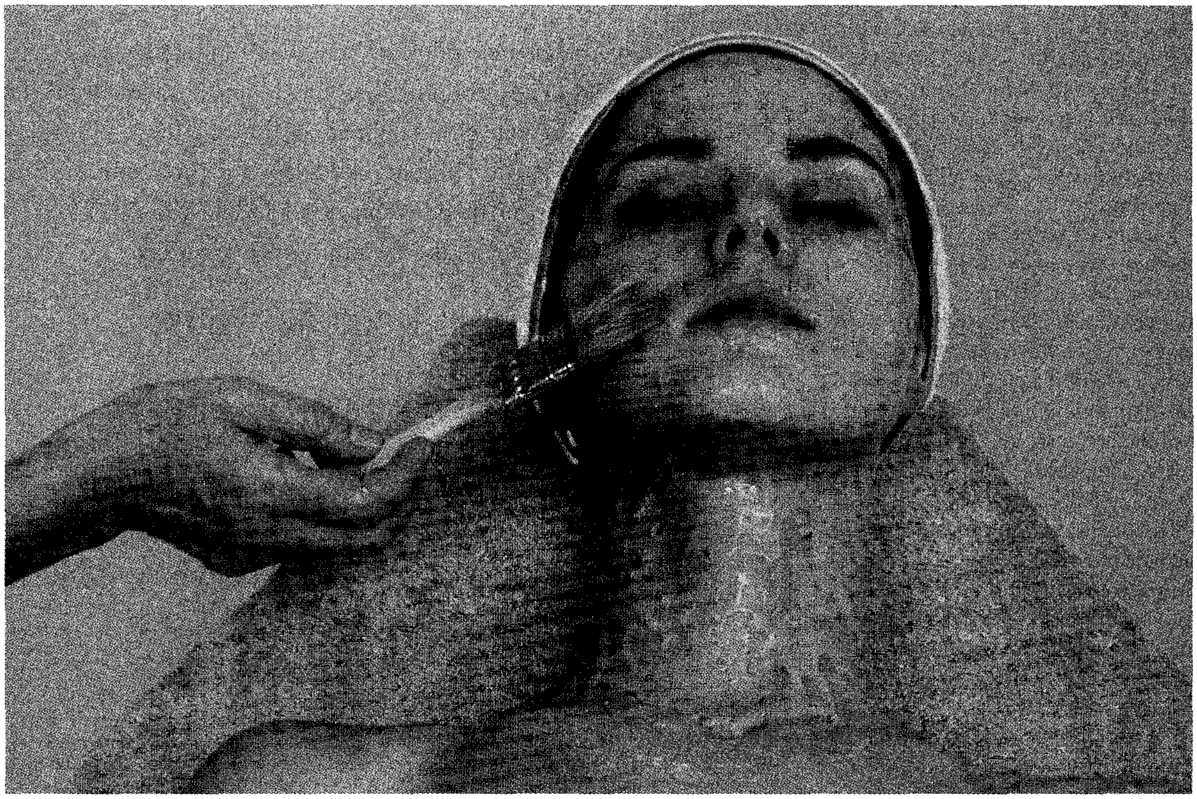
There's no underestimating the benefits, direct and indirect, of a beauty treatment for the relaxed and satisfied state of well-being that its pampering can yield. Antonietta Matter, head stylist and consultant of the new full-service **Cedric** salon (1044 Madison Avenue, between 79th and 80th streets, 535-1044), has created a relaxed, naturally lit setting of cherrywood and glistening tile that welcomes clients, and assures them that pampering is as much apart of her service as any other. Upon entering the 2,300-square-foot salon they are greeted with a beverage of their choice — a glass of champagne, an espresso or a cappuccino. The artistry of the Cedric team of colorists and stylists is then put in motion.

A critical concern for women, as the approaching warmer months give way to more abbreviated fashions, is unsightly hair. The **Lucy Peters International** salon (150 East 58th Street, 486-9740) uses the patented Integrated System of hair removal that is able to remove unwanted hair permanently. "There is no regrowth once a hair has been removed," says Lucy Peters. "We are able to do this without any residual irritation, scars or damage to the skin."

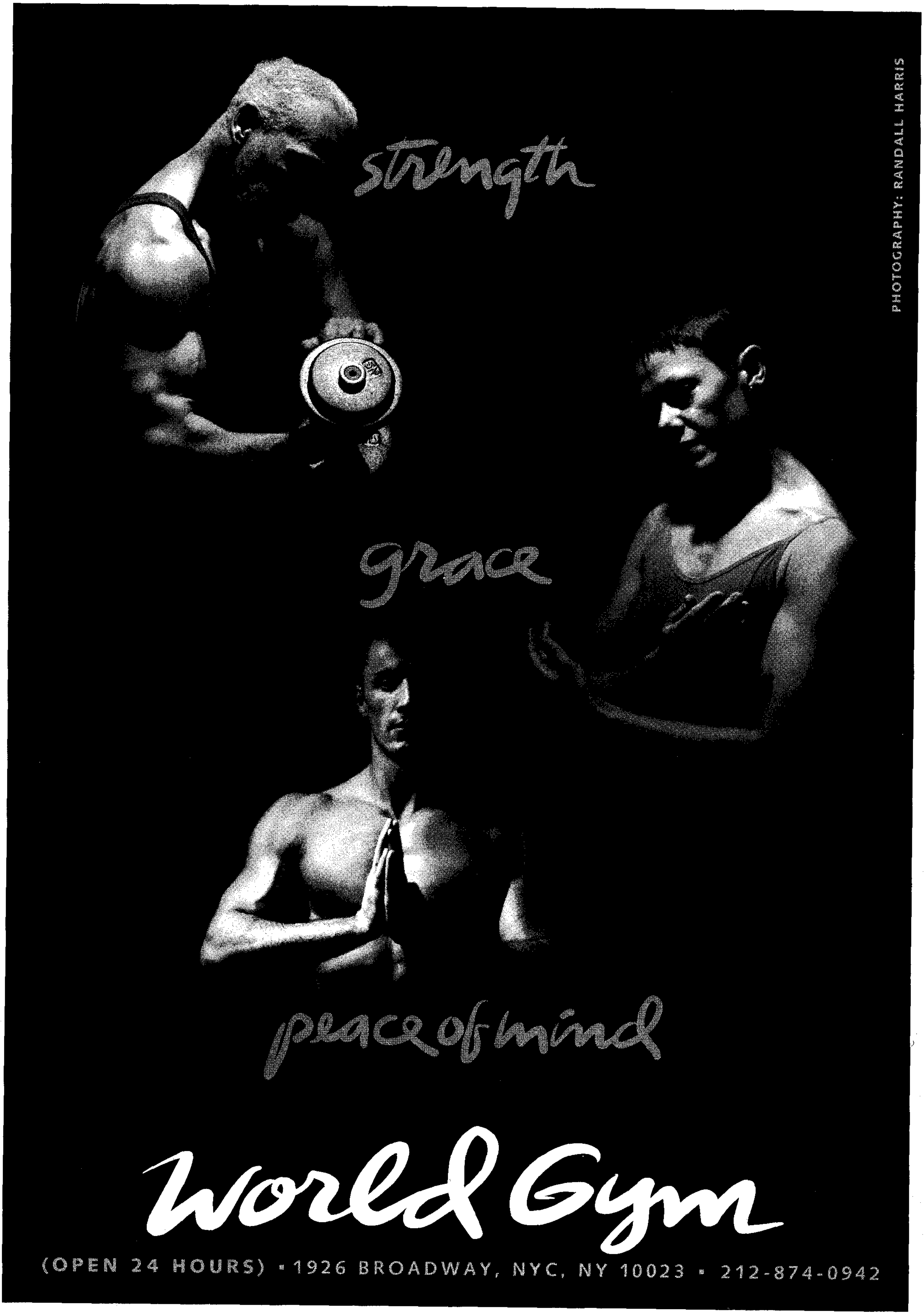
This clinically tested electrolysis treatment includes a written warranty specifying the number of sessions and hours required. Peters charges $65 for a half-hour session, and $115 for an hour of electrolysis. Lucy Peters has salons in Philadelphia, Bryn Mawr, Beverly Hills, Dallas, Raleigh, NC, and Irvine, CA.

Allana of New York (160 East 56th Street, 980-0216) has been providing electrolysis services for the past fifteen years. Owner Alice Abernathy says that it takes about a year to completely rid an area of unwanted hair, and advises the late spring or early summer is a good time to start treatment. In addition to electrolysis, Abernathy offers permanent pigmentation procedures, which can enhance features or camouflage scars. The salon's hourly fee is $94 including tax. Also at this location, **Anna & Isabell-Advanced Skin Care** (758-8867) provides collagen, mineral, and glycolic treatments, facials, seaweed wraps, and massages.

During the summer another major concern for women is cellulite. **Anushka Day Spa** (241 East 60th Street, 355-6404) is known for its treatments and regimens dealing with cellulite. This summer Anushka is offering specials in her Cellulite Clinic.



For body and soul: Lia Schorr's pamper palace weaves its facial magic.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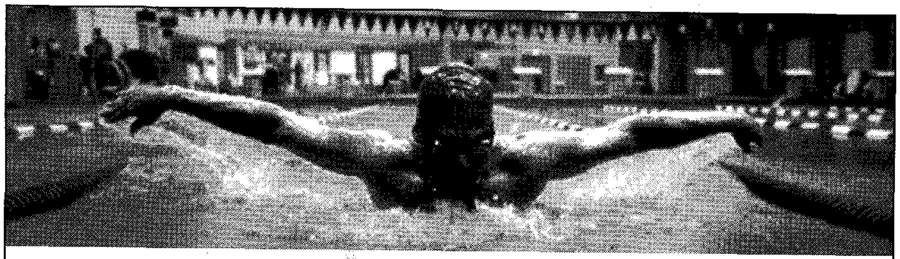

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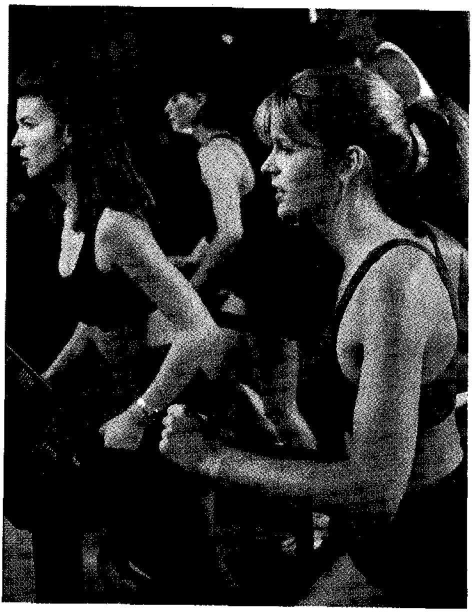
The Cellulite Spa Sampler, which includes a body wrap, mechanical treatment and half-hour cellulite massage, is $139 (regularly $185). The Model's Secret Slimmer, a combination of the latest treatments from Europe, Thermo Trim and Cellutone A-2001, is $119 (regularly $160). The Quick Fix combines two mechanical treatments and a half-hour massage $110 (regularly $185). Anushka provides a variety of body wraps that are designed to beautify, re-energize, de-stress, and eliminate water retention. The body wraps include a Dead Sea mud wrap, French thermal clay wrap, and a seaweed wrap; $65 each (regularly $80).

Lia Schorr (686 Lexington Avenue, Fourth Floor, between 56th and 57th streets, 486-9670) offers a Summer Spa Escape for $125, which includes a seaweed facial with light peel, body massage, paraffin manicure, and pedicure. Schorr suggests that men and women get ready for the summer with body polishes, waxing, and any of the seven skin-type specific facials that are designed to give the skin a glow, and better protect it from the sun. Other summer specials include a half-leg wax for $19, bikini wax for $10, sea salt body scrub and polish for $30, and a rejuvenating body massage for $42. Facials include a deep-pore ($42) and a seaweed facial ($55). A glycolic treatment formerly $75, is now $47.



Vertical Club in a position to set workouts straight.

Leading cosmetician and stylist Michel Constantini has been helping women change their look each season for more than fifteen years at his **Michel Constantini Beauty Makeover Studio** (124 West 72nd Street, 501-8245). Known for his makeup and hair-care services for weddings and other special occasions, Constantini works individually with his clients to update their makeup, hair styles, and hair color. In addition, his full-service salon sells a wide range of holistic skincare products, makeup, and botanical hair and body treatments.

For the summer, Constantini is offering a makeover special including a hair cut, natural hair coloring, and a makeup application ($85).

GEAR IT UP, WEAR IT OUT

It's often been said that feeling the part is looking the part, and an important sense of summer aesthetics extends to workout-wear as well as equipment. Although not yet scientifically proven, the latest sports threads and gear frequently receive credit for improving one's game while doing wonders for self-image. **Herman's**, (800-HERMANS) with its seven locations in Manhattan, is featuring active apparel including the shape-enhancing power sports bra, tye-dye and washed watercolor Lycra swimmear from Speedo and Tyr, and cotton/Lycra bra tops and bike shorts in a palette of colors. Currently there's a buzz about the new Cardio Glide by Weslo, a combination exercise bike/rower for an aerobic workout. In-line skating is one of the fastest growing sports in the country, and Herman's carries top of the line equipment like Rollerblades and Bauer.

Now with five Manhattan locations, **Speedo Authentic Fitness**—including 58th and Lexington Avenue, 800-5SPEEDO, and 90 Park Avenue, with another on the way at Columbus Avenue and 68th Street—swimwear and fitness apparel has never been more accessible to Gotham Speedo connoisseurs. Innovative fabrication and high-tech design has long been Speedo's hallmark, and this season a collection of watershorts, t-shirts, surf runners, high-performance unitards and warm-ups go from gym to street with style and ease.

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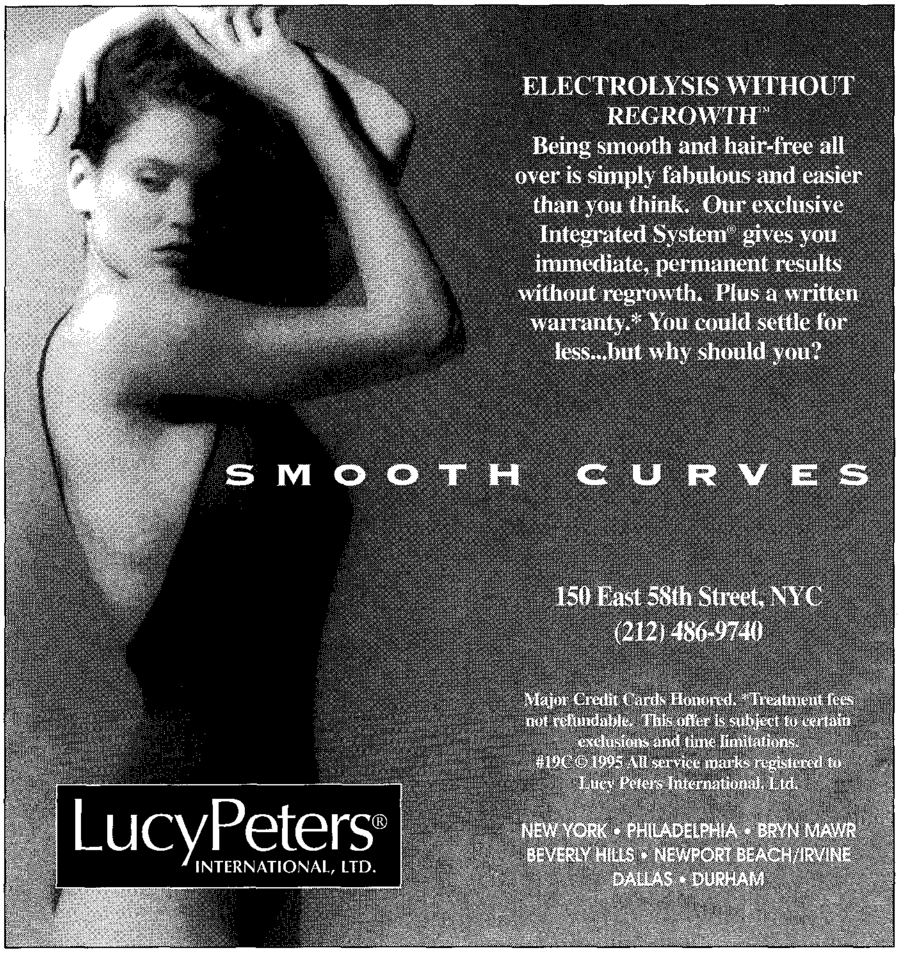

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TO YOUR HEALTH

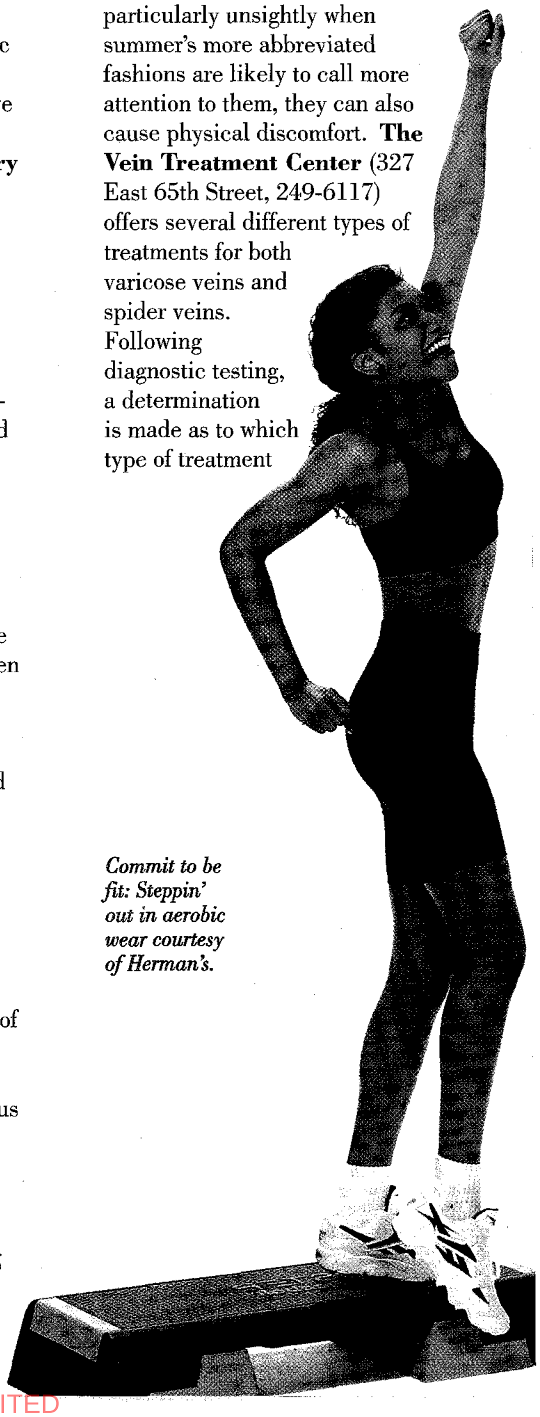
With the help of many of the city's sports medical centers, its gurus, and the advanced treatments they have made available, physical ailments and injuries that had traditionally hampered the ability to participate in many of summer's sports and activities have been eliminated with a surprising degree of success. More aggressive, and less-invasive procedures, based on current scientific and medical research, have patients back on track with shorter recuperative time and better long-term results.

The Hospital for Special Surgery (535 East 70th Street, 606-1137) has physicians, therapists, and athletic trainers reputed for their treatment of sports injuries. Known for its advancements in the area of arthroscopic surgery, the hospital performs the latest in surgical treatments of the shoulder and knee—the most frequently affected areas, and treats post-operative conditions like ligament, rotator cup, and Achilles tendon repairs. Non-operative conditions that are treated include shoulder impingement and tendinitis.

Good hand-eye coordination is essential to playing outdoor sports like tennis, baseball, and softball. But often eye disorders can prevent an athlete from being competitive. Dr. Liviu Saimovici of **Advanced Eye Care Associates** (750 Park Avenue at 72nd Street, 744-6370) uses surgical and non-surgical treatments and the latest opthalmic technology to treat eye disorders. A wide range of abnormalities can affect a person's vision from nearsightedness to astigmatism to glaucoma, and Dr. Saimovici is able to perform all types of eye procedures like radial keratotomy or refractive surgery. This procedure alters the shape of the eye's cornea thus changing the way the eye focuses images—and it reverses the need for contacts or eyeglasses.

Disorders associated with the gastrointestinal area can inhibit being able to take advantage of all the season has to offer. But Dr. Garth Ballantyne who directs the **Center for Advanced Laparoscopic Surgery** of St. Luke's/Roosevelt Hospital Center (50 East 69th St, 249-2626, 800-LAP-SURG) is able to alleviate extreme discomfort. St. Luke's has invested more than two million dollars for the most advanced equipment that is applied to gastrointestinal operations, which are minimally invasive procedures with smaller incisions and less residual discomfort. A patient's hospital stay is generally from one to three days, and Dr. Ballantyne can get them back to work in one to two weeks.

Varicose and spider veins can be particularly unsightly when summer's more abbreviated fashions are likely to call more attention to them, they can also cause physical discomfort. **The Vein Treatment Center** (327 East 65th Street, 249-6117) offers several different types of treatments for both varicose veins and spider veins. Following diagnostic testing, a determination is made as to which type of treatment



Commit to be fit: Steppin' out in aerobic wear courtesy of Herman's.

is appropriate. In most cases the center uses sclerotherapy, which are mild solution injections used to dissolve the veins. Typically, treatment is scheduled over several weeks.

Often, the hardest part of an exercise regimen is getting started. And extra weight or the wrong diet can leave you energy deficient and sabotage your chances to go the distance with a new workout schedule. **The Nutrition Center at Beth Israel** (245 East 17th Street, 420-4468) offers a Choose to Lose: Weight Loss/Healthy Eating Program. The health-oriented weight management program teaches the skills necessary to lose and maintain your weight. Participants are taught which foods cause weight gain, how much fat they can eat daily and still lose weight, how to read food labels, how to modify recipes and make low-fat menu selections in restaurants, and why aerobic exercise is essential for weight loss.

Sometimes no matter how much exercise and dieting you do, there are just some areas of the body that a person may not be able to tone and shape to their desired specifications. However, it is possible to get the look desired, thanks to plastic surgery.

Dr. Michael Kalvert, co-director with Dr. Paul R. Weiss of **Renaissance Plastic Surgery Associates** (999 Fifth Avenue at 81st Street, 861-2075) has been performing reconstructive and cosmetic surgery procedures for the past nineteen years. Dr. Kalvert, who is also an assistant professor at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, says that the latest developments in the liposcution procedures now make it possible to remove more fat tissue in a way that is less painful, cause less bruising, and require much shorter recuperation time.

Another plastic surgeon who offers liposuction as well as body-contouring techniques is **Dr. L.A. Cenedese** of **Plastic Cosmetique** (715 Park Avenue, between 69th and 70th streets, 570-0350). Dr. Cenedese can reduce and reshape facial features as well as perform such surgical procedures as breast reduction, hand reconstructive surgery, and hair transplants and scalp reduction. Other techniques include tummy tucks, thigh lifts, and buttock lifts. Dermabrasions and chemical peels are also made available to his clients.

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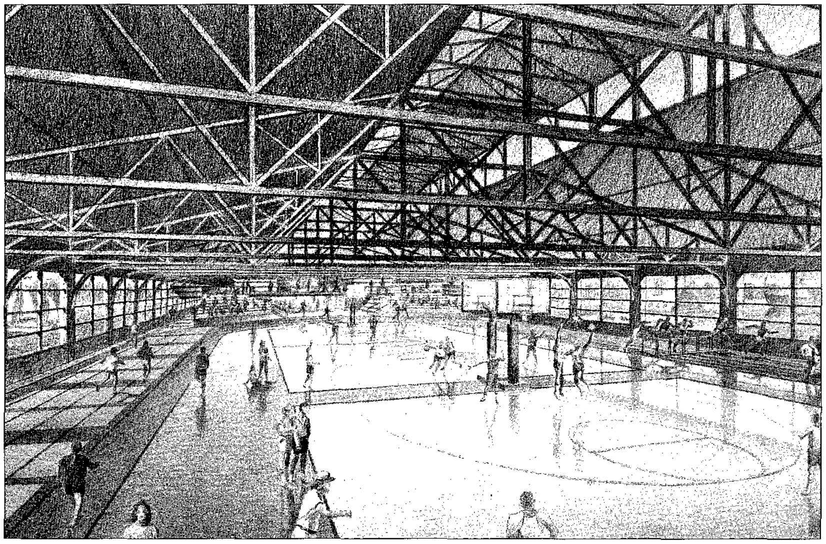

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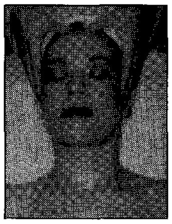

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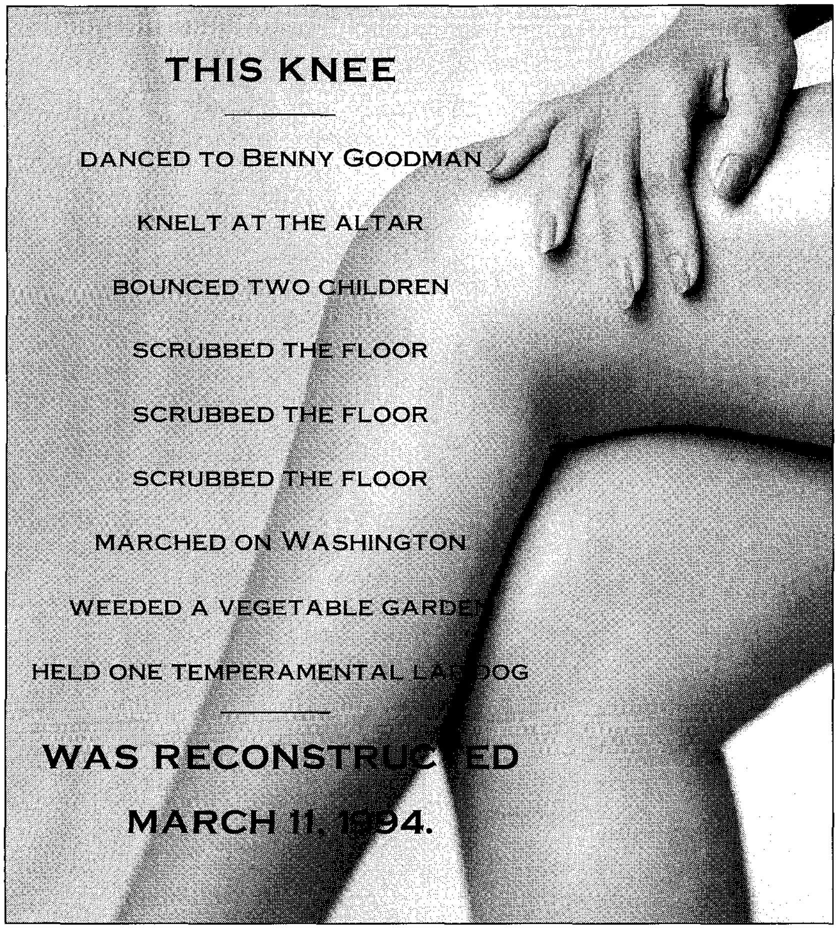

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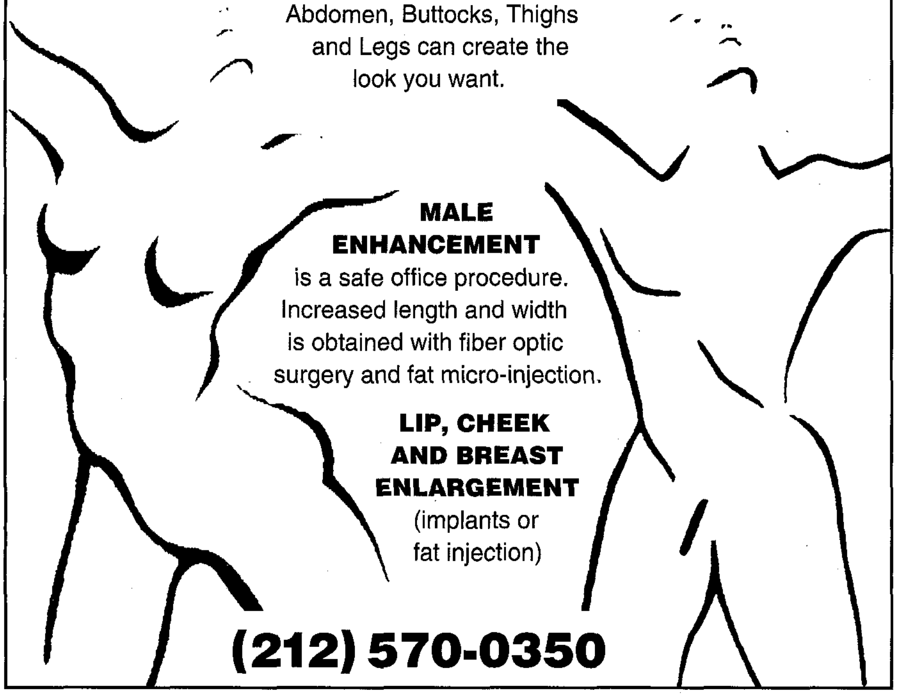

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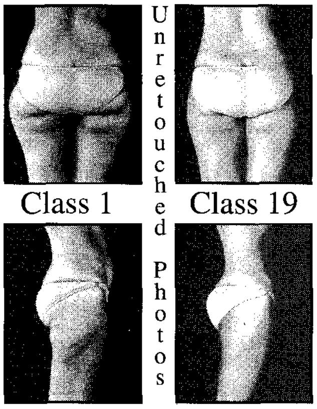

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(continued from page 74)

patched with the key to the chef's office to fetch a new bottle of imported vinegar—*vieux vinaigre,* old and expensive. A captain rushes in: "Table 28 wants to rest for a while," he says. "Tell *her* that," says Bouley, nodding at me as he spoons spring greens—peas, favas, and pea sprouts—into a glass mold, grabbing a fresh batch of Limoges plates from the warmer.

At other great restaurants, there are three breads or four, maybe six; here there are nine to choose from on the wicker tray that never ceases making the table rounds. So he is an obsessive-excessive. What gourmand could object? And a sensualist too. He wants me to inhale a whiff of the dried citrus peel he uses to crust the scallops. He feeds me a taste of the *vieux vinaigre,* a lick of the Italian honey, a morsel of the white tuna seared in hot oil. He brushes my nose with tendrils of lemon thyme. Are we flirting? He is slender, immaculate in tailored whites, with curly dark hair and bold black circumflex eyebrows. "Table 22 can't wait much longer," a captain warns. "He's an old man. He won't last much longer."

Should you risk a night at the mercy of David Bouley? I've fidgeted in the cramped bar/anteroom, which can grow hellish when the kitchen falters, and have watched great beginnings fizzle into a snail-paced creep. Yet I've also luxuriated in the wondrous cider scent of rotting apples at the entrance, settling into the sunny room with its glorious arches, imagining I've wandered into a small French country inn.

In the beginning, he may have relied on recipes and tricks he picked up in France from his famed mentors, Roger Vergé and Paul Bocuse, or from his few weeks' stint with Joël Robuchon at Jamin. And paid them back by giving them the crème brûlée recipe he picked up in the kitchen of Le Cirque. "I took something from each of them and combined it with what I felt inside," he once said. Now, after nearly eight years behind the handsome convent door, Bouley has found his own signature. He is not interested in food as architecture or sculpture. His plates look only minimally fussed with. The modest herb accents seem, and are, innocent, improvisational. It's easy enough to parody the proud provenances documented on the menu—the Maine scallops collected by the left-handed scuba diver and rushed from the airport by an adolescent virgin on a ten-speed mountain bike. In fall, there will be truffles from Piedmont and Périgord on those scallops. In winter, there may be lobster with cèpes from New Mexico and glazed turnips, a stunning juxtaposition of flavors and textures, or that same lobster with Tahitian vanilla, mango, asparagus, and endive. As spring nears, the menu may trumpet "first-of-the-season soft-shell crab with marinated grilled eggplant, Bosc pears, garlic chives, and a tomato-saffron sauce."

In such high-risk sport, there will be fumbles, of course. Cod so listless and soft, not even a remarkably sweet and pungent carrot stew can save it. Seafood at times overwhelmed by too much vanilla. A drenching of vinaigrette on the "panache of three salads." Steamed oysters sabotaged by a harshness of herbs. Astringent, almost chemical-tasting celery sorbet as a palate cleanser.

But every night, there will be pilgrims whose journeys to this corner of TriBeCa are justified. They will be touched by the flowers; some will even be led instantly to a table. And more often than not, I guess—I hope—the relaxed flow of food will match the mood of celebration. Or romance. Perhaps even clinch the deal. Surely, most of those who can afford the $100 or so per mouth for dinner ($55 and up at lunch) aren't so jaded they can't thrill to the shock of a bold new taste. Skate with pineapple and Italian capers. Sashimi-grade tuna with herb oils on fennel with an accent of shiso. Turbot in almond-yogurt-tomato broth with rhubarb purée. And the more timid will rejoice in the straightforward meatiness of roasted rack and loin of lamb or New Mexico deer with red Swiss chard and a purée of fingerling potatoes. "For the potatoes alone, I mark him great," cries the visiting German chef after a four-hour dinner marathon, climaxing with a pulled-sugar decoration on the bonbon tray that reads WILKOMMEN.

Even the most sophisticated restaurant gadabouts can experience a Bouley epiphany. Just at the point we've been sitting so long I want to blow up the table and escape in the smoke, the waiter brings something called "Cuny Loue" chicken, "born in France, processed in Kentucky," he says. Surely the best chicken in memory, with celery sticks and celery sauce as a counterpoint. And one February night, my companions are tucking into foie gras roasted with lemon thyme on organic-quince purée with glazed apple chips. "The chef says you had that last time," the waiter informs me, "so he sends you foie gras and sea urchin." A bizarre combination, I think, outrageous. Amazingly, the odd coupling is hauntingly delicious, a miracle balance of acid and sweet.

There is always a fruit soup with satiny sorbets and a melting chocolate soufflé with marvelous ice cream. Even a classic raspberry tart impresses, the berries intense, the pastry so buttery a glance might cause it to crumble. Then come tiers of confections, cookies, and tiny tarts. A second silver compote of Bouley chocolates. And always at least one white-frosted truffle mouse with pink eyes and a curling tail. Why a mouse? Oh, let's not get *too* Freudian about it.

Bouley, 165 Duane Street, between Greenwich and Hudson Streets (608-3852). Lunch, Monday through Friday 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m.; dinner, Monday through Saturday, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

LEONORE FLEISCHER **MAY 1, 1995**

SALES & BARGAINS

From a bed-and-breakfast in the Catskills to a fine-art appraiser in New Jersey to a garden that grows in Brooklyn.

May Flowers

NEXT WEEK, THE BROOKLYN BOTANIC Garden is having a sale on many plants and flowers, including regular-size and miniature species roses and many old-fashioned roses not available elsewhere, in 4- and 8-in. pots, $5.75 and $10, respectively; flowering and foliage hanging baskets, including fuchsia, gesneriads, impatiens, bougainvillea, and burro's tails, in 6-, 8-, and 10-in. pots, $4.50 and up; geraniums, including Fischer, standard, hanging, scented, Martha Washington, sugar babies, and European balcony, in 4-in. pots, $2.75 and up; mini and regular-size African violets, in 1- and 4-in. pots, $4 each; orchids, including buds and plants already in bloom, $20 and up; perennials for gardens and terraces, many featured in the BBG's own perennial border, in 4$^1/_2$-in. pots, $2.25 and up, in 6-in. pots, $3.50 and up; cacti, succulents, and gift gardens, in 3- and 6-in. pots, $1–$10; 4- to 5-ft. house trees, areca palms, *Schefflera arboricola, Ficus benjamina,* and more, $18.75 and up; trained bonsai and pre-bonsai material, tomatoes, herbs, and more, $1.25 and up. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave., Brooklyn (718-622-4433); Wed., 5/3, 9 a.m.–7 p.m. and Thurs., 5/4, 9 a.m.–3 p.m.*

Pointe of No Return

CAPEZIO IS MARKING DOWN BRAS, DANCE shoes, bodywear, and dancewear at all four Manhattan stores (a smaller selection is available at the Steps and Ailey stores): leotards, unitards, tights, sweaters, and leg warmers, by One Step Ahead, San Francisco Citilights, and Dancerags, in adult sizes, now 15 to 20 percent off. For example: Supplex hot pants, were $23, now $19.55; Jogbra/Champion sports bras, now 20 percent off, were $25–$36, now $20–$28.80; Dasha slouch socks, were $7, now $5.95. Shoes are available at all shops except Ailey: pointe shoes by Capezio, Grishko, and Bloch, now 20 percent off, were $42–$52, now $33.60–$41.60; Capezio jazz shoes for children in black and white, were $41, now $32.80; Coast and Danstar ballroom shoes, now 25 percent off, were $62–$98, now $46.50–$73.50; A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; call for store hours. *Capezio Dance-Theatre Shop, 1650 Broadway, at 51st St., second floor (245-2130); Capezio East, 136 E. 61st St. (758-8833); Capezio at Steps, 2121 Broadway, near 74th St. (799-7774); Capezio at Ailey, 211 W. 61st St., third floor (767-0590); through 4/30.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

Den of Slacks

THIS MANUFACTURER IS OFFERING AT WHOLESALE his new spring line of men's clothing, in sizes 37–50R, 38–46S, and 40–50L. Wool-gabardine suits, retail $800, here $299–$329; wool tropical-weight suits, retail $595, here $259–$279; wool mid-weight suits in classic and European styles, retail $595, here $279; wool and wool-and-silk sport jackets, retail $550, here $219–$239; wool-gabardine slacks, retail $175, here $79.50; wool tropical-weight slacks or linen slacks, in waist sizes 32–46, retail $150, here $69.50; black wool single- and double-breasted tuxedos, retail $650, here $269–$299. A.E., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible on unaltered merchandise; alterations available at additional cost. *The Individual Man, Ltd., 85 Fifth Ave., at 16th St., eighth floor (924-2157); Mon.–Fri. 8:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Sat. 8:30 a.m.–4 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Take Me to the River

THIS QUEEN ANNE VICTORIAN BED-AND-breakfast inn (twenty rooms, seven guest rooms, and a "retro" wing of fifties-style apartments) makes a charming weekend getaway. It's in Fleischmanns, a village at the edge of the Catskill Forest Preserve, about two and a half hours from New York City. If you spend two nights there before the Memorial Day weekend, either midweek or on the weekend, you'll get a third night free (during June, if you stay three nights, you'll get the fourth free). The village has hiking on trails in the forest preserve, Saturday-night country auctions, and many good restaurants; and it's just a 35-minute ride to Woodstock. Rates and accommodations vary from $45 to $90 per room per night and include a full breakfast (except in the retro wing, $70–$85, which has kitchens). Smoking allowed in the retro wing only; M.C., V., checks accepted; call or write for information. *River Run, Main St., Fleischmanns, N.Y. 12430 (914-254-4884); through 6/29.*

Mac Daddy

INNOVATIVE COMPUTING WILL TEACH YOU how to use your PC or Macintosh, at your home or office in the metropolitan area. Training includes introduction to Windows 3.1, introduction to System 7, introduction and advanced Microsoft Word, ClarisWorks, and WordPerfect. One four-hour lesson, or two two-hour lessons, usually $300 for adults, $240 for children ages 5 to 16, now $200 for either. Instructor traveling time exceeding half an hour will be billed at the rate of $25 an hour. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; phone for appointment. *Innovative Computing (876-6770); through 6/30.*

For What It's Worth

ART RESEARCH ASSOCIATES DOES APPRAISALS of fine art—oil paintings, watercolors, acrylic paintings, xerographic prints, lithographs, etchings, engravings, collages, murals, and 3-D art such as sculpture—and is now offering new corporate or private clients 20 percent off their on-site appraisal services; three-hour appraisals, for example, were $300, now $240; one-hour appraisals (minimum), were $100, now $80. A 30 percent deposit is required; the balance is due on completion of the report; outside the New York metropolitan area, additional travel fees are based on expenses. Checks accepted; no credit cards; phone or write for appointment. *Art Research Associates, 804 Ocean Ave., Belmar, N.J. 07719 (908-681-7360); Mon.–Sat. 8 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 6/15.*

Rios Bravos

HANDMADE-IN-TEXAS WESTERN BOOTS OF all skins and styles for men (sizes 7–12) and women (sizes 4$^1/_2$–9) are 30 percent off at this store, from a simple pair of Anderson Bean suede boots, was $250, now $175, to a pair of full-hornback-alligator Stallion boots, was $4,500, now $3,150. Rios of Mercedes calf boots in a range of colors, were $395, now $276.50; Rios of Mercedes stingray-and-calf, were

$795, now $556.50; Rios python boots, were $595, now $416.50; Stallion calf-and-hornback-alligator boots, were $1,750, now $1,225; Lucchese calf-and-lizardskin boots, were $595, now $416.50; Lucchese ostrich-and-calf boots, were $1,395, now $976.50; Kimmel tooled floral boots, were $1,100, now $770. A.E., C.B., D.C., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *Billy Martin's, 812 Madison Ave., at 68th St. (861-3100); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; through 5/3.*

The Ironed Curtain

DECORATIVE PILLOWS AND FABRIC SHOWER curtains are on sale at this designer's showroom. Many of the pillows are one- and few-of-a-kind, and most have zippered coverings: a 20-in.-sq. textured-fabric pillow trimmed in bullion fringe, retail $110, here $50; 13-by-22-in. tassel-trimmed pillow with ornate medallion inset, retail $120, here $65; linen/cotton pillow with brush fringe, or the same blend in a striped flat-edged pillow, retail $65–$75, here $25; spun-rayon pindot pillows with tasseled borders, retail $80, here $30–$35; shower curtains of polished cotton or brushed cotton, plain or patterns, retail $95, here $20–$25; jacquard shower curtains in stripes, florals, and damasks, with valances trimmed in bullion, retail $185, here $79; with untrimmed valances, retail $120, here $50. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *DPF, Inc., 10 E. 18th St., eighth floor (741-7023); Fri.–Sun. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; 4/28–30.*

Deco Rating

THIS TO-THE-TRADE FURNITURE SHOWROOM sells French-made Art Deco and Louis reproductions. Now the one-of-a-kind floor samples are on sale to the public, including a blue leather club chair, manufacturer's suggested list $7,390, here $2,217; some furniture made of handsome cherrywood with madrona-burl tops, including a writing desk with a separate glass top, mfr's. sugg. list $4,703, here $2,351; and a dining table with two leaves that seats ten, mfr's. sugg. list $8,263, here $2,999. Wood-framed armchair in Deco fabric, mfr's. sugg. list $3,497, here $1,100; large wood-framed easy chair covered in Deco silk, mfr's. sugg. list $8,836, here $2,500; large hand-carved Louis XIV chair in red damask, mfr's. sugg. list $8,396, here $2,864. Everything sold as is; delivery arranged at additional cost. No credit cards; checks as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear. *Pierre Counot Blandin, 200 Lexington Ave., near 32nd St., Suite 433 (679-3106); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 5/5.*

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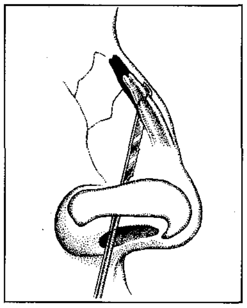
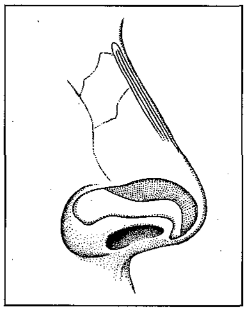
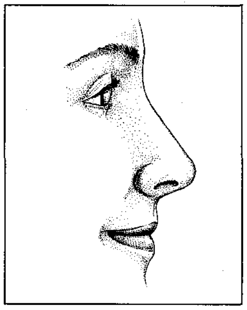
If you have been considering cosmetic surgery, and would like more information, call me at (212) 832-0770 to schedule an appointment for a complimentary consultation.



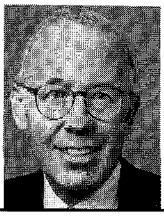
A large nose can be reshaped. The hump can be removed by means of an instrument inserted through the nostril. The excess bone is removed leaving a more attractive profile.



A broad or long nasal tip is narrowed and shortened by sculpting the cartilage around the tip of the nose. Shown here by the shaded area. No external incision is needed.



The result is a more pleasant facial appearance. The nose is more attractive and has a natural look in proportion to the face.



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A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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As a show at Grand Central illustrates, the **Yugo** *can be used for a million different things—not including driving* *(page 129)*

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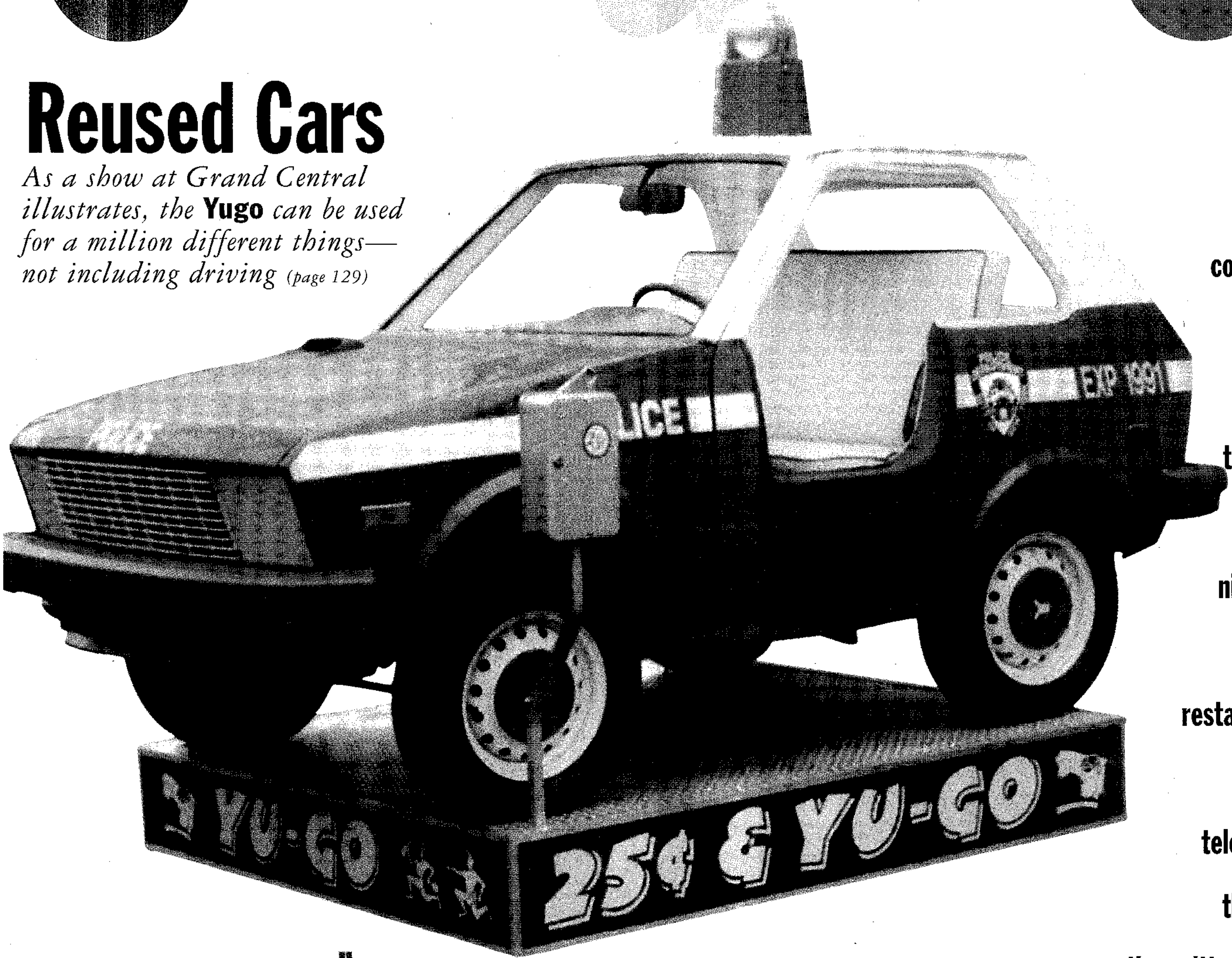

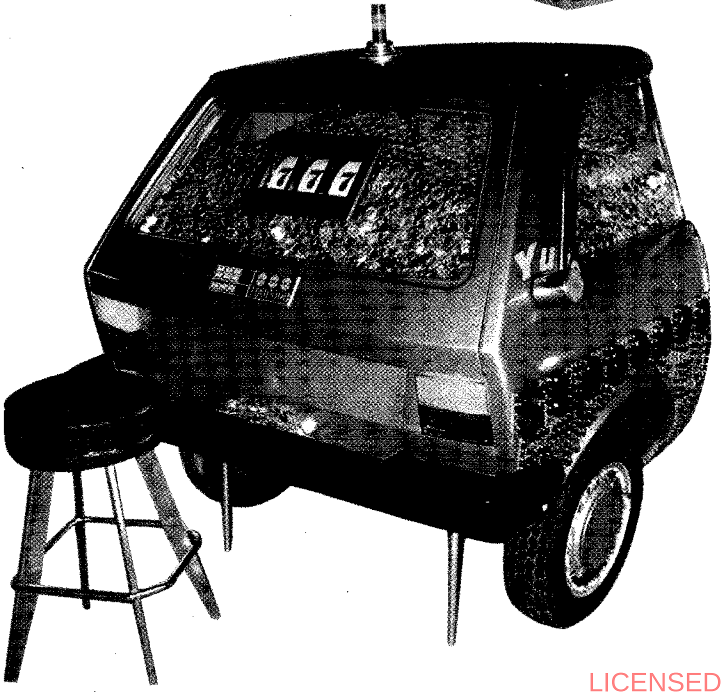

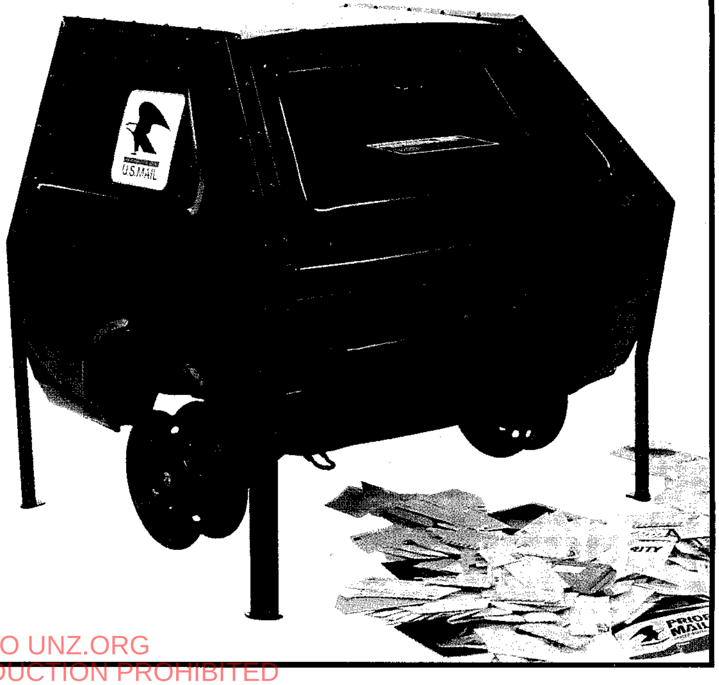

movies

Hepburn's Boswell...*Noir* Won't Die

YOU'LL MEET HER AT THE ROUGHEST PARTIES...
WITH THE TOUGHEST GUYS IN TOWN! JUST CALL HER
PARTY GIRL
ROBERT TAYLOR
CYD CHARISSE
LEE J. COBB
JOHN IRELAND
BOGART
In A Lonely Place
GLORIA GRAHAME

Retrospective

More Than Just a *Rebel*

Before he left America for self-imposed exile in Europe, the iconoclastic lefty director Nicholas Ray had an unusual movie career, highlighted by the proto-feminist Western *Johnny Guitar,* the down-and-out Hollywood melodrama *In a Lonely Place,* and his best-known work, *Rebel Without a Cause* (above, center). *Rebel* is at Film Forum April 28–May 11; a tribute to Ray featuring fifteen other works is at the American Museum of the Moving Image April 29–May 28. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more information.

New Films

Amateur—Mining his familiar terrain of droll, good-looking characters engaged in sharp self-observation, director Hal Hartley spins an absurdist tale about a former nun writing pornography, a vengeful porn star, and an overempathetic police officer brought together by Thomas (Martin Donovan). He's a charming and handsome fellow who suffers from amnesia and appears to have been a real bastard before his memory loss kicked in. Intelligently done, with strong support from Hartley's usual collaborators. But the irony isn't thick enough, with too much time spent on surprisingly straightforward plot developments. One keeps waiting for the joke, for the cheeky spin on movie conventions—but no one seems to be kidding, at least not enough. (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

Bad Boys—Will Smith and Martin Lawrence are buddy cops (Smith is the wealthy and smooth-talking romantic; Lawrence the hard-up family man) looking to bust some bad guys who stole a cache of heroin from police headquarters—just the sort of thing that really ticks the law off. Just what you'd expect. And nothing more. (2 hrs. 5 min.; R) *Village Theater VII; Chelsea; 34th St. Showplace; Movieplex 42; National Twin; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Bar Girls—Like last year's indie hit *Go Fish,* this is a comic drama focusing on women who are falling in and out of love with other women. Men put in token appearances and angst—thankfully—doesn't even merit a cameo. While *Go Fish* had a strong script but a generally weak if game cast, *Bar Girls* has a more pedestrian girl-meets-girl story delivered by a stronger cast (and stronger tech credits) all around. Written by Lauran Hoffman. Directed by Marita Giovanni (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Basketball Diaries—Jim Carroll's autobiographical novel about a budding high-school basketball star who finds himself spiralling out of control because of drugs is fatally marred by being switched from the seventies to the present. Also desperately missed from the book is Carroll's overwhelming sense of fatalism, which went some ways towards explaining *why* he sought dangerous, momentary escape from such an outwardly appealing life. (Not that one needs a reason, but at least it was something to hang your hat on.) But the real surprise here is the fine supporting cast, especially Mark ("Marky Mark") Wahlberg, who does appear briefly in his underwear, and Patrick McGaw, who doesn't but hopefully will sometime in the near future. Directed by Scott Kalvert. (1 hr. 42 min.; R) *Village East; 19th St. East; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★Before the Rain—Writer/director Milcho Manchevski's debut has both poetic immediacy and frightening premonitory force as it tells the story of an anguished country—Macedonia—on the verge of civil war. It features three interconnected stories. The first and third are set in a mountain village in Macedonia, the middle one in London, and all three are seething with the Christian-Muslim hatreds that tore apart Bosnia and Herzegovina. Not all the loose ends are tied up, and Manchevski indulges in a few fancy touches, but the movie is a triumph. In Macedonian. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 56 min.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Bulletproof Heart—A tough *noir*-ish little movie about a hit man (Anthony LaPaglia) who in the course of one night falls in love with the woman he's been ordered to kill (Mimi Rogers), only to find out that she knows what he's supposed to do and wants it to happen more than anyone. A solid, quietly observant flick with two great performances (Rogers's best since *The Rapture*) and a classic fade-out—make sure you stay to the end of the credits. (1 hr. 40 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Bullets Over Broadway—Some of this beautiful-looking twenties comedy is very funny: Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair; but it's not a satisfying movie. John Cusack, the nominal hero—an eager young playwright with a tin ear—is a sellout. Why care about this guy? What's fatally missing from the movie is any love for the way of life being mocked. (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Burnt by the Sun—See review on page 64. In Russian. (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza.*

Circle of Friends—Chris O'Donnell maintains his charm and a gentle Irish brogue in this rather predictable romantic drama. It's the story of three Catholic girls in the fifties who go off to school and soon yearn for independence and romance. It offers some interesting, original characters, only to shoehorn them into a by-the-numbers plot that any reader of Harlequin romances will be able stay two steps ahead of. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th St. East; Baronet; 84th St. Six.*

Clean, Shaven—A notoriously unsettling movie about a schizophrenic (Peter Greene) who is racked by memories of a violent past and wants only to see his daughter. Then he finds out she's being deliberately kept from him. Definitely not for the faint of heart. Written and directed by Lodege Kerrigan. (1 hr. 20 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Crumb—See review on page 65. (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

The Cure—11-year-old Dexter (Joseph Mazzello of *Jurassic Park*) contracts AIDS from a blood transfusion and finds himself ostracized by everyone in town . . . until he's befriended by Erik (Brad Renfrom of *The Client*) and the two spend a summer on a mock adventure to find a cure. (1 hr. 37 min.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; 1st and 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Regency.*

The Day the Sun Turned Cold—Based on a true story about a young man in northeastern China who turned in his mother for murdering his father—ten years after the crime occurred. Since he's estranged from his mother and seems to be pushing the police to act simply to get back at her as much as to right a wrong, it's hard to feel concerned about his motives. None of them seem very admirable. Solidly acted by all, especially Siqin Gowa as the equally unsympathetic mother. Directed by Yim Ho, In Mandarin. (1 hr. 39 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Destiny Turns on the Radio—The increasingly peri-

Photographs: top left and right, Photofest.

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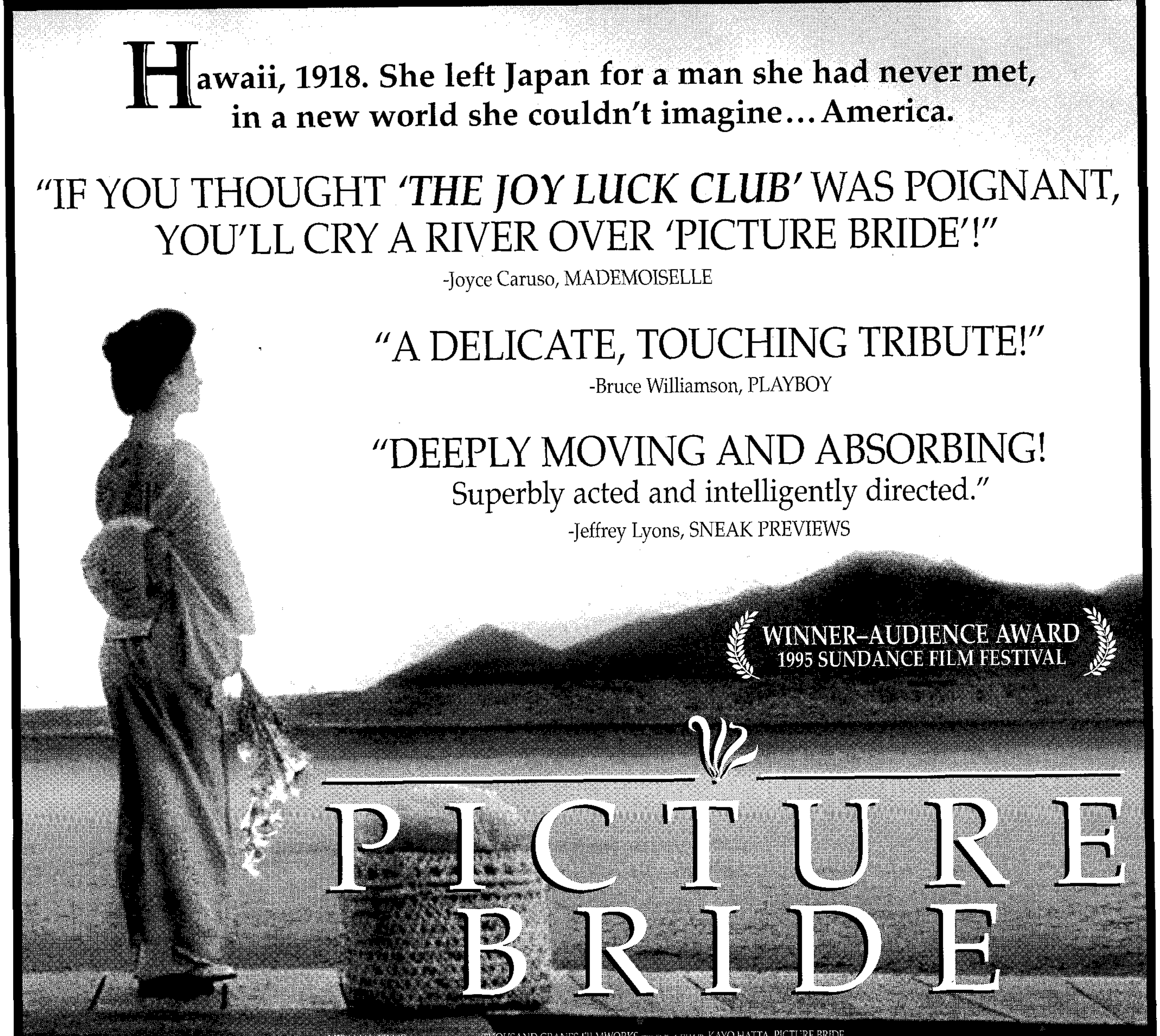

Hawaii, 1918. She left Japan for a man she had never met, in a new world she couldn't imagine... America.

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patetic career of Quentin Tarantino continues with a featured role in this romantic adventure about an escaped convict (Dylan McDermott) who rushes to Las Vegas to find his woman (Nancy Travis), only to unexpectedly learn about the real meaning of life and love from Destiny (Tarantino). Directed by Jack Baran. (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Theaters unavailable at press time.*

Dolores Claiborne—Kathy Bates plays a widow who is believed to have murdered her vicious, alcoholic husband years earlier, and now she's in trouble again, suspected this time of doing away with the wealthy old termagant (Judy Parfitt) she took care of for years. Bates has a fascinating neutrality. She might have had a triumph if Taylor Hackford, had not cut up her performance into so many pieces. (Denby; 4/3/95) (2 hrs. 10 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 34th St. East; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; 86th St.; Lincoln Square.*

Don Juan DeMarco—Johnny Depp plays a disturbed young man who claims to be the world's greatest lover, and Marlon Brando (out of semi-retirement yet again) is the doctor given ten days by the police to analyze him and recommend a treatment. Written and directed by Jeremy Leven. (1 hr. 32 min.; PG-13) *Village Theater VII; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★**Exotica**—It doesn't really come together in your head afterward, but while you're watching it, *Exotica* is quite an experience. Director Atom Egoyan sets much of the film in a lush, palm-treed, pasha-palace strip club, where mysteriously significant rituals are enacted for our amazement. A spectacular young table-dancer (Mia Kirshner), opening her schoolgirl's white shirt, works for her special "client" (Bruce Greenwood), teasing and rubbing up against him. Yet he is forbidden by the rules of the place to do anything more than suffer. For most of the movie, we don't know what their hold on each other is. Their relationship is sex but not sex, love but not love. Egoyan uses the erotic for rapt moments of suspension, and for some of the niftiest jokes in years. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Embassy 2–4; 57th St. Playhouse.*

Farinelli—More sensational than good, it takes a lurid look at castrati—the rock stars of the eighteenth century—and Farinelli (Stéfano Dionisi) in particular. Particularly attractive, Farinelli has a tormented relationship with his older brother, Riccardo Broschi (Enrico Lo Verso), a minor composer who hangs on to his singing-genius brother as long as he can. The two travel around Europe, and Carlo performs music Riccardo writes for him—soulless virtuoso junk, with much ornamentation and floridly empty "runs." Written by director Gérard Corbiau and his wife Andrée. In French. (Denby; 3/27/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Forrest Gump**—The Oscar winner of everything in sight. Haven't you seen it already? (2 hrs. 22 min.; PG-13) *Gemini Twin.*

Friday—It took Ice Cube and D. J. Pooh to write a screenplay about life in South Central that didn't revolve around gunplay and a sense of despair. Cube stars as Craig, who sits on a porch with his friend Smokey (Chris Tucker) during a typical day of staring down the town bully and staring up the cute Debbie (Nia Long). Directed by Gary Gray. (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; 19th St. East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 86th St. East; 84th St. Six.*

A Goofy Movie—Presented without the usual full-court press of publicity, this is the 63-year-old Goofy's first feature of his own. (1 hr. 16 min.; G) *Village East; 23rd St. West Triplex; Embassy 1; Sutton; 86th St. East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum.*

★**Hoop Dreams**—An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie follows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *23rd St. West Triplex.*

Jefferson in Paris—The title is dismayingly accurate: The movie offers a generalized view of the great man's years in Paris (from 1784 to 1789) as ambassador, lover, and observer of revolution. A widower, Jefferson suffered from melancholy and loneliness, and he became passionate friends—documented in scads of letters—with the talented painter Maria Cosway (Greta Scacchi), who was young, beautiful, and unhappily married. But screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala also offers up as uncontested fact Jefferson's love affair with the teenage mulatto slave Sally Hemings (Thandie Newton), the authenticity of which has been much debated by historians. But Ivory and Jhabvala fail to bring the love affair to anything remotely approaching life. Newton plays Sally as seductive and cuddlesome, a cloying tarty flirt who lightens the burden of the great man's soul. Jefferson is brought low, but the filmmakers, eager to maintain their hero's dignity, give Nolte nothing to do; he's merely amused and affectionate, and when it comes to sex, the film recedes hazily into discretion. Merchant Ivory can't do passion. They never could. (Denby; 4/17/95) (2 hrs. 20 min.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

Jury Duty—Pauly Shore, who has yet to make an unprofitable movie (or a good one), seems to have maintained his record with this mildly commercial programmer. (1 hr. 30 min.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th St.; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Criterion Center; 59th St. East; Movieplex 42; Cinema; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum.*

★**Kiss of Death**—The best crime movie since Martin Scorsese's *GoodFellas.* David Caruso stars as an ex-con named Jimmy Kilmartin who's trying to "go straight" but ends up driving a truckload of stolen cars through the night. Shot, then arrested, Jimmy goes back to prison, and when he comes out, he falls into the hands of a Manhattan D.A. and the Feds, who use him to trap higher-ups in Jimmy's old criminal organization. Based on a 1947 gangster *noir* of the same title, this new version shares the original's fatalism, but it's a less stylized work, more realistic and matter-of-fact. The writer, Richard Price, justly famous for his heightened naturalistic dialogue, creates an entirely malevolent world of thugs and law-enforcement officials and director Barbet Schroeder supports Price's gratifyingly nasty screenplay. With his creased, lived-in face, pale as Crisco, Caruso manages to suggest both a Catholic schoolboy and an elderly alcoholic lying in the gutter. But Schroeder gets what should be a legendary performance from Nicolas Cage as Little Junior, an enforcer and minor mafioso. A powerful loose cannon with his short black beard, furious stare, and militant chest hair, Cage is extremely funny, and at times he just dispenses with naturalism and leaps into space. (Denby; 4/24/95) (1 hr. 41 min.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinema; Criterion Center; 86th St.; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinema.*

The Last Good Time—Director Bob Balaban, best known for his wickedly black-humored cult film *Parents* (rent it if you haven't seen it), returns with quite a change of pace. This is a gentle, quiet story about an elderly man (Armin Mueller-Stahl), who has retired from the violin and apparently romance (he doesn't take up the friendly advances of neighbor Maureen Stapleton). All seems static until a young woman (Olivia d'Abo) shows up on the old man's doorstep looking for help and stirring up desires he thought were gone forever. (1 hr. 35 min.; NR) *68th St. Playhouse.*

★**The Madness of King George**—This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne renders the king as a virile, fiftyish sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. As George drifts off into madness, director Nicholas Hytner's movie moves off in two directions at once—outdoors, to the lawns and heaths around the royal castles, where George rages like a Lear beset by sunshine instead of storms; and indoors, into a greater physical intimacy with the king, whose fits and starts

In Print

Understanding Kate

Even by Hollywood standards, Katharine Hepburn's 1991 autobiography, *Me,* was a particularly unrevealing affair, albeit a chatty one. Happily, Orson Welles biographer Barbara Leaming makes up for the dirty-linen deficit in her recently published *Katharine Hepburn* (Crown; $27.50). We witness a series of tragic suicides on both her mother's *and* father's sides of the family (culminating with Hepburn herself stumbling upon the body of her brother), we see a charming John Ford miss his opportunity to leave an unhappy marriage and be with her, and we learn about the pivotal role Hepburn's mother played in the suffrage movement. But all of that pales in comparison with the book's most unsettling tale: Leaming paints the portrait of a decidedly one-sided relationship between the guilt-ridden, unhappy, and demanding Spencer Tracy and Hepburn—who pretended to bow to no man, but is depicted here as spending her life anxiously catering to this one's needs. Predictably, the families of Hepburn, Tracy, and Ford have all denied that Leaming's book has even a passing resemblance to reality. And Leaming herself says it will be difficult for some fans to read certain passages that she found "sad" and "difficult" to write. "The images from those movies are so powerful and wonderful," she says. "If you've seen people together onscreen for that long, you feel you know them. And that's a tribute to both of them—you really came away from those movies thinking, I know them and I know what their relationship is like. And you don't."

MICHAEL GILTZ

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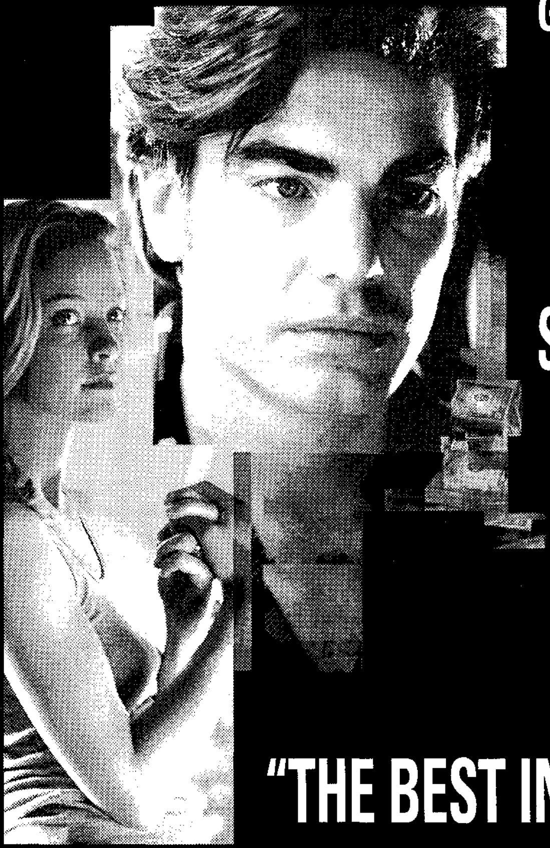

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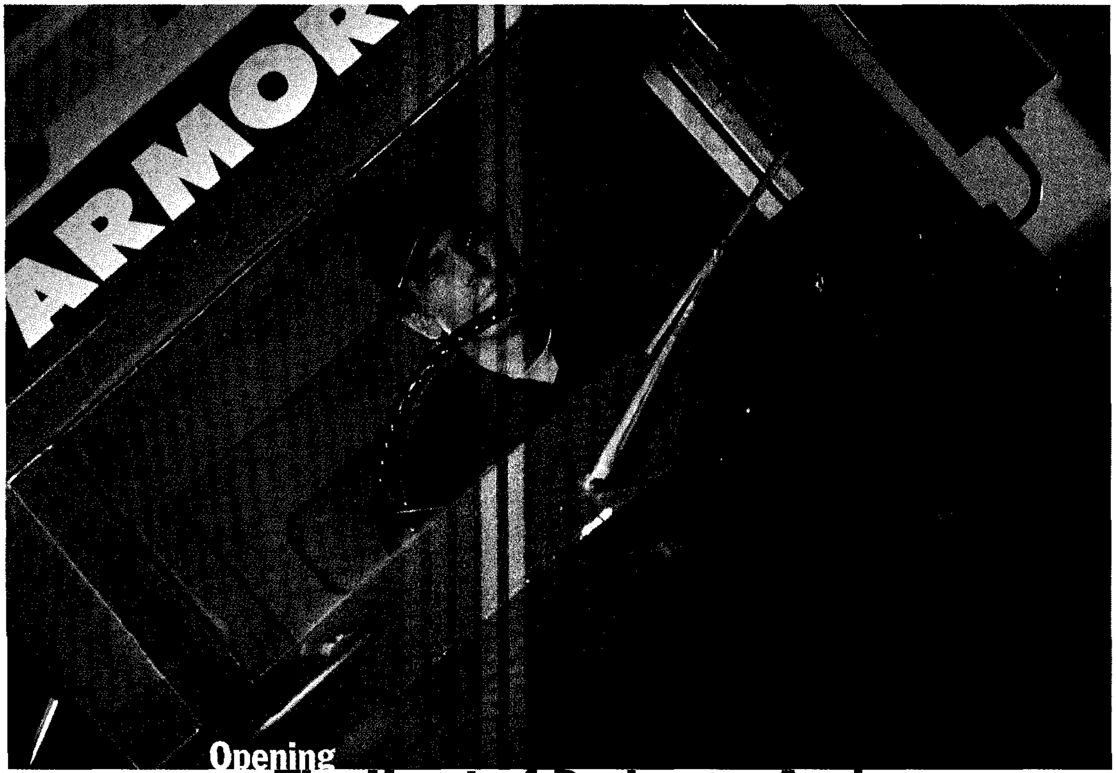


Opening

The Heart of Darkness, Again

Somewhere in this city, a graduate student is no doubt laboring over a thesis entitled "The Resurgence of *Film Noir* in post-Reagan America," and with good reason—the genre is mushrooming. Joining the recent *The Last Seduction, Bulletproof Heart,* and *Kiss of Death* is *The Underneath,* director Steven Soderbergh's peek at the seamy life of a small-time gambler (Peter Gallagher, above) sucked into a bank heist that can't do him any good no matter how it plays out. Opening April 28.

and digestive turmoils are subjected to the high quackery of the royal physicians. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; First and 62nd St. Ave.; Lincoln Plaza.*

Moving the Mountain—Yet another documentary that shouldn't hold its breath waiting for the Academy Awards to call. Directed by Michael Apted, it depicts all the events surrounding the Tiananmen Square massacre through the eyes of the student leaders who were thrust into the international spotlight by their pivotal roles in the demonstrations that led to it. The movie focuses especially on Li Lu, presumably because his story is paradigmatic and because he speaks excellent English. Unfortunately, it makes extensive use of dramatic re-creations to tell the story of Li's early life, and it becomes difficult to tell when footage is wholly fictional, when it's genuine but unrelated to the actual event being described, and when it's actually the real thing (there are some great shots of the students in the square). Besides, its thumbnail sketch of Chinese history leading up to that tragic event isn't particularly revealing. *Moving the Mountain* is strongest when interviewing the student leaders—many of whom now live abroad—and we can see their pain and turmoil over having watched other young people die because of decisions they made. Produced by Trudie Styler. In Chinese and English. (1 hr. 23 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Muriel's Wedding—Muriel (Toni Collette) is an excruciatingly shy, inarticulate slug, bullied by her father, dismayed by her beaten-down mother. She haunts the bridal stores, thinking of nothing but old Abba tapes and marriage. The film's first-time director, P. J. Hogan, seems to wallow in her troubles—her physical awkwardness, her rejection by her bitchy Barbie-doll friends. He makes everyone look bad—all the characters are caricatures, vile and loud, or so utterly depressed they might be zombies from a horror movie. (Denby; 4/3/95) (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village East; 86th St. East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza.*

New Jersey Drive—Writer/director Nick Gomez follows *Laws of Gravity* with this tough-talking tale of carjackers who are caught up in a cycle of bad crimes, badder cops, and an even badder world that doesn't seem to leave them any options but to keep on stealing until they're jailed or dead. (1 hr. 36 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; 19th St. East; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

★Once Were Warriors—Jake (Temuera Morrison), a massive Maori with short hair and piercing eyes, gets laid off, goes on the dole, and starts an endless party with his mates that moves from a huge bar to home and back again. His wife (Rena Owen) adores him, but he beats her and ignores the children, who are drifting toward chaos. Beth's rough life doesn't bother her; she revels in it, enjoying the rude, hard-drinking parties as much as anyone. But when Jake boils over—slams her against the wall and pummels her face—she's in danger of losing her life. Owen shows love fighting back rage, and then shame and despair tearing away at love. Her performance is classic, but Morrison doesn't have material of the same richness. Jake is little more than an unreachable brawler, and he's unnecessarily diminished when his self-hatred as a Maori is used against him to explain why he beats up the woman he loves. Director Lee Tamahori seems split in his feelings about this, but split in an interesting way. (Denby; 3/6/95) (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Outbreak—A tiny monkey that may be a host animal for a deadly virus is taken to the U.S. and innocently let loose in the Northern California redwoods. What follows is an initially convincing horror story. Somewhere in the middle, though, the movie falls off a cliff and becomes a lamely conventional melodrama in which the tough little humanist Dustin Hoffman fights the tall, cynical military nihilist Donald Sutherland, and all its terror fades. (Denby; 3/20/95) (2 hrs. 10 min; R) *Village Theater VII; 34th St. Showplace; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

The Pebble and the Penguin—In this animated tale, Hubie (Martin Short) is a hapless little penguin who hopes to win the heart of Marina, even though she's already desired by the biggest and toughest and meanest penguin of them all, Drake (Tim Curry). (1 hr. 20 min.; G) *Art Greenwich Twin; 23rd St. West Triplex; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; 86th St.; Lincoln Square.*

Picture Bride—A drama about a 16-year-old Japanese girl orphaned by the death of her parents in 1918, who is shuttled off to Hawaii to marry a Japanese immigrant who lives on a plantation and longs for a wife. His amorous needs aren't met when she finds out his plantation is a two-room shack, and the girl soon determines to earn her passage back home. Co-written and directed by Kayo Hatta, it was the Audience Award winner at this year's Sundance Film Festival. In English. (1 hr. 30 min.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Sutton.*

Priest—A terrifically vital and surprisingly funny movie. It focuses on Father Greg (Linus Roache), who is both a sensual young man and a highly orthodox Catholic, and who expresses the satisfactions of the flesh as an inexpressible relief and an excruciating trial. But it's not only Greg's sexual desires but his moral instincts that are at war with church doctrine and his vocation. A forlorn teenage girl with a crumpled face tells him at confession that she's being abused by her father, which puts Greg in a dreadful position: His vows forbid him to violate the confessional, and so he hesitates to take action to save the girl—a reluctance he experiences as both a fulfillment of his priestly role and a betrayal of his Christian duty. Director Antonia Bird works broadly, at times too broadly (there's a show-offy opening scene). But then the movie settles down and takes hold; you feel tied to Greg's anxiety, his nausea, his moral impotence. (Denby; 4/17/95) (1 hr. 37 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

★Pulp Fiction—The most remarkable fact yet about this movie: It's grossed more than $100 million, a startling sum for any serious drama, much less one as edgy and violent as Quentin Tarantino's. Nothing like it since *Midnight Cowboy* . . . but that won Best Picture. (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Village East; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

A Pyromaniac's Love Story—The blurring between film and television continues (see also *Top Dog*) with this effort from director Joshua Brand, one of the creators of *Northern Exposure* (which is quietly being put out of its misery on Wednesday nights) and *I'll Fly Away* (which died too soon). The movie hopes to be a whimsical tale about a young man (John Leguizamo of Fox's *House of Buggin'*) desperate for money to woo a waitress but unwilling to burn down the pastry shop he works at so his boss can get the insurance money. The place burns down anyway, and for various reasons, Leguizamo, his boss, and the boss's wife all confess to lighting it. That only angers Garet (William Baldwin), who really *did* set the fire, so he kidnaps Leguizamo, and then it gets really complicated. (1 hr. 36 min.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 1; Sutton.*

Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker—In this Hong Kong feature set in China in the early 1900s, the female heir to a fireworks factory must suppress her feminine side, wear men's clothing, and learn the role of master to keep the family fortunes intact. She does so until a wandering artist senses her burning desire and woos the "Master" ardently and all too successfully for the comfort of those she is supposed to order around. Directed by He Ping. In Mandarin. (1 hr. 51 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*

Rob Roy—This Highlands swashbuckler is long and repetitive, and at times obscurely plotted—but if you long for glens and mist, and have never witnessed Liam Neeson's epic knees, you should probably go

Photograph by Alan Pappe/Gramercy Pictures.

see it. Director Michael Caton-Jones alternates between utter squareness and an earthy, mock-Shakespearean vitality. The hero and heroine (Neeson and Jessica Lange) remain true to one another, whereas the villains who try to destroy them are ornate, fey, and witty. Needless to say, one longs for the villains, especially for Tim Roth as a bastard expelled from England and seeking to gain his way in Scotland by public acts of obsequious flattery and private acts of utmost viciousness. The movie has its longueurs, but basically it's fine. With John Hurt and Eric Stoltz. (Denby; 4/24/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Village Theater VII; Chelsea; 34th St. Showplace; Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Search and Destroy—Based on the play by Howard Korder, which also featured Griffin Dunne, the film focuses on a down-and-outer (Dunne) who becomes desperate to turn the pulp novel written by a cable-TV guru into a feature film. Directed by the painter David Salle, it also stars Dennis Hopper, Christopher Walken, and John Turturro. (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center' Angelika 57.*

The Secret of Roan Inish—Young Fiona Coneelly comes to the Irish seaside to stay at her grandparents', where she hears the family legends and slowly watches them come to life; the hard part is convincing everyone else. A gentle tale of magical realism and storytelling by the usually acerbic director John Sayles. Cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Exceptionally well-reviewed. (1 hr. 42 min.; PG) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**Strawberry and Chocolate**— Tomáz Gutiérrez Alea's film is set mainly in an old Havana apartment building whose chipped and gnarled walls offer a nostalgic reminder of the old Spanish Baroque colonial city—sinfully decadent glories, out of place in the austerely functional Communist state. In this peculiar ruin, three characters who seem stranded from a Tennessee Williams play—a flamboyant and intelligent gay artist (Jorge Perrugoría), a retired prostitute (Mirta Ibarra), and a handsome young (male) virgin (Vladimir Cruz)—fall in and out of love and long for greater freedom. The movie doesn't have much of a story, but it's a touching plea for friendship, sex, and art. In Spanish. (Denby; 2/6/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Village East; Sutton.*

Stuart Saves His Family—But can he save the cinematic honor of *Saturday Night Live*? Al Franken takes his twelve-step alter ego to the big screen. (1 hr. 39 min.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th St.; 23rd St. West; Embassy 2–4; Tower East.*

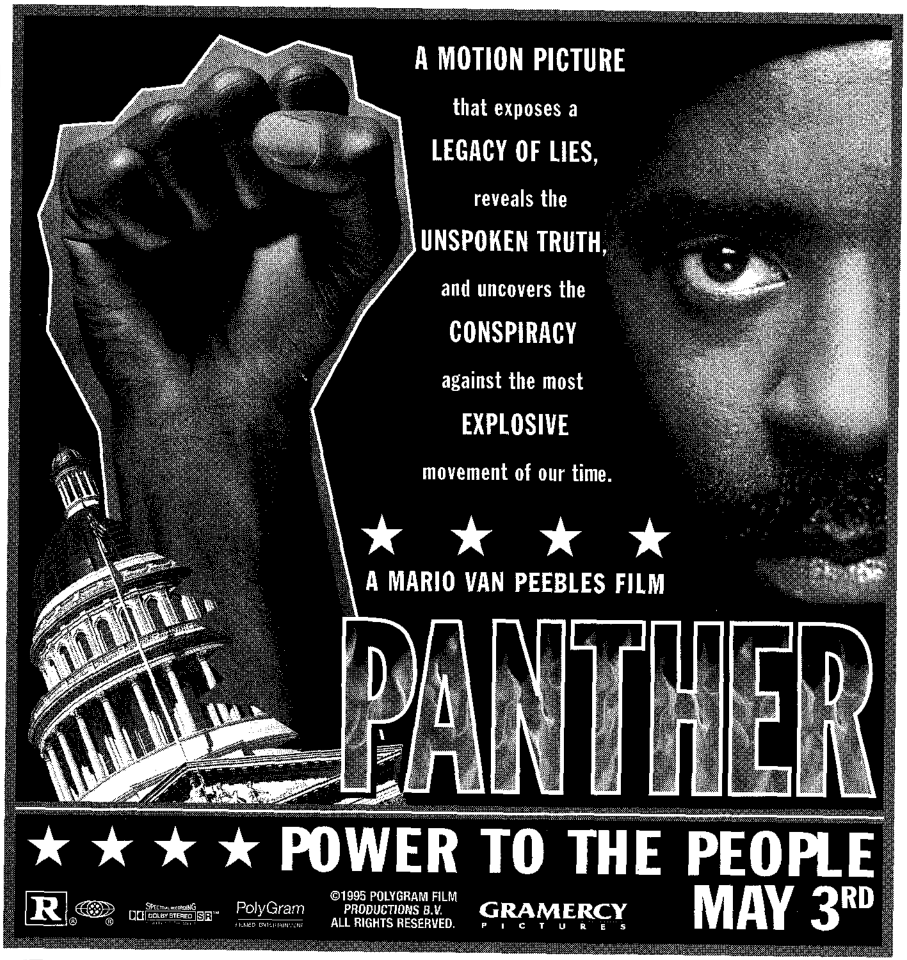
Tommy Boy—Chris Farley must save the family business by outsmarting Rob Lowe and Bo Derek. Hmmm. Too close to call? (1 hr. 36 min.; PG) *Village Theater VII; 23rd St. West Triplex; New York Twin; 84th St. Six.*

Top Dog—Chuck Norris—who *owns* Saturday night with his TV series *Walker, Texas Ranger*—leaps back onto the big screen with another cop-and-his-dog movie, a genre that had a brief vogue years ago (Tom Hanks in *Turner & Hooch;* Jim Belushi in *K-9*). Has anyone been waiting for its return? Directed by his son, Aaron. (1 hr. 25 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

True Believers—Subtitled *The Musical Family of Rounder Records,* this is a concert/interview documentary focusing on the diverse roster of the 25-year-old independent label, which includes folk singer Bill Morrissey, Irma Thomas, Marcia Ball, and bluegrass bright light Alison Krauss. Directed by Robert Mugge. (1 hr. 26 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Underneath—It took Steven Soderbergh eight days to write the screenplay for his phenomenally successful first film, *sex, lies and videotape.* So why in God's name won't he write another one? Since *sex,* he's helmed the problematic *Kafka,* the nicely done Depression-era drama *King of the Hill,* and now this *noir*-ish tale of a gambling addict (Peter Gallagher) who returns to town only to find that his former girlfriend—whom he abandoned when the debts piled too high—has shacked up with a local hood. Gallagher's character is interestingly drawn and the screenplay is nicely fractured. But the story ultimately devolves into another tale of a bank heist and how you just can't trust the people you rob with anymore. Adroitly handled by Soderbergh, so get back to the word processor. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Village Theater VII; Lincoln Square*

Village of the Damned—John Carpenter's remake of a town troubled by the appearance of demonic offspring—and who wouldn't be? Starring Christo-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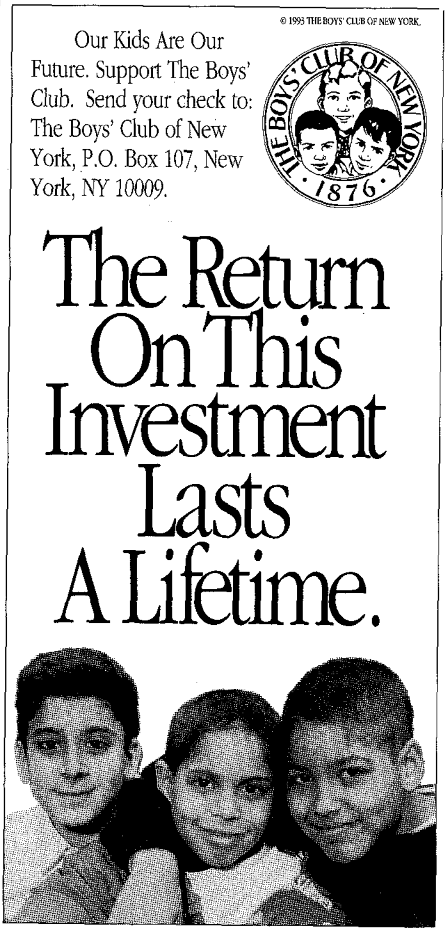
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pher Reeve and Kirstie Alley. (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; National Twin; 86th St.; Metro Cinema.*

While You Were Sleeping—Sandra Bullock speeds up her career with this leading role as a lonely young woman who pines away for a man (Peter Gallagher) who always passes through her turnstile when going to work. He's attacked by hooligans and tossed onto the tracks, where she rescues him . . . but not before he slips into a coma. His grateful family somehow believes she is the man's fiancee and takes her to their bosom, which she feels guilty but wonderful about—until she finds herself attracted to her "fiancée" 's wonderful, down-to-earth brother (Bill Pullman, who doesn't have to play a hapless schmo for a change). Very confusing, though not very funny or romantic. Still, mildly enjoyable when it isn't sinking to sitcom humor. Directed by Jon Turteltaub. (1 hr. 40 min.; PG) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. east; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th St.; 86th St. East; Lincoln Square.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Once Were Warriors; The Madness of King George; The Secret of Roan Inish; Amateur; Exotica; Priest.* Opening 4/28: *Picture Bride; Search and Destroy.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *The Cure; Bullets Over Broadway; The Pebble and the Penguin.* Opening 4/28: *Village of Damned.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Bulletproof Heart.* Opening 4/28: *True Believers.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Crumb.* Through 4/25: *Fun.* Opening 4/26: *Moving the Mountain.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) *Gorilla Bathes at Noon.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Tank Girl; Jury Duty; New Jersey Drive; Stuart Saves His Family.* Opening 4/26: *Friday.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Burnt by the Sun; Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker; Bar Girls; Clean, Shaven.* Opening 4/28: *The Day the Sun Turned Cold.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *The Basketball Diaries; While You Were Sleeping; Strawberry and Chocolate; Pulp Fiction; Muriel's Wedding; Farinelli; The Last Seduction; A Goofy Movie.* Opening 4/28: *A Pyromaniac's Love Story.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Bad Boys; Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; Dolores Claiborne; Outbreak; Tommy Boy; Swimming With Sharks.* Opening 4/28: *The Underneath.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Kiss of Death; Circle of Friends.* Opening 4/28: *Top Dog.*

14th–41st Streets

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Kiss of Death; The Cure; Bad Boys; Dolores Claiborne; Priest; Major Payne; Rob Roy.* Opening 4/28: *Village of the Damned; A Pyromaniac's Love Story; Top Dog.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Kiss of Death; Don Juan DeMarco; Jury Duty; While You Were Sleeping.*

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Basketball Diaries; While You Were Sleeping; Circle of Friends; New Jersey Drive; Don Juan DeMarco; Jury Duty.* Opening 4/26: *Friday.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Hoop Dreams; Tommy Boy; A Goofy Movie; The Pebble and the Penguin; Stuart Saves His Family.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Dolores Claiborne.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Rob Roy; Outbreak; Bad Boys.*

42nd–60th Streets

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Blessing.* Opening 4/28: *Search and Destroy.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *New Jersey Drive.*

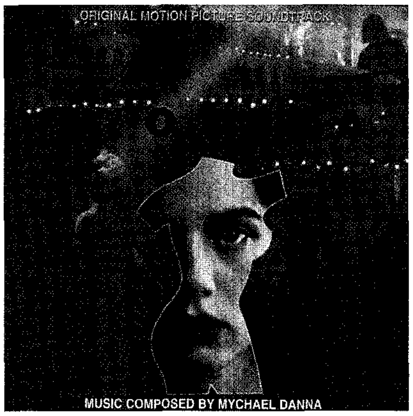
Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Circle of Friends; Dolores Claiborne.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Swimming With Sharks; Bar Girls.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *While You Were Sleeping; Priest; Don Juan DeMarco.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Red.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *The Basketball Diaries; Kiss of Death; Don Juan DeMarco; Dolores Claiborne; Outbreak; Tank Girl; Jury Duty; The Pebble and the Penguin.* Opening 4/26: *Friday.*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MUSIC COMPOSED BY MYCHAEL DANNA

CD When Paul Verhoeven releases the all-but-X-rated *Showgirls* in the fall, chances are the lap-dancing scenes will be ham-fistedly gritty. Far subtler is *Exotica,* in which the dance scenes are set to a haunting, Indian-flavored score by Mychael Danna that makes the naughtiness onscreen seem almost spiritual. (Varèse Sarabande; $16.98.)

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *The Basketball Diaries.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Burnt by the Sun.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *A Goofy Movie.* Opening 4/28: *A Pyromaniac's Love Story.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Pulp Fiction; Losing Isaiah; Exotica; Stuart Saves His Family.*

57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360) *Exotica.*

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Jury Duty.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *While You Were Sleeping.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Losing Isaiah; The Brady Bunch Movie; Tank Girl; The Pebble and the Penguin.* Opening 4/28: *Top Dog.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Kiss of Death; New Jersey Drive; Major Payne; Bad Boys; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Jury Duty.* Opening 4/26: *Friday.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Bad Boys.* Opening 4/28: *Village of the Damned.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Jefferson in Paris.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Immortal Beloved.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Strawberry and Chocolate; A Goofy Movie.* Opening 4/28: *Picture Bride; A Pyromaniac's Love Story.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Immortal Beloved; I.Q.; Murder in the First; Boys on the Side; Dumb and Dumber; The Sum of Us.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Rob Roy.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Rob Roy.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Kiss of Death; Dolores Claiborne; The Pebble and the Penguin.* Opening 4/28: *Village of the Damned.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Muriel's Wedding; A Goofy Movie; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 4/26: *Friday.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Pulp Fiction; The Madness of King George; Muriel's Wedding; Kiss of Death; The Cure.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Bad Boys; Born to be Wild; Forrest Gump.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Tommy Boy; Outbreak.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *The Basketball Diaries; New Jersey Drive; Bad Boys; Outbreak; Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; Jury Duty.* Opening 4/28: *Top Dog.*

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *The Last Good Time.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Stuart Saves His Family.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Cure.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *New Jersey Drive; Bad Boys; Circle of Friends; Tommy Boy; Jury Duty.* Opening 4/26: *Friday; Top Dog.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Burnt by the Sun; Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker; The Madness of King George; Before the Rain; Muriel's Wedding; Aparajito.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Amateur; The Basketball Diaries; Kiss of Death; Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; Dolores Claiborne; Outbreak; Farinelli; Priest; The Pebble and the Penguin; A Goofy Movie; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 4/28: *The Underneath.* Imax: *Wings of Courage; Into the Deep.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Rob Roy; Outbreak.* Opening 4/28: *Village of the Damned.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Kiss of Death; New Jersey Drive; Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *New Jersey Drive; Bad Boys.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Kiss of Death; Major Payne.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *The Cure.*

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Pather Panchali.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *While You Were Sleeping; Kiss of Death; New Jersey Drive; Rob Roy; Bad Boys; Jury Duty; Major Payne; Dolores Claiborne; A Goofy Movie Outbreak.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *While You Were Sleeping; New Jersey Drive; Kiss of Death; Rob Roy; Major Payne; Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie; Jury Duty.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Kiss of Death; Rob Roy; Jury Duty; Bad Boys.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Kiss of Death; While You Were Sleeping.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *While You Were Sleeping; New Jersey Drive; Kiss of Death; Rob Roy; Bad Boys; Don Juan DeMarco; A Goofy Movie; Outbreak; Major Payne; Tommy Boy; Jury Duty.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *While You Were Sleeping; Kiss of Death; The Cure; Muriel's Wedding; Rob Roy; Don Juan; Jury Duty; Goofy.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Don Juan DeMarco; Kiss of Death.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Bad Boys; Kiss of Death; A Goofy Movie.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *While You Were Sleeping; Circle of Friends; Rob Roy; Jefferson in Paris; Dolores Claiborne; A Goofy Movie.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *New Jersey Drive; Bad Boys.* Opening 4/28: *Friday; Top Dog.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *The Basketball Diaries; New Jersey Drive; Friday; Pulp Fiction; Bad Boys; Stuart Saves His Family.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *New Jersey Drive; Friday; Bad Boys; Payne; Goofy.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *The Basketball Diaries; Kiss of Death; Bad Boys.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Kiss of Death; Friday; Bad Boys; Major Payne; Outbreak; A Goofy Movie.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *While You Were Sleeping; New Jersey Drive; Rob Roy; Jury Duty.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Bad Boys; The Cure; Kiss of Death; Jury Duty.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *New Jersey Drive; Friday; Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie; Major Payne.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Kiss of Death; Jefferson in Paris; Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; Outbreak; Circle of Friends; Tommy Boy; Dolores Claiborne; Jury Duty; Stuart Saves His Family* .

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Bad Boys; Don Juan; Brady Bunch; Pulp Fiction.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Kiss of Death; New Jersey Drive; Bad Boys; Rob Roy; A Goofy Movie.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Kiss of Death; New Jersey Drive; Bad Boys; Tommy Boy; Jury Duty.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *The Basketball Diaries; While You Were Sleeping; Kiss of Death; Jefferson in Paris; Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie; Outbreak.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Kiss of Death; A Goofy Movie; Bad Boys.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Jefferson in Paris; Bad Boys; Jury Duty; Goofy; Tommy Boy; Stuart Saves His Family.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Muriel's Wedding; Tommy Boy; A Goofy Movie.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; The Cure.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *New Jersey Drive; Bad Boys.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Kiss of Death; While You Were Sleeping; Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; A Goofy Movie; Tommy Boy; Jury Duty; Stuart Saves His Family.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *The Basketball Diaries; New Jersey Drive; Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie; Stuart Saves His Family.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Jefferson in Paris; Dolores Claiborne.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *While You Were Sleeping; Kiss of Death; The Cure; Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; Dolores Claiborne; Outbreak.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie; New Jersey Drive.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Kiss of Death; Forrest Gump; Tommy Boy; Outbreak.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Kiss of Death; Circle of Friends; Jury Duty; Payne; Outbreak.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; The Cure; Tommy Boy.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *The Basketball Diaries; While You Were Sleeping; Kiss of Death; Rob Roy; Circle of Friends; Dolores Claiborne; Jury Duty.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Muriel's Wedding; Bye Bye, Love; Mina Tannenbaum.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Bad Boys; Kiss of Death.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Kiss of Death; Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie; Stuart Saves His Family; Jury Duty.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Bad Boys; Kiss of Death.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *While You Were Sleeping.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *While You Were Sleeping; Kiss of Death; Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; Tommy Boy; A Goofy Movie; Jury Duty.* Opening 4/28: *Village of the Damned; Top Dog.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *The Basketball Diaries; Kiss of Death; Bad Boys; Don Juan DeMarco; Tommy Boy.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *While You Were Sleeping; Kiss of Death; The Cure; Rob Roy; Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie; Outbreak; Dolores Claiborne; Tommy Boy; Circle of Friends; Stuart Saves His Family; Jury Duty.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—4/29–5/28: "The Films of Nicholas Ray." Tied to the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of *Rebel Without a Cause* (see Film Forum), this is a fifteen-film look at the left-leaning, socially awkward, misfit cinema of a director who walked away from Hollywood after an interestingly eclectic career. 4/29 and 4/30: *They Live by Night* (1948); *In a Lonely Place* (1950); *The High Green Wall* (1954). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—4/27: Video art from U.S. and Spain; Carl Dreyer's *Ordet* (1955). 4/28–4/29: sections of Bruce Elder's *The Book of All the Dead*. 4/28: Eisenstein's *Stachka* (1925). 4/29: Lee Doo-yong's *Eunuch* (1987); Godard's *Breathless* (1959); Eisenstein's *Potemkin* (1925). 4/30: Lee Doo-yong's *The Way to Chongsong* (1990); Frampton's *Zorns Lemma* (1970); Eisenstein's *October* (1928). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Film Forum—Through 4/27: *A Matter of Life and Death* (1946). 4/28–5/11: *Rebel Without a Cause* (1955). Hokey in its earnestness, dated in its "blame everything on the parents" message (a mantra effectively repeated in *The Breakfast Club*), and melodramatic to the core, *Rebel* is still a classic. (See also the American Museum of the Moving Image.) 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—4/27 at 7 and 9: "Jazz on Film: Focus on Duke Ellington." A special compilation of clips and shorts featuring Ellington. 4/29 and 4/30: "Golden Silents." Piano accompaniment by Curtis Salke to *Man, Woman, and Sin* (1927) on 4/29 and *The Cheat* (1915) on 4/30. Through 5/4: "A Promise, A Dream . . . Films of the Glasnost Era." Highlights include: *Personal File of Anna Akhmatova* (1990) on 4/19 and 4/20. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.50.

German Film Club—4/29 at 3: *Ladies Quartet* (1965). Zion–St. Mark's Church, 339 E. 84th St. (369-7114); $4.

Japan Society—Through 6/30: "Japanese Film in War and Peace." This collection of thirteen dramas and documentaries explores Japan's perspective on the war and its aftermath. 4/28: *Tokyo Trial* Part II (1983). 4/29: *Children of Hiroshima* (1952). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—Through 5/4: "The Films of Barbet Schroeder." 4/26 and 4/27: *More* (1969). 4/28 and 5/2: *Single White Female* (1992). 4/29 and 4/30: *Barfly* (1987). 5/3: *La Vallee* (1972). 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 5/14: "The Films of Marguerite Duras." 4/28: *La Navire Night* (1979). 4/28 and 4/29: Numerous shorts, including 1993's *The Death of a Young English Aviator.* 4/30: *Nathalie Granger* (1972) and *Moderato cantabile* (1960). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

9th Annual Best Film Shorts/Columbia University—4/29 at 7: A screening of the twelve faculty-selected shorts by Columbia students, with director Paul Schrader on hand to hand out awards to the top three. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $12.*

Retrospective

Celluloid Juke Joint

Long before MTV, recording stars like Duke Ellington (pictured, above right, in 'Cabin in the Sky') defined the swinging, sophisticated style of the day by performing musical cameos of their latest numbers in movies and short films. A compilation of rare Ellington clips is presented by his son Mercer at Lincoln Center on April 27. Tickets are $10; call 721-6500.

Big *Mouth*...Time Warp...Giant Steps

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Hamlet—O what a rogue and peasant slave is he—Ralph Fiennes (*Schindler's List, Quiz Show*), that is, currently demonstrating his considered approach to the Mount Everest of acting assignments. This production originated at London's Almeida Theater; it opens 5/2 for a limited run of 110 performances that ends July 22. $20–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

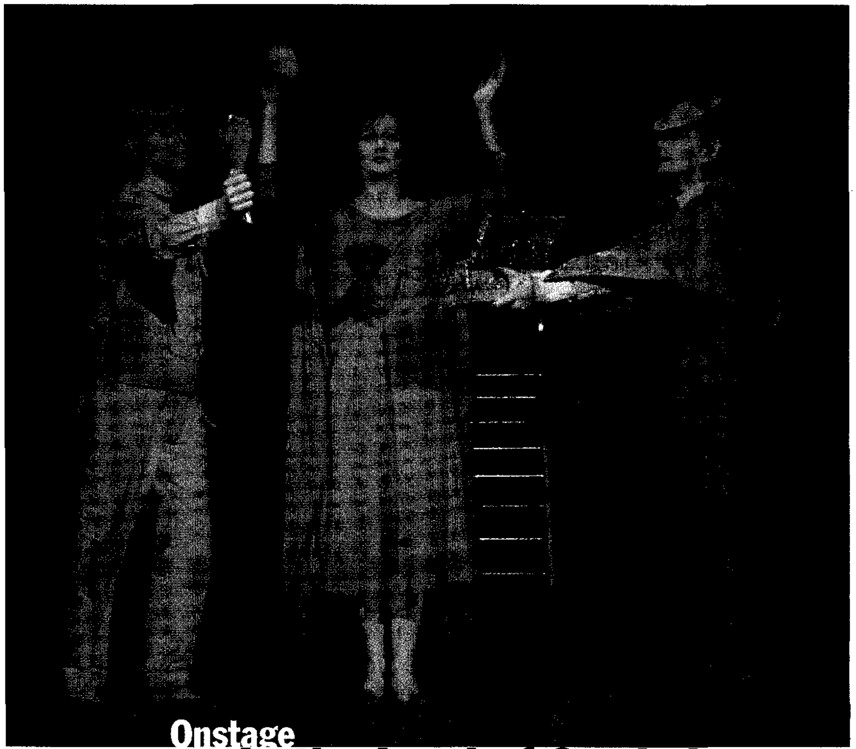
Indiscretions—Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles," a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. Opens 4/27. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Month in the Country—Helen Mirren, Ron Rifkin, and F. Murray Abraham star in Turgenev's classic nineteenth-century study of—to quote Goncharov's *Oblamov*—the Superfluous Russian Aristocrat. Opens 4/25. $50. Tues.–Sat at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Theater, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

My Thing of Love—Laurie Metcalf (*Roseanne*) stars in Alexandra Gersten's drama about the splendors and miseries of married life. $20–$45. Opens 5/3. Through 5/7, Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; beginning 5/8, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.



Onstage

In the Land of Symbols

Like Henrik Ibsen and Tennessee Williams, Luigi Pirandello moved in his later works toward an increasingly esoteric personal mythology. For five performances only (4/26–4/30) at the Brooklyn Academy of Music Opera House, Giorgio Strehler's Il Piccolo Teatro di Milano—in its first visit to the New York City in more than forty years–plays The Mountain Giants, Pirandello's last, posthumously published script about a group of traveling players that meets a mysterious race of giants.

On the Waterfront—Ron Eldard, in the Marlon Brando role—the one in which he coulda been a contenda—and Penelope Ann Miller, reprising Eva Marie Saint, in a new stage adaptation of Budd Schulberg's damning 1954 film portrait of corruption on the New York City docks. Opens 5/1. $37.50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100). 2hrs. 20 mins.*

The Rose Tattoo—The play that marks the beginning of Tennessee Williams's Exotic Symbolist phase. Serafina, a devout Sicilian-American widow living on the Gulf Coast, is full of sexual passion that's been suppressed in deference to memories of her late husband—until the arrival, that is, of the lusty truck driver Mangiacavallo, who reawakens that old Life Force. With Mercedes Ruehl (in the role originally written for Anna Magnani) and Anthony LaPaglia; directed by Robert Falls. $45. Opens 5/2. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier Award–winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. "Stupendous, and sometimes, I'm afraid, stupefying. Stoppard's cleverness engenders its own problems. There are all kinds of parallels and divergences between the "old" story and the "new"; also some curious misreadings of the past by the present-day researchers, which contrast with the true story as we see it unfurl. And the way past and present—even if only figuratively—finally intermingle, is almost fiendishly crafty But in the end, Stoppard—who never went to university and has an autodidact's infatuation with his homemade erudition—overdoes it." (Simon; 4/10/95.) $37.50–$42.50. Tues–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. With Helen Reddy stepping into shoes previously filled by Carole King and Petula Clark. $45–$65; closes 4/30. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy*, about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark

Photograph by Luigi Ciminaghi.

Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Damn Yankees—A fading boy of summer sells his soul to the Devil for a second chance at playing professional baseball in this revival of the 1955 musical based on Douglass Wallop's best-seller; the show recently reopened after a two-month hiatus, with Jerry Lewis replacing Victor Garber in the latter role. "For the first few minutes, Lewis cuts a reasonably saturnine figure with a glum petulance about him that doesn't displease. But he's a comic whose trademark shtick consists of reverting, sometimes predictably, sometimes arbitrarily, to spoiled, jeering, sarcastic brathood. At these moments, the fans go wild, the rest of us merely numb. Although the old faithfuls, led by Linda Stephens, Jarrod Emick, and Dick Latessa, have as much heart as ever, there are certain theatrical events an adult can enjoy only if he brings a child to the show. To enjoy Jerry Lewis, you may have to bring along a Frenchman." (Simon; 3/27/95) $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/3/94. *Marquis Theater, 1555 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $39.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial* CAVEMAN*). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—Anita Loos's Jazz Age fable of high times among New York's smart set in the twenties, as seen through the eyes of a wide-eyed (but hardly naïve) golddigger. K. T. Sullivan is Lorelei Lee, the girl with the best-known best friend (Diamonds) in musical comedy. This production, directed by Charles Repole, originated last summer at the Goodspeed Opera House; Tony Randall's National Actors' Theatre is its New York sponsor. $20–$60; students with valid I.D., $10. Through 5/14. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lyceum Theatre, 145 W. 45th St. (239-6280).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy, rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. For the period 4/17–5/28, scheduling as follows: dark Mon. and Tues., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Philip Bosco (until 4/25, when he's replaced by Donald Moffat), Cherry Jones, Frances Sternhagen, and Jon Tenney; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. Gradual turnover for this long-running drama has finally subsided, with the current cast including Nicholas Woodeson, Roy Cooper, Maxwell Caulfield (!), Siân Phillips, Harry Carnahan, and Susannah Hoffman. $45–$55. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

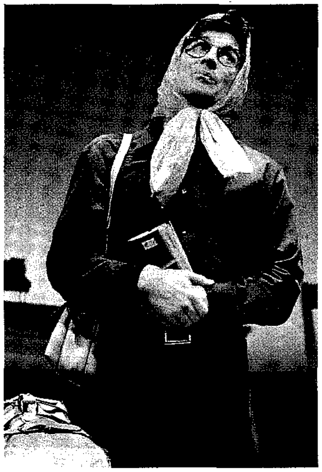
Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Talent

One-man Acting Troupe

James Lecesne likes to kvetch: "The Oscar goes to the *producer,*" he says in mock anguish, referring to *Trevor,* a film (based on a character in his one-man show *Word of Mouth*) that won this year's Academy Award for Best Live Action Short. But Lecesne knows he has no real reason to complain. After years of performing and refining Trevor, the gay teenager who attempts suicide, as well as the Georgia housewife who rushes around the globe whenever the Virgin Mary is sighted, and the other eccentrics in *Word of Mouth,* he's just opened a new production of it at the Promenade on Sundays and Mondays (call 580-1313), with the added credibility factor of counting Mike Nichols and Elaine May among its producers. Then, as if that weren't enough to keep one guy happy, on April 27 *Extraordinary Measures* begins previews (Call 647-0202). While not strictly a one-man show (three singers hover onstage), it features Lecesne as Paul—a man in the hospital near death—*and* as all the people who come to visit. "Nine shows a week. This could be the theater Olympics, as far as I'm concerned," he jokes. The next hurdle would appear to be script development in Hollywood. "Somebody came to me with an idea that I may end up writing. And some people have met me and asked if I'd be interested in writing something and that they'd be interested in reading it. It's sort of dating, Hollywood style."

Michael Giltz



Kiss of the Spider Woman—Based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Maria Conchita Alonso recently stepped into the title role, filling the (big) shoes of Chita Rivera and Vanessa Williams. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $37.50–$70. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently supplanted *Fiddler on the Roof* as the sixth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Mario Cantone, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heart-breakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. $29.50–$67.50; top price for all shows other than

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Sun. matinee, Fri., and Sat. is $49.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94) $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Performance Kamikaze Comics

The Winds of God, a new Japanese play about two contemporary comedians who emerge from a time warp to find themselves reborn as kamikaze pilots, visits the U.N.'s Dag Hammarskjold Theatre, First Avenue at 42nd Street, on April 25. For tickets—free but limited—call 906-6292.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories is reopening a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5., Sun. at 3. Begins previews 5/2 for a 5/16 opening. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Dog Opera—Having survived high school, Catholicism, and Queens (the borough) together, Peter and Madeline search for romances as good as their friendship. Constance Congdon's play is directed by Gerald Gutierrez, currently represented uptown by *The Heiress*. Opens 4/27. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Public Theater (Martinson), 425 Lafayette (260-2400).*

Fragments From Three Sisters, a Work in Progress—Richard Schechner, looking for a new take on—as they say in Moscow—what those Prozorovs have been doing since we saw them last, has come up with an interesting technical conceit to reflect on the title characters' wistful speculations about the future in Chekhov's *Three Sisters*. The first act is set in the playwright's original Russian provinces; the second, à la Meyerhold, in the 1920s Soviet Union; the third in a Siberian labor camp; and the fourth in contemporary New York. Acts One and Two are performed on Wed. and Fri.; Acts Three and Four on Thurs. and Sat., all at 8. $12 for one night, $20 for both. Through 4/30. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

A Language of Their Own—B. D. Wong stars in a new play by Singaporean writer Chay Yew, in which the private codes that develop between friends and lovers become windows into the relationships of four young men. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Night and Her Stars—Playwright Richard Greenberg's take on the TV-quiz-show scandals of the fifties, just in case you were wondering, had its premiere at South Coast Repertory last season, months before the opening of Robert Redford's film. This Manhattan Theater Club production, presented at the American Place Theatre, stars John Slattery as Charles Van Doren; also with, among others, Patrick Breen, Keith Charles, and Peter Frechette. Directed by David Warren. $40. Opens 4/26. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Police Boys—In the course of interrogating a teenage gang member suspected of rape and murder, a group of macho big-city cops inadvertently stumbles across some uncomfortable truths about their own lives. Marion McClinton's drama is directed by Donald Douglass. $35. In previews for a 5/14 opening. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Wilder Theater, Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Phaedra—A contemporary adaptation of Euripides' tragedy by Elizabeth Egloff. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Shabbatai—An intriguing, to say the least, subject for a Jewish-themed musical comedy: the story of Shabbatai Zvi, the seventeenth-century religious madman who convinced thousands of Ottoman Empire Jews that he, the Messiah, had at last arrived on earth. *Milk and Honey*, in other words, it isn't. Book, music, and lyrics by Michael Schubert and Michael Edwin; directed by John. F. Znidarsic. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7, plus special performances 5/3, 5/13, and 5/20 at 2. Opens 5/6. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (663-9797).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern WASPism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor a of a small dog. With Blythe Danner, Charles Kimbrough (*Murphy Brown*), Sarah Jessica Parker, and Derek Smith; directed by John Tillinger. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Begins previews 5/2 for a 5/23 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Now Playing

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Camping With Henry and Tom—Robert Prosky, Ken Howard, and John Cunningham as Thomas Edison, Warren G. Harding, and Henry Ford in Mark St. Germain's fantasy of what the conversation might have been like on a celebrated series of camping trips shared by those three pillars of the new American century in the early 1900s. With costumes by last year's Tony winner Ann Hould-Ward (*Beauty and the Beast*), which is itself reason enough to buy a ticket. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (Abridged)—105 minutes. Everything. Yow. Performed, briskly, by Christopher Duva, Peter Jacobson, and Jon Patrick Walker, taking over from an earlier production at Serious Fun! in 1993. Until 4/17, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3; after that date, Sat. shows change to 6 and 9, a Mon. show is added at 8, and everything's dark on Thurs. $35 Tues.–Thurs.; $37.50 weekends. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

The Cryptogram—The newest play by David Mamet is set in a middle-class living room, where unsettling revelations reveal the fragility of love. "Mamet is up—or down—to his usual verbal games. The form is dramatic fetishism: fussy, boring monologues that, merely because they occasionally connect—and not even connect so much as encroach on one another—pretend to be dialogue. It's really about Mamet's infatuation with himself: He is the man who mistook the hat he was talking through for his muse." (Simon; 4/24/95.) With Ed Begley Jr., Felicity Huffman, and Shelton Dane. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Dancing on Moonlight—A play by Keith Glover about growing up in Harlem in the fifties. Terry Alexander, Anna Maria Horsford, and Andre De Shields share star billing with an original score by Max Roach. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 4/30. *The Public Theater (Anspacher), 475 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Ecstasy—The director Mike Leigh, whose international reputation is based on films (*Naked, Life is Sweet*) about English working-class families and lost souls looking for a little cheerfulness in tough times, is equally well known at home as the writer of stage plays mining a similar sociopolitical vein. In the New Group's production of this 1979 script, a young woman fends off loneliness and an abusive boyfriend, less depressingly than you might expect. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. 5/7 at 3; Sun. 4/30 and 5/14 at 7. Through

5/14. *John Houseman Studio Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (924-0077).*

The Family Business—A comedy about deterioration, both professional and personal. $22–$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8:30, Sun. at 3. *New York Theater Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (302-6989).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$45, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Incommunicado—A civilized and sophisticated play about Ezra Pound, written by Tom Dulack with economy, elegance, and no small eloquence. (Simon; 4/4/95.) With Tom Aldredge as Pound; directed by Richard Corley. $23; students/seniors $18. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 8/18/94. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

London Suite—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite,* has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale,* on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

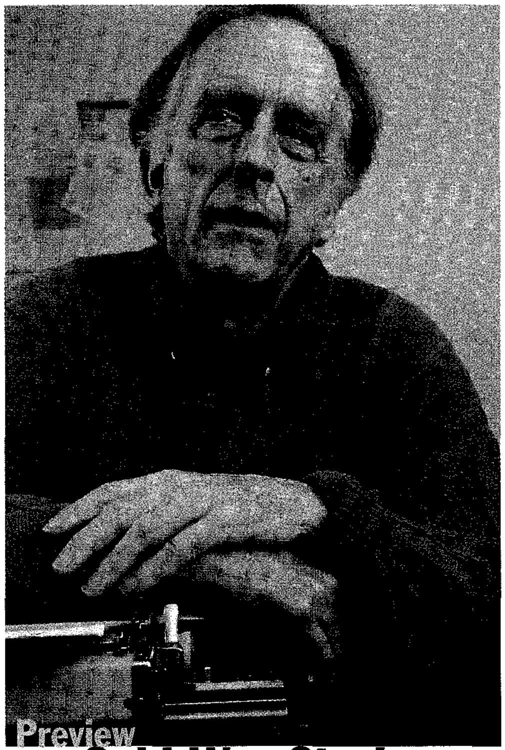
Mrs. Warren's Profession—A daughter and mother come to know each other for the first time in the Pearl Theatre Company's production of George Bernard Shaw's groundbreaking (1902) look at the then-radical notion that women might have something to say about their place in society. Directed by Alex Dmitriev. $20–25. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Wed. and Sun. at 2; Sat at 5 and 9. Through 5/7. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Pl. (598-9802).*

Party—Truth-or-dare hijinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-4321).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written and performed by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's "Frasier." $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*


Preview

Cold-War Stories

In Yugoslav playwright Dusan Kovacevic's 'The Professional,' retired secret-police officer Fritz Weaver offers the publisher he's kept tabs on for decades a series of short stories about a political insurgent strongly resembling the publisher himself. At Circle Rep beginning April 28.

Awards

Lucille Lortel's 1955 production of *The Threepenny Opera* at the Theatre de Lys—or, as it's now known, the Lucille Lortel—is credited by theater historians with establishing Off Broadway as a viable alternative to its establishment cousin. Forty years later (Monday, to be exact), the "Queen of Off Broadway"returns there to preside over the ninth annual Lucille Lortel Awards for outstanding theatrical achievement.

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butleroff. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Three Viewings—Jeffrey Hatcher's play about graveside regrets. "Finally, what we have all been waiting for: a new, true, idiosyncratic voice in the theater. Someone who has poetry in his language, wit and pathos in his characterization, and sees the overarching whole as clearly as the telltale detail. Who has that slightly skewed vision with which to see around the corners against which lesser visions bang and knock themselves silly. Who can construct patterns out of his wild imagination and make life conform to them—and, more amazing, make us concur in them. And what performances from Buck Henry, Penny Fuller, and Margaret Whitton! *Three Viewings* is essential viewing." (Simon; 4/17/95.) $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3; Through 4/30. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*; then a reception at *147 Waverly Place,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Travels With My Aunt—Brian Murray and Jim Dale (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knockabout stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. $27.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

Chikamatsu's Forest—In Edward Sakamoto's stage fantasy, a famous Japanese playwright finds himself doing battle with his own imagination, which turns out to include Samurai warriors, Bunraku puppets, fairy-tale characters, and the odd Kabuki superstar. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3, special Sun. mat. 5/6 at 2. *30th Street Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (332-0278.)*

Goose and Tomtom—The first (1982) staging of this dark fantasy by David Rabe at the Public Theater was disavowed by the author, and the play has only been seen once since, in a five-performance Lincoln Center workshop featuring Madonna and Sean Penn(!). This Madonna-free version, with Rabe's blessing, is produced by Willow Cabin Theatre. $15. Through 4/30. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *28th Street Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (886-1889)*

Happy End—In Bertolt Brecht's fantasy Chicago (based on the Hollywood gangster movies he grew up with in Germany), tough Edward G. Robinson-style guys illustrate the corruption of capitalist society by sporting machine guns, smoking cigars, and singing Kurt Weill's jagged, lovely songs. $8 is the suggested donation; through 5/14. Thur.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *T. Schreiber Studio, 83 E. 4th St. (420-1249).*

Juilliard Spring Repertory—The Drama Division's 1995 graduating class presents, successively, David Rudkin's *Ashes* (4/27 and 28 at 8, 4/29 and 30 at 2); and *She Stoops To Conquer* (5/4–6 at 8, 5/6 at 2). All performances $10; TDF accepted. *Juilliard Drama Theater, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza (769-7406)*

The Players Club—The response of Premium Bob, a comedy team a.k.a. Paul Boocock and David Latham, to the Republican Contract With America. Sat. at 10:30, through 5/20. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Richard III—The play by Shakespeare, in a production by the Salamander Repertory Theatre. $12; TDF accepted. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/14. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Secret Sits in the Middle—In this new comedy-drama by Lisa-Maria Radano, who has also written for "The Tracy Ullman Show," an expectant Brooklyn mom struggles with the emotional, financial, and personal issues raised by pregnancy. $12. 4/26–4/29, 5/2–5/6 at 8. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl. (604-4807).*

The Swamp Dwellers—A folk drama by the Nobel Prize–winning Nigerian writer Wole Soyinka about political turmoil in Africa and that continent's efforts to reconcile tradition with modernity. The Africa Arts Theater Company production is directed by Patricia Floyd. $12, $10 seniors/students; TDF accepted. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3; additional performance Sat., 4/29, at 2. Through 4/30. 238th Street Theater, 9203).

Photographs: top, Gerry Goodstein; bottom, I.L. Boston.

art

Samm Kunce...Gary Simmons

Openings

Alfredo Jaar's response to the genocide in Rwanda is this somber installation of black archival boxes arranged in rows, stacks, and grids, each of which contains an eight-by-ten-inch Cibachrome that cannot be seen but is described on the box's exterior, and a related audio-visual presentation titled *Rwanda* that will be shown on Saturdays at 4:30; 4/27–6/16. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Jessica Gandolf/Sally Webster—Oil portraits of baseball players and other athletes based on early photographic portraits./Paintings, drawings, and photographs. Through 5/26. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Arshile Gorky—Drawings from the thirties that trace the artist's transition from figuration to Abstract Expressionism; through 5/26. Mazoh, 67 E. 93rd St. (289-0606).

Ray Johnson—A memorial exhibition of collages and mail art from the fifties through the late eighties, including works on loan from Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Jasper Johns, the Warhol Foundation, others; 4/27–6/16. Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. (628-0700).

Tomie Ohtake—An exhibition of large-scale abstract paintings celebrating the 80th birthday of this Japanese-born artist who is a leading figure in post-war Brazilian art; 4/26–6/30. Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (249-8950).

Peter Paul Rubens—Paintings and oil sketches on religious and mythological themes and portraits by the Flemish master (1577–1640); through 5/19. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Esteban Vicente—Abstract paintings and drawings from the past two years by this 92-year-old New York School artist; through 5/13. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (744-2300).

57th Street Area

Josef Albers—Paintings and works on paper from the Josef and Anni Albers Foundation; through 6/2. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Giorgio Cavallon—Sketchbooks, diaries, travel logs, photographs, and personal correspondence of the Abstract Expressionist painter (1904–1989); through 6/30. Archives of American Art, 1285 Ave. of the Americas (399-5015).

Burgoyne Diller/Charles Seliger—Paintings, drawings, and constructions from 1935 through 1963 by this abstract artist who is considered a forefather of the sixties Minimalist movement./Small-scale paintings and watercolors from the forties and the nineties that illustrate the artist's lifelong exploration of organic abstraction. Through 6/3. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Philip Geiger—Though the artist is using a brighter palette than in earlier works and mingling light from both natural and artificial sources, these new paintings continue to depict figures involved in enigmatic activities; though 5/26. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Lawrence Gipe—The artist's latest paintings of industrial landscapes and bucolic rural scenes are based on "approved images," or photographs that passed the ideological restrictions of Nazi censorship and later appeared in the publication *Das Deutsche Lichtbild*, the German annual of fine art photography, during the years 1934 to 1939; through 5/27. Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Duane Hanson—Seven new hyper-realist sculptures of figures, including the "Flea Market Lady," the "Policeman," the "Florida Couple," and the "Photographer"; through 5/10. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (57th St.

Laurie Hogin/Timothy Hawkesworth—Paintings of animals dressed in human clothing that draw on eighteenth- and nineteenth-century traditions./Large-scale graphite drawings of figures that are built up of reiterated lines and erasures. Through 5/8. Littlejohn/Sternau, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

John Heliker—Paintings and works on paper from the past five decades, from his late forties architectonic Italian subjects, to his nearly abstract scenes of Maine from the sixties, to his more recent lyrical landscapes; through 5/6. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Ida Kohlmeyer—Recent abstract paintings and painted aluminum sculptures; through 5/13. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Joyce Kozloff—Three of the twelve mosaic tile panels from the artist's latest public commission, "Around the World on the 44th Parallel," which depict maps of cities; through 5/13. Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave. (758-1900).

Seymour Lipton—Sculpture, maquettes, and drawings from the fifties and sixties; through 5/13. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Keith Milow—Circular sculptures constructed from fiberglass and resin that are overlaid with the names of twentieth-century artists; through 5/13. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Joan Nelson/Adam Fuss—Romantic landscape paintings that emphasize the natural decorative motifs in trees and plants/Recent color photograms of broken fragments of stained-glass church windows. Through 4/29. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Odd Nerdrum—Recent figurative paintings by this Norwegian artist who is known for his apocalyptic themes; through 5/26. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

John Newman—Recent sculptures; through 6/2. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Bruce Robbins—Abstract oil-and-encaustic paintings that are distillations of universal themes from Western culture; through 5/13. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

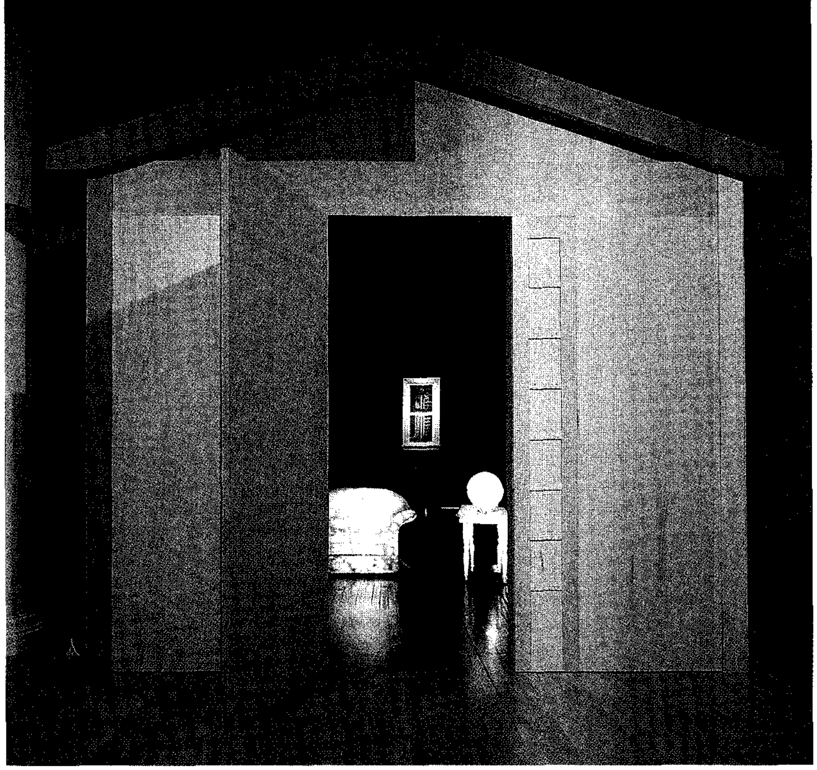
Alberto Savinio—Not just a painter, but a musician and writer as well, the artist (1891-1952) played a pivotal role in the development of metaphysical art in the years before World War I; he was also the brother of Giorgio de Chirico. This exhibit of Savino's work includes period documents, books, film footage, and nineteen paintings executed between 1926 and 1948; through 6/9. Baldacci Gallery, 41 East 57th Street (826-4210).

Jeff Wall—Large-scale cibachrome transparencies mounted on light boxes that depict human subjects engaged in day-to-day social activities or in psychological dramas; 4/28–6/10. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Timothy Woodman—New polychrome reliefs in hand-cut aluminum that depict themes from literature,

On View

House of Projections



Ted Victoria built a house, then mounted miniature objects and furniture inside projectors to create these ghostly projected images of fifties American-tract-house interiors. At Jayne H. Baum Gallery.

Photograph courtesy of Jayne H. Baum Gallery.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

mythology, history, and everyday life; through 5/27. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Ilan Averbuch—New monumental sculptures in wood, stone, lead, and copper, among them a 24-foot-long olive branch lying on its side; a ten-and-a-half-foot-high tower from which five marble heads protrude, and seven-foot-high shoes; through 5/30. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Matthew Barney—The artist's latest video, *Cremaster,* is set on the Isle of Man. As usual, the artist is the central figure, this time implicated in a tripartite narrative in which a conflict between desire and restraint leads him on a mythic journey; through 5/6. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (431-3334).

Peter Boynton—Helium-and-foam-filled sculptures that refer to modernist deign and chemically infused consumables; through 5/20. Meriens, 76 Greene St. (334-9099).

Richard Brooks—The artist, who is also a writer, based these fourteen paintings on black-and-white Polaroids he shot in the subway at five in the morning on New Year's Day; through 5/20. Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. (780-0071).

Colin Cochran/Judith Page—Paintings of images from nature painted on tin, leather, and wood/Floor and wall sculptures constructed from salvaged materials. Through 5/13. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Patricia Cronin/Lee Gordon—Watercolors that depict erotic closeups of two women making love./Watercolor self-portraits in which the artist places his own head on a child's body. Through 5/27. Anderson, 476 Broome St. (431-8547).

Jane Fine—Paintings whose candy colors, drips, and quirky forms suggest a process of decay and regeneration; through 5/11. Kaplan, 580 Broadway (226-6131).

Betty Goodwin—Sculpture and paintings by a Canadian artist; through 5/13. Fawbush, 76 Grand St. (274-0572).

Timothy Hawkesworth/Tom Fellner—Expressionistic paintings of figures in landscapes./A series of encaustic panels depicting heads, hands, wings, and snakes. Through 5/6. Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway (219-1283).

Elke Krystufek—Collages, paintings, and a video that combine sexually loaded images from magazines and porn comics with snapshots and self-portraits. Through 5/13. 303, 89 Greene St. (966-5605).

Samm Kunce—The artist has suspended vertical felt sacks from the ceiling that are stuffed with sterile growing medium and grass seed; the grass is nourished by a nutrient solution circulated through a pump system, and gro-lights encircling the gallery allow for photosynthesis; through 4/29. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Sean Landers—New paintings, sculpture, and videos; through 5/20. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Annette Lemieux—A survey of works made between 1987 and 1992; through 6/15. Dahn, 39 Wooster St. (343-1420).

Matvey Levenstein—Drawings based on photographs of the artist's family, of Jews, and of mid-European bourgeois interiors; through 5/13. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Peter Wayne Lewis—Minimal abstract paintings by a Jamaican-born artist; through 5/20. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

Sol LeWitt—Seven large-scale cinder block sculptures that suggest architectural foundations; through 5/20. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (255-5599).

Creighton Michael/Nancy Olivier—Wood-and-steel sculptures in which forms from nature are suspended in architectural grids./New abstract paintings that comprise layers of marks applied in grid formations. Through 5/27. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Kirsten Ortwed—Recent sculpture; through 5/20. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Rona Pondick—New drawings and sculpture that explore the artist's preoccupations with physical degeneration and the legacy of Minimalism; through 5/20. Freire, 130 Prince St. (941-8611).

Elaine Reichek—An installation titled "Form Security Administration" that uses enlarged reproductions of Walker Evans photographs and knitted replicas of the same images to explore how Americans attempt to record and understand their country through images; through 5/26. Klein, 40 Wooster St. (431-1980).

Claude Simard—An installation of objects from the artist's past; through 5/13. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Gary Simmons—In his latest installation, "Sound Garden," a recreation of a section of the Celtic's Boston Garden with speakers suspended above that emit verbal dance and/or basketball drill instructions, the artist continues to employ cliched images for black male success; through 5/13. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Carol Szymanski—Sound sculptures; through 5/20. Wimmer, 560 Broadway (274-0274).

Terry Winters—Works on paper in a variety of media from the past three years; through 5/20. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Hiro Yokose—Oil-and-beeswax paintings based on landscape; through 5/25. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Other

Julian Beck/Carol Ross—Abstract Expressionist paintings by the founder of the Living Theater/Recent sculpture. Through 5/4. Gat, 572 Fifth Ave. (354-4402).

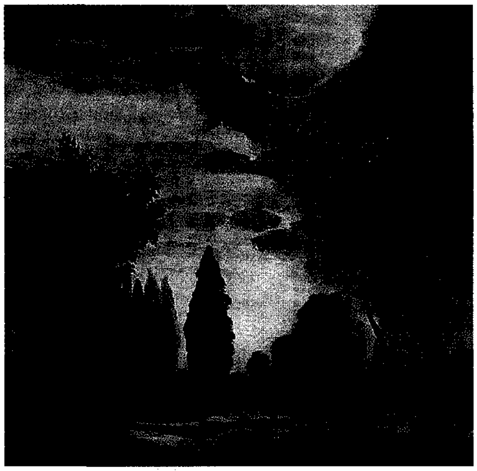
George Stoll—Cast beeswax sculptures of Tupperware; drawings of paper towels, plywood, and newsprint; paintings of fast-food sandwiches, and sculptural and two-dimensional recreations of holiday decorations; 4/27–6/4. Morris, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). "Chinese Porcelains of the Seventeenth Century: Landscapes, Scholars' Motifs, and Narratives"; through 8/5.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). An exhibition of works on the subject of entertainment—vaudeville, dance, theater, opera, burlesque, and the circus—by nineteenth- and early twentieth-century American and European artists, among them Calder, Cassatt, Degas, Demuth, Henri, Hopper, Picasso, Shinn; through 6/2.



On View

With their deliberately crackled surfaces, Joan Nelson's modestly scaled paintings bring to mind works by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century landscapists. But Nelson's otherworldly, melancholy images are not so much traditional landscapes as reflections on the essence and memory of nature. At Robert Miller Gallery.

57th Street Area

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings, photography, and works on paper depicting New York City landmarks, by Chavez, Haas, Kosloff, Munro, Turner, others; through 7/29.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "On the Brink 1900–2000: The Turning of Two Centuries," with works by Azaceta, Beckmann, Corith, Ensor, Finster, Fischl, Mann, Panter, Schiele, Sherman, others; through 5/26.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Drawings from the Albertina: Landscape in the Age of Rembrandt"; through 6/3.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). "Sculpture as Objects: 1915–1995," with works by Acconci, Beuys, Bourgeois, Breton, Calder, Cornell, Duchamp, François, Ernst, Hesse, Horn, Jean, Lennon, Lipski, Mapplethorpe, Pettibone, Samaras, Warhol; 4/28–5/27.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). Works by 30 artists who have used chocolate as their medium, including Antoni, Beuys, Chadwick, Roth, Wilke, others; through 5/20.

Other

Hearn—530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366). A survey of works by artists who have exhibited at this gallery over the past twelve years, among them Bacher, Faust, Heilmann, Pierson, Taaffe, Trockel; through 5/7.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212), Wed.–Sun. 12–6. The works by the six Brazilian sculptors in "The Education of the Five Senses" invite viewers to explore their own bodies' sensual responses; through 5/21.

Photography

Arsenal—Central Park at 64th St. and Fifth Ave. (360-3410). Vintage photographs of architecture in the city's parks; through 5/5.

Tina Barney—New color photographs on the subject of couples; through 5/31. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Sally Gall—Black-and-white landscape photographs taken over the past seventeen years that appear in her new monograph, *Water's Edge* (Chronicle Books); through 5/20. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Birney Imes—Photographs of rural Mississippi from the series "Whispering Pines" and "Partial to Home"; through 5/20. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Dorothea Lange: American Photographs"; "The East Side Story: L.A. Gangs, Photographs by Joseph Rodriguez"; through 4/30.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Workers, An Archeology of the Industrial Age—Photographs by Sebastião Salgado"; through 5/26.

Dale Kistemaker/Charles Christopher Hill—Unsentimental black-and-white photographs of the individual buildings that comprise the plastic toy village the artist played with as a child./Paintings. Through 5/27. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).

Jerome Liebling—An exhibit of photographs of New York City coinciding with the publication of his new book, *The People, Yes* (Aperture, 1995); through 5/20. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Inge Morath—A retrospective of photographs from the past 40 years by this Austrian-born Magnum photographer who began her career as an assistant to Henri Cartier-Bresson; through 5/20. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Robert Riger—Black-and-white sports photographs from the fifties and sixties; through 5/20. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Sebastiao Salgado—Photographs from his "Workers" series that narrate the stories of workers in 28 different industries; through 5/27. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-0839).

Michael Spano—Landscape photographs and abstracted images of the "Atlantic Wall," a series of reinforced concrete fortresses on Denmark's western coastline that were part of Germany's strategic defense line against the Allied invasion during World War II; through 5/26. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

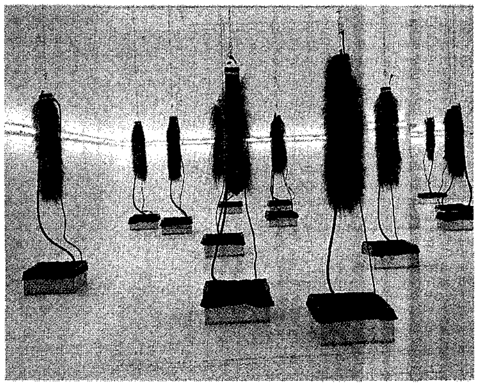
Ted Victoria—The artist has constructed a freestanding house in the gallery; each of its three rooms contains an installation piece composed of photographic pro-

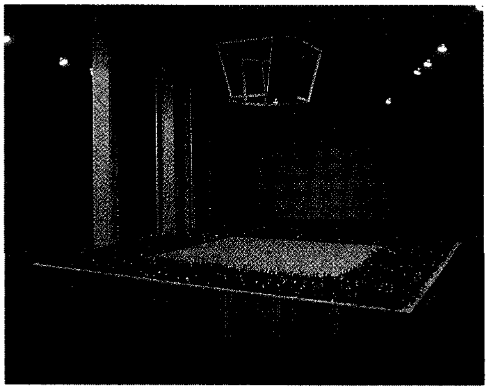
Photograph courtesy of Robert Miller Gallery.

jections of furniture, objects, and windows with views beyond; through 5/1. Baum, 588 Broadway (219-9877).

Brett Weston—Black-and-white portraits of his father, Edward Weston, as well as prints from the portfolios *Alaska* and *Oregon;* through 5/13. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Installation Now Growing in SoHo





In the right hands, plants lend themselves well to the spirit of art installation, and two recently opened shows—Samm Kunce's "Law of Desire" (above left, at John Gibson Gallery) and Gary Simmons's "Sound Garden" (above right, at Metro Pictures)—illustrate just how fluid the medium can be.

Kunce blames her horticulturally driven installations on her mother, who dug up the family's lawn in Southern California to grow strawberries and carrots. "It's all her fault—I avoided this gardening thing like the plague," says Kunce, who explains that nurturing, not gardening specifically, is the subject of her art. Her latest project involves growing grass hydroponically in units suspended from the gallery's ceiling, each fed by its own pump and nutrient pool.

Kunce says that except for a hydroponic-strawberry piece she made last year, which she eventually turned into jam, her installations can be kept going for a surprisingly long time. "I once kept a head of lettuce from a hydroponic-lettuce piece just to see what would happen," she recalls. "It developed a stalk and grew seven feet high."

For Simmons, whose installations often deal with the various clichés of black-male success, flowers highlight issues of property and class, raising, he says, such questions as "Who has access to these garden plots? What do they imply about privatized territory? How does planting these gardens mimic the process of colonizing land?" Simmons, who has used azaleas and impatiens in past installations, also admits to a soft spot for flowers. "They evoke a kind of nostalgic memory, an emotional marking that is general but also personal," he says. But the selection of a flower's color is a strictly artistic decision, even a painterly one, for Simmons: "I chose white pansies in particular here to saturate the border and reflect the walls of the gallery." Working with plants does pose certain challenges, however, particularly for Kunce. "As soon as you introduce a living thing, all kinds of living organisms come into the picture—insects, fungi, you name it," warns Kunce. "And they fight like hell for survival."

EDITH NEWHALL

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Wanda Gu: Oedipus Refound #3A"; "Yoshiko Kanai: Untitled."; "Bjarne V. H.H. Solberg: Memory Boxes." Through 6/24. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tue.–Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Inside/Outside: Ceramic Works and Drawings by William Daley." Through 6/25. . . . "Jewelry From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. . . . "Fiber: Five Decades From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Images of Power: Balinese Paintings." Through 5/3. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"Monkey." Works that depict monkeys, ranging from Indian temple sculptures to Japanese netsuke. Through 9/10. . . . "New Finds, Old Treasures: Early Chinese Ceramics From the Meiyintang Collection." Through 6/18. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Division of Labor: Women's Work in Contemporary Art." Through 6/11. . . . "The Path to Memory: An Installation by Gladys Triana." Through 6/11. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2.

Brooklyn Museum— "The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb." The first in-depth examination of the artist's pictographs, a series of paintings dating from 1941 to 1951; through 8/27. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992." Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper From the 1950s." Through 8/27. . . . "Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum." Through 9/3. . . . "Elaine Lustig Cohen: A Modern Graphic Designer." Through 5/23. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Gerhard Richter: *Atlas.*" An ongoing work that the artist began in 1962, when he decided to put together photographs that had been or could become pictorial sources for his paintings, "Atlas" comprises more than 3,700 images grouped together in 600 panels; 4/27–6/18. "Andy Warhol, The Last Supper Paintings." Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, Worlds Envisioned." Through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"Romantics, Neoclassicists, Realists: European Drawings From the Stanford University Museum of Art." Through 5/14. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Ross Bleckner." Through 5/14. . . . "Felix Gonzalez-Torres." Through 5/10. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Women Photographers of the Weimar Republic." Works by 52 women photographers who were working in Germany in the twenties and thirties, among them Ilse Bing, Florence Henri, Hannah Höch, Lotte Jacobi, and Lucia Moholy. Through 7/30. . . . "Tricksters, Tailors, and Fools: Yiddish Tales Through Artists' Eyes"; through 7/30. . . . "Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator." A retrospective tracing his artistic career from his early works made on the Caribbean island of St. Thomas through the last years of his life. Through 7/16. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Nadar." The first comprehensive exhibit of the work of the French photographer Felix Tournachon, known as Nadar. Through 7/9. . . . "Assyrian Origins: Discoveries at Ashur on the Tigris; Antiquities from the Vorderasiatisches Museum, Berlin"; 5/2–8/13. . . . "Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in The British Museum."; 5/2–8/13. . . . "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art." Through 10/15. . . . "R. B. Kitaj: A Retrospective." Through 5/14. . . . "I Tell My Heart: The Art of Horace Pippin." An exhibition of paintings by the black folk artist (1886–1946) that was organized by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Through 4/30. . . . "Paul Cadmus: The Seven Deadly Sins and Selections from the Collection." Through 7/4. . . . "Masterplan for the Greek and Roman Galleries." Through 8/6. . . . "The Architecture of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1870–1995." Through 9/3. . . . "Bloom: Fashion's Spring Garden." Through 8/20. . . . "Princely Patrons: Three Royal Persian Manuscripts." Through 6/4. . . . "American Still Life: 1915–1950." Works from the museum's own collections of American art. Through 4/30. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Animals as Symbol in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts." Through 8/27. . . . "In Praise of Aldus Manutius: A Quincentenary Exhibition." Through 5/7. . . . "The Painted Page: Italian Renaissance Book Illumination, 1450–1550." Through 5/7. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." Through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Victorian Vernacular: The American Show Quilt." Through 9/10. 2 Lin-

Photographs: left, courtesy of John Gibson Gallery; right, courtesy of Metro Pictures.

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FRI 4/28 LARRY CORYELL BUDDY WILLIAMS ROY AYERS
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coln Square (595-9533); Tue.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Reaffirming Spirituality." Works by 34 Latino artists paired with works they selected from the museum's permanent collection. Through 8/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Bruce Nauman." Through 5/23. . . . "Max Beckmann Prints." Through 5/9. . . . "American Sculptors on Paper: A Selection From the 1960s." Through 6/13. . . . "Semblances." Prints depicting portraits and various other representations of human subjects, by Tony Bevan, Chuck Close, Martin Kippenberger, and others. Through 5/9. . . . "Typography and the Poster." Through 6/4. . . . "Projects: Tom Friedman." Through 5/18. . . . "Helen Chadwick: *Bad Blooms*." Through 7/11. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York— "New York Saved: Thirty Years of Landmarks Preservation"; through 7/30. . . . "All the Frills Upon It: New York Bonnets on Parade." Through 5/14. . . . "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design— "Masterpieces of Nineteenth-Century Italian Painting from the Gaetano Marzotto Collection." Through 6/11. . . . "Nature Observed, Nature Interpreted: 19th-Century American Landscape Drawings and Watercolors from The National Academy of Design and Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution." Through 6/13. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (free on Fri. from 5 to 8); $3.50, $2 *students, seniors, and children.*

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Human/Nature." Works by more than 150 emerging and established artists, among them Nayland Blake, Louise Bourgeois, Nan Goldin, and Suzanne McClelland. Through 5/18. 583 Broadway (219-1222).

New York Public Library—"e e cummings @100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 5/20. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Isamu Noguchi Museum—An exhibit of rarely seen works by the sculptor celebrates the tenth anniversary of the museum, joining the sculptures, models for public projects and gardens, elements of dance sets designed for Martha Graham, and Akari lanterns on display in this converted factory building that was Noguchi's studio. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-204-7088); Wed., Sat., Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mothers, Fathers, and Legendary Ancestors: Selections of Classical African Sculpture." Through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed., Thur., Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum—"1995 Biennial Exhibition." Through 6/25. 945. Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed. and Fri.–Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 students and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum at Philip Morris—120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to 7:30; free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 4/25 at 10 and 2: "Manuscripts and Printed Books." On view from 4/22. 4/26 at 10: "Japanese Prints from an East Coast Collection." On view from 4/22. 4/26 at 10 and 2: "Japanese Prints, Paintings, and Works of Art." On view from 4/22. 4/26 at 5: "Korean Works of Art." On view from 4/22.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 4/26 at 1: "Books and Autographs." On view from 4/20.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 4/26 at 10: "Belle Epoque." On view from 4/22.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 5/2 at 7: "Contemporary Art, Part I." On view from 4/28.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 4/27 at 10:30 a.m.: "Printed & Manuscript Americana." On view from 4/22.

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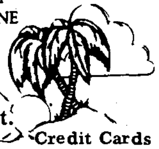

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Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. *152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' Connecticut farm, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he has given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course menu dégustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., bet. Hudson and Greenwich Sts. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Can—Pole position on SoHo's main drag. Inventive French-Vietnamese cuisine in an elegant, minimalistic dining room. *482 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-6333). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen; recommended are the seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting his way back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became this summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Donald Sacks—A corporate dining room for those brave enough to leave the confines of their own glass walls. Straight-up American bistro fare for a strictly business crowd and peckish Century 21 shoppers. *220 Vesey St. (619-4600). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall and tile floors take you back to the gilded age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Filli Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fraunces Tavern Restaurant—A landmark pub with a museum upstairs that's a must for your historically minded out-of-town friends. *54 Pearl St., nr. Broad St. (269-0144). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently in so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses produce from Hudson River Valley farms to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host-owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Center, on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of

Ask Gael

A Second Match

What's the latest uptown-downtown drama?

It may seem like little to you, but I like to see peoples mingle. So welcome to Match's northern exposure (33 East 60th Street), which is looking snazzy, very uptown indeed, and already oversubscribed. Match's uptown fans can save some of the loot they fritter away commuting and splurge on the same something-for-everyone menu this team first launched in SoHo: sushi or dim sum, shellfish or caviar, and the usual entrées—halibut, salmon, striped bass, spit-roasted poussin, duck, and sirloin. With a spring-vegetable bento box to boot.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

this month's list

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Aquasource	212/343-2548
Cafe Mozart	212/678-7777
Casa Bella Restaurant	212/431-4080
Dolce	212/692-9292
Julian's	212/262-4288
Liberty Cafe & Oyster Bar	212/406-1111
Lusardi's	212/249-2020
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fresh ones. Catch the jazz brunch in this cozy dining room every Sunday. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave.(924-3434). (M) AE only.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and TriBeCa Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, off White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave home. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly-business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room with booths full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner. Offering meta-traditional dishes such as lobster and steak to bankers on their way uptown. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *2107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., bet. Sullivan and Thompson Sts. (966-3518). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An original 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Vegetarian Paradise—Vegetarian Chinese cuisine with a new menu. Completely vegan. The mood, like the walls, is pink. Predictably, there's no smoking allowed. *33 Mott St. (406-6988). (I) ($)*

Vietnam—Not much of a stretch to imagine yourself "in country" as you descend the stairs into this linoleum eatery. Try the pork chops and the eel soup. Skip the sate. *11 Doyers St., nr. Pell St. (693-0725). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Contemporary American dishes: crispy-noodle-wrapped shrimp, wood-oven-braised lamb shank with herb gnocchi, spit-roasted monkfish with lobster-potato home fries. *90 Prince St., bet. Broadway and Mercer St. (966-6722). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zutto—Japanese in a Zenlike setting of mahogany and brick walls. Very soothing spot for good sushi. *77 Hudson St., nr. Harrison St. (233-3287). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare, served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant Frenchish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, promenade level (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—A hangar-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking, Ambrose,* and *Waverley,* moored along the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, promenade level (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by the magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beers, and televised sports. *Pier 17, promenade level (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17, second floor (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the eponymous builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, second floor (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, promenade level (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Baby Jake's—If hipster food isn't grilled, it's fried. Try the po'boys. Innovative booth deployment in the front of the room gives you a window view. *14 First Ave., nr. 1st St. (254-BABY). (M) AE only.*

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) ($)*

5 & 10 No Exaggeration—Come in for some southern cooking and leave with some antique bric-a-brac—or an armoire. This wonderfully cluttered restaurant doubles as a collectibles shop. *77 Greene St. (925-7414). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. May be old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. *387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)*

Haveli—A standout on a block so thick with Indian restaurants that you lose track of where you've been unless there's something pretty special going on. *100 Second Ave., at 6th St. (982-0533). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse decorated with vintage posters—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*—and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomy and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

L'Udo—On a broad and blossoming stretch of

Previews

Old New York, Tuscan-Style

An oasis in the culinary wasteland that is Murray Hill, Tammany Hall (393 Third Ave., at 28th St.), is a tasteful homage to old New York—except for the fact that the kitchen serves desperately of-the-moment Tuscan fare.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Lafayette Street, this cool, countrified French and Italian restaurant is right across the street from the Public Theater. The staff is very sensitive to the needs of pretheater diners. Frescoes enliven the rough-hewn walls, and outdoor seating welcomes warmer weather. *432 Lafayette St. (388-0978). (M) AE, TM.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good pub food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cafe Melville—This exposed-brick West Village café is cozy and comfortable without being claustrophobic. *110 Barrow St., at Washington St. (924-0110). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Caribe—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. *117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-0890). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Eclectic—Traditional American food with a hint of Provence, served in the most romantic of settings. Bring a date. *30-40 Carmine St. (807-1939). (I) AE, TM.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Jane Street Seafood Cafe—Can you imagine a first-rate seafood grill in the middle of Ohio? That's the feel of this Greenwich Village favorite. Some of the best-prepared, if least imaginatively presented, fish in town—try the pompano whenever it's available. *31 Eighth Ave., at Jane St. (242-0003). (M) ($)*

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. *546 La Guardia Pl., nr. Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Old Homestead—You can find New York's oldest steakhouse even if you're blocks away from the city's meat market: Just look for the larger-than-life cow on the façade. Wood panels and original stained glass decorate the dining room. There's a $150 cut of Kobe beef on the menu and an extensive wine list. Valet parking. *56 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (242-9040). (M) AE, CB, DC, V.*

Panchitos—Broken-marble-and-granite floors lend an understated elegance to this well-worn Mexican hang. Don't bother asking for Cuervo Gold in your Margarita; it's already in there. *105 MacDougal St. (473-5239). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Intimate and rustic Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. *319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Trattoria Pesce Pasta—Good old Italian comfort food. The attraction of this spot? Specialties that include lots of fish dishes and a casual dining room with a well-worn feel. *262 Bleecker St. (645-2993). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Moscone—Peter Moscone and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Zinno—An unexpected coupling of Northern Italian fare and live jazz. Sets end early, so you can catch a few and relieve the baby-sitter at a reasonable hour. *126 W. 13th St., nr. Sixth Ave. (924-5182). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—Larry Forgione was one of the first chefs to devote a restaurant strictly to American fare. American harvest offerings in a barn-size space. Try game from upstate purveyors. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Italian fare buttressed by delightful outdoor tables. *488 Third Ave., nr. 33rd St. (685-3828). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck, as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark brick pub always pleases. *156 E. 34th St., nr. Lexington Ave. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Burke & Burke—Gourmet sandwiches, soups, and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. *485 Madison Ave., nr. 52nd St. (366-4020). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Beulah—Delightful southern specialties prepared by chef-owner and former baritone opera singer Alexander Smalls. Petal-yellow walls and high wainscoting soothe, and wonderfully private banquettes against one wall make dining on sophisticated Southern fare a delight. *39 E. 19th St. (777-9700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show* (with David Letterman) crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to be thanked for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Christine's—Polish diner-café. Open late for simple peasant fare. Try the delicious, simple chicken and a zesty sauerkraut soup. *462 Second Ave., at 26th St. (779-2220). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

City Crab—Trying hard to be mistaken for Baltimore, and at times succeeding, this seafood canteen is worth a stop if you're in the neighborhood. *235 Park Ave. So., at 19th St. (529-3800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Crystal Fountain—As the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room, with water that moves magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business-and-tourist crowd. *Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hunan Fifth Avenue—Midtown-style Chinese food, business lunches and all. Dinner is a quieter scene. *323 Fifth Ave., nr. 32nd St. (686-3366). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with —surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., bet. 15th and 16th Sts. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar & Restaurant—A tiled vault tucked into a corner of the city's commuter hub serves the widest variety of oysters and the first soft-shell crabs of the season. Avoid the crush: Wait until the commuters have returned to their offices or homes. *Grand Central Terminal (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare, brought to you in a festive, high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day, warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink, made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those

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chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Secret Harbor Bistro—A neighborhood lunch crowd from the outskirts of the fashion district. At dinner, local residents with hotel guests stop in for generous portions of American food with an Italian accent. *303 Lexington Ave., at 37th St., in the Shelburne Murray Hill Hotel (447-7400). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge are what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Foro Italico—A casual and intimate rustic dining room serving traditional Italian fare. *455 W. 34th St. (564-6619). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theatre for its reliable and very current American offerings. *169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is—you guessed it—Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. *100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840) AE, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—A rich, dark hardwood club-like feeling in this steakhouse draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café in the back, one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sundays. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chiam Inn—Hong Kong–style Cantonese fare served in a spacious wood-paneled dining room. Be bold. The menu will reward you. *160 E. 48th St. (371-2323). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Christ Cella—Sixty-nine years old and counting. This steakhouse is run by the third generation of the Cella family. The place specializes in steaks and lobster. A jacket and a tie are required. *160 E. 46th St. (697-2497) (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies, and many of those same moguls are still deciding the fate of Third World countries—and that of the *Times* best-seller list—over Perrier and paillard. The Pool Room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—That's a sky at your feet, and those are hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. It's packed at lunch and for dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—The original owner, Henri Soulé, gave the place cachet, and Truman Capote immortalized it in his wicked tale of life among Manhattan's thin-and-rich set. The menu is studded with French classics served amid a series of clubby, romantic rooms, painted with scenes from the Riviera. *5 E. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

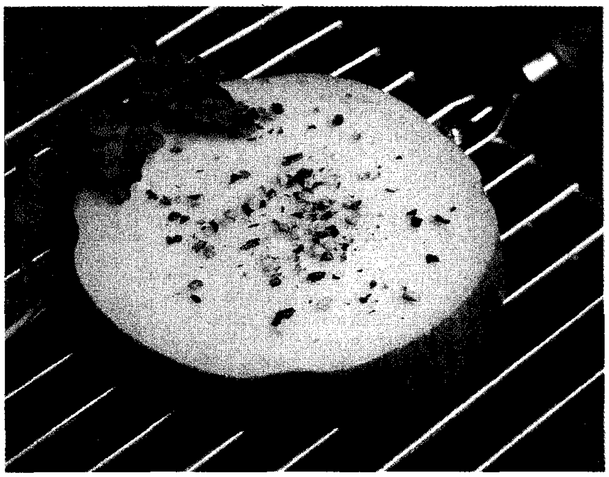
Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. For 30-odd years, André Soltner has run this consistently fine kitchen. Nobody does it better. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling environs to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by personal chefs in the private teppan grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*



Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. and 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to people-watch and dance. Wednesdays through Saturdays, there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come and find your NINAs while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a post-modern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Because of its muraled walls and abundant greenery, many feel as if they're walking into a castle when they enter this Italian restaurant. But this is no monolithic Italian: Each week, a regional dish from a specific European country is served as the special. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse—all marble and pewter, with blazing chandeliers—and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Darbar—Indian cuisine fit for a king and an affordable all-you-can-eat buffet lunch seven days a week. *44 W. 56th St. (432-7227). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Takeout

Argentine gauchos packed Provoleta (the cheese is available this week at Balducci's and Dean & Deluca, among other places) in their saddlebags because its almost-sharp taste and puttylike consistency stood up to the rigors of open-fire grilling. The range-riding gourmands drizzled it with olive oil, then sprinkled it with black pepper and oregano.

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurley's—An original 1892 saloon now serving American seafood classics. This midtowner was once frequented by radio and television stars from yesteryear like Steve Allen and Johnny Carson. When Mayor John Lindsay and Henry Kissinger had a party here, they had such a good time they were asked to leave. *1240 Sixth Ave., at 49th St.*

(765-8981). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American theme. Lots of steak and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. *307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

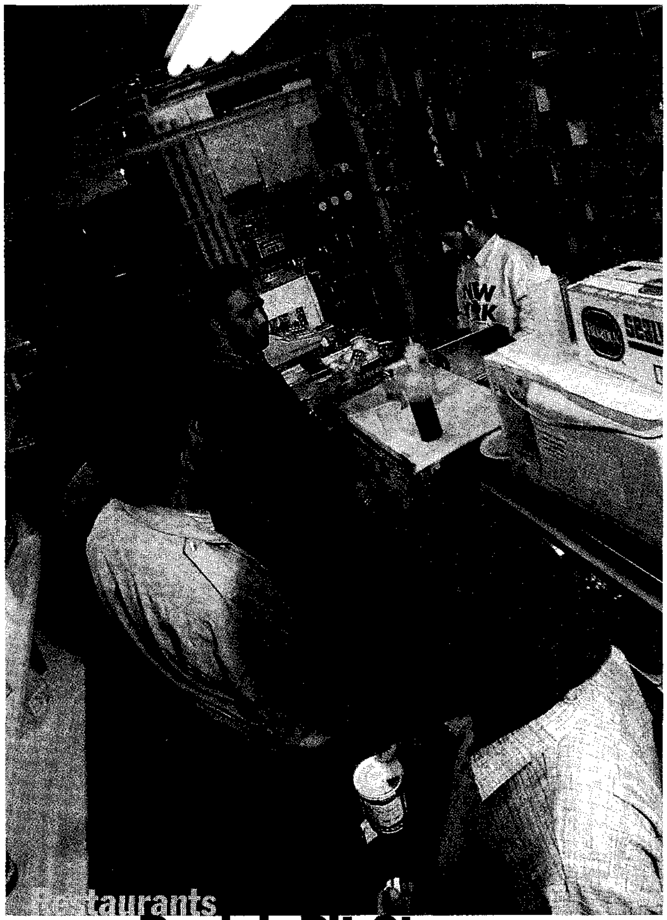
Langan's—American food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during precurtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and surroundings. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A bustling spot in the theatre district with two private party rooms to get away from it all in. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Punjab Pit Stop

A weathered bookshelf does double duty as the counter at Punjabi (114 East Houston Street), where a steady stream of cabbies help themselves from jars of mango pickle and snarf steaming plates of saag while perusing the handwritten CABS AND DRIVERS WANTED *signs. The decidedly grumpy help at this basement storefront ladle their perfectly respectable, unbelievably cheap steam-table curries and samosas all day and all night.*

Le Patio—Tapas bar and light fare for hotel guests and after-work diners. *119 W. 56th St., in the Parker Meridien (245-5000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro, reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Italian eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming; reliable and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. *1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room that's open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include barbecue and Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. Maple-pine accents. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (799-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dawat—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. *112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar to shame *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded birdsong, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. *The Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at Central Park West (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Veau d'or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mitsukoshi—The elegant midtown Tatami room and sushi bar on the mezzanine of the Manhattan satellite of Japan's oldest department store is the genuine article. A port in the storm for homesick Japanese businessmen and a topflight curio for European tourists. *461 Park Ave., at 57th St. (935-6444). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. *140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theaters, within spitting distance of Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Boat House Cafe—Rent a rowboat or ride the Venetian gondola before or after dining at this glorious oasis in Central Park. This is the kind of Italian food found only in America, some of it pretty good. There's a new menu for grazers at the waterside bar. *Central Park nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, haute fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and chef Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare such as jerk chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin too. Leave with a suntan. *1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very single bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze; but that figures, he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local haute-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. *840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant was sometimes overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out an eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—The purveyor to the Japanese imperial family for 450 years, this teahouse offers an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Fishin Eddies—Another homey spot from the Vince & Eddie guys, with live-fish tanks. Not all the grilled fish is as spectacular as the impressive cioppino for two. Patio dining. *73 W. 71st St. (874-3474). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Talent

Farmer Jones

Guy Jones says he was just another hippie guy growing corn and squash to sell at Union Square's Greenmarket until David Bouley picked him out of the crowd eight years ago. "He said 'I'll buy all the *petits pois* you can grow,' " Jones recalls, "so I grew a lot of them, and from there word just spread." Today, his Blooming Hill Organic Farm in Orange County is the source of choice for the chefs at such innovative, greens-conscious spots as Union Square Cafe and Gramercy Tavern, Verbena and Savoy.

Carefully digging up ramps—a leafy variety of wild leek—in the woods at the back of the farm, Jones recounts his radical introduction to working the land. "I did alien-legal-rights work for Cesar Chavez in California in 1976," he says, "and in order to work for Chavez, you had to pick. So I'd show up for stand-ups—get up early in the morning and stand in a parking lot waiting for day work in the fields. The growers always thought, 'He's not a wino—what's this white guy doing here?' "

But for all his down-to-earthiness, Jones has found himself in a business that requires an understanding of the vagaries of fickle Manhattan foodies as well as a white-knuckle grip on the bottom line. "You have to stay alert," he says, then offers up inside information on what'll be on better menus all over the city this summer. "Look for ramps, and fresh shell beans like king of the early, cow peas, borlotto, flageolets, and brown dutch," he says, then adds, imperiously, "Baby greens are out. *Way* out."

MANNY HOWARD

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411).* Also *Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red-suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for spectacular views of Lincoln Center, and there's seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($)*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689) (I) ($)*

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Water's Edge—East River views, floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. Complimentary ferry leaves from Manhattan Tues.-Sat. 6–11 P.M. *44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bronx

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966) (I) ($)*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

nightlife

Soul-Jazz...Hip-hop *Noir*...Sinatra Jr.

Concerts

Van Halen—Featuring Hagar the Horrible, sadly, not the much-missed Diamond Dave. Also expect an Eddie of a somber, more purposeful affect, with clipped locks and a Vietnam-vet-style beard. Yes, Van Halen's new *Balance* is full of import: stately anthems, soaring vocals, and songs tackling youth violence head-on—pretty much the last thing we want from what was once the archest and most flamboyant hard-rock band this side of Queen. Please, Sammy, go ahead and jump. With Collective Soul. 4/25 at 7:30 P.M. at the *Meadowlands.* 4/26 at 7:30 P.M. at *Nassau Coliseum (307-7171). $25–$40.*

MacLean With Love—Laura Love and Dougie MacLean, two of the biggest crowd-pleasers at last fall's New York Singer-Songwriter Festival, specialize in the sort of sprightly, acoustic-based neo-folk that borrows from various world-music traditions and often wafts through higher-end health-food stores. MacLean comes from Scotland and boasts the 1992 hit "Caledonia," along with his own BBC special. Love, a braided African-American Nebraskan, combines yodeling on a par with Buffy Sainte-Marie with the Celtic lilt of a more polite Sinéad O'Connor. This concert celebrates their new releases on the world-music label Putumayo. 4/28 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $18.50–$23.50.*

Sir Duke—Club-kid connoisseurs may be surprised to hear that "jungle" was actually minted back in the thirties. Less surprising is that its creator was Duke Ellington, who seems to have invented just about every other American music form anyway. This Saturday, the great composer—who Miles Davis once said every jazz musician should get down on his knees to thank—would be 96 years old. Fittingly, he's being remembered with his own orchestra: the sixteen-piece Ellington Birthday Anniversary Big Band, with Frank Wess, Sir Roland Hannah, Jerome Richardson, and others, under the direction of David Berger. 4/29 at 8 P.M. *Miller Theatre, Columbia University, 116th St. and Broadway (675-7477). $18.*

Muriel Mwamba—The Zambian diva performs traditional Bemba songs as well as the breezy, R&B-inflected music popular in Madagascar and Zimbabwe. 4/29 at 8 P.M. *Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. (545-7536).*

Liz Phair—Notoriously stage-frightful, the alt-rock princess canceled her first tour a week before it was supposed to begin, leaving her bandmates less than pleased and less than available when she finally screwed up the nerve. Consequently, Phair will be singing her candid and tuneful chronicles of life as a smart, affectless twentysomething herself, live, without a band or net. Truth be told, it might just make her even more compelling. 4/25 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). $17.*

Junko Onishi—This young Japanese pianist. 4/27 at 8 P.M. *Japan Society's Lila Acheson Wallace Auditorium, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015). $30.*

Jazz Ministry at Saint Peter's—The ever-hip Lutherans at Saint P's present a special Easter-season jazz vespers. 4/30 at 5 P.M. *Saint Peter's, Lexington at 54th St. (935-2200).*

Clubland

A.K.A.—A second-floor home to acid jazzbos, downtown hepsters, and local alternarock bands. 4/29: The local funk band Milo Z. *77 W. Houston St., bet. Broadway and Wooster (673-7325).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 4/28: James Kelly, son of the late fiddler and concertina legend John Kelly, carries the torch. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—Roots-music curator Rounder Records celebrates the release of the movie *True Believers: The Rounder Records Story,* with label mainstays the Develantes, Bill Morrissey, and Cheryl Wheeler on 4/28. 4/30: The Commitments, the original band from the film. Sets at 7:30 and 10:30. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—As if a part in the Gen-X *ur*-text *Slacker* weren't enough, Kathy McCarty has wrought the ultimate work of twentysomething obscurantism: an entire album of songs by the psychologically disturbed cult-figure Daniel Johnston. On *Dead Dog's Eyeball,* the bespectacled siren from Texas's Glass Eye gives a lush, atmospheric reading to such Johnston chestnuts as "Walking the Cow" and "I Am a Baby (in My Universe)." Removed from Johnston's own *naïf,* tortured solo treatments, these songs remain affecting and quite lovely; carried by McCarty's crystal alto, they're like chapters in some haunting, Thorazine-inspired cabaret. McCarty plays them 4/26. 4/30: Seattle's granddaddies of grunge, the Melvins. 5/1: Silkworm; Chavez. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Cafe Wha?—Once a beatnik watering hole, now the low-ceilinged home to hippyish good vibes, occasional celebrity sightings, and the funky Cafe Wha! Band, led by Mike Davis. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3706).*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. *15 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—Otis Rush, along with Buddy Guy one of the few living Chicago bluesmen who truly deserve "living legend" status, brings the stinging guitar leads and soulful utterances from his new record, *Ain't Enough Comin' In,* his first major-label release in 25 years and perhaps—but one hopes not—the main reason for his return. He plays 4/28–4/29. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Coney Island High—East Village, not Coney Island, but chills and thrills aplenty, with local rock bands handpicked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of punk preservationists D Generation. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959). $*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 4/27: Spent; Cakelike. 4/28: By Any Means, featuring free-jazz heavyweights Rasheid Ali, William Parker, and Charles Gayle. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 4/26: High Plains Drifter and Generic Blondes, both featuring the mugging blond *Saturday Night Live* guitarist G. E. Smith. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize, bi-level rock venue with glamorous chandeliers and a haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage but has an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a pre-show aperitif to help prepare you. 4/29: The Afro-Brazilian favorites Olodum. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night "Soul Kitchen." Saturday nights, the trendily decadent party "Grey Gardens" fills the hall with gothic ambience, house music, and pale dancers. The next day: "Savoy Sundays," a weekly swingfest of ballroom dancing. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, three bars, and a screening room. 4/25–4/27: The Irish solo guitarist and singer Luka Bloom, whose winning cover of the L.L. Cool J ballad "I Need Love" is but one of the treats he pulls out for his always engaging live performances. 4/30: San Francisco's wonderful Club Foot Orchestra play original music to silent films *Black* and *Captain Blood.* Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells, there for Ladies Night. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells.

Performance

She's Still Here—for Now

The unearthly Eartha Kitt belts, trills, and wails in Arabic for one more week at Cafe Carlyle, through April 29. Catch her while you can—if you dare.

4/25: The Austin-based genius of the steel and Fender guitars—and quite a charming basso profundo vocalist—Junior Brown. 4/27: Former Crime and the City Solution vocalist Simon Bonney; Julia Greenberg. 4/28–4/29: Gutterball. 5/1: Velocity Girl; Juicy. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, latterly one of the most happening venues for happening music, presenting country, folk, and rock artists groomed for the more au courant time slots on MTV. 4/24: Texas songwriter Charlie Sexton—who's also played guitar with Ron Wood, David Bowie, and Don Henley—brings his chiseled good looks and Celtic-tinged mix of folk, blues, and grunge. 4/25: Madonna manqué Sophie B. Hawkins; Rheostatics. Shows nightly. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Nightingale Bar—A dingy little East Village blueserie, frequented by collegiates. Tuesday nights this month, the house band is a fairly well known group of tie-dyed funk-blues specialists, one of whom has a beard. *213 Second Ave., at 13th St.* (473-9398). *$.*

Sidewalk Cafe—The compact, back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 4/26: The ongoing one-woman performance Heather Woodbury Show. *94 Avenue A at 6th St. 473-7373.*

Performance

Hip-hop *Noir*

From the dreary English hinterlands comes Portishead, the band with the chilliest sound in town. Birthed by studio wiz Geoff Barrow (left) and torch singer Beth Gibbons (right), 'Dummy' is a triumph of cinematic atmospheres, somnambulent dance beats, and pining love songs. Its authors waft into the Supper Club on April 30.

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premiere world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 4/25: Boukman Eksperyans. 4/26: Donald Byrd and the New Black Byrds. 4/27: Repercussions. 4/28: Nelson Rangell; Loketo. 4/30: Amara's Feijoada; Katendé. 5/1: Oscar D'Leon plays salsa. 5/2: Dub poet Oku Onoura. 5/3–5/4: Senegal's Ismael Lo, with special guest Vieux Diop. Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Supper Club—An airy ballroom with a starry ceiling and lush décor. 4/20: Portishead. *240 W. 47th St., bet Broadway and Eight Ave. (921-1940).*

Tramps—Despite the ringing walls and mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 4/26: Webb Wilder, Bill Kirchen, and Philadelphia's own Go to Blazes. 4/27–4/28: Ex-Minuteman and ex-fIREHOSE leader Mike Watt plays with the Foo Fighters, a new band led by Nirvana drummer Dave Grohl, and Hovercraft, which, rumor has it, boasts some *extremely* high-profile members. 4/3: Algeria's *rai* superstar Khaled. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *N.B.:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 4/26: F.I.T. "fashion against fur" benefit, with a spoken-word performance by King Missile mouthpiece John S. Hall. 4/28: The afore-hinted-at tie-dyed, New York–based, funk-blues outfit—O.K., the Spin Doctors—play under the handle the Tripps. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 4/28–4/29: The semi-legendary former Miles Davis tenor saxophonist George Coleman graces the Mike Longo Trio. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Stars of jazz and Latin music come to pay tribute to the flute legend Herbie Mann, a Brooklyn native who's celebrating his sixty-fifth birthday by jamming with a legion of admirers here, 4/25–4/30. On 4/25, it's straight-ahead jazzfolk Bobby Watson, Billy Taylor, Eddie Gomez, and others. On 4/26, it's Latin musicians Dave Valentin, Paquito d'Rivera, Claudio Roditi, and others. 4/27–4/28, Brazilian musicians Trio da Paz, Romero Lubambo, Tania Maria, and others stop by. 4/29 is "Family of Mann Night," featuring Pat rebillot, Jeff Merinov, Will Lee, David Newman, Buddy Williams, Steve Jordan, and Cissy Houston. 4/30 is "Reunion Soul Night," with Cornell Dupree, Chuck Rainey, David Newman, Ricky Sebastian, Buddy Williams, Terell Stafford, Olatunji, Nana Vansconcelos, and others. 5/2–5/7: Milt Jackson and the Cedar Walton Trio; Johnny Griffin Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Cajun—A little bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style early jazz. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. Through 4/30: The legendary guitarist and bossa nova pioneer Charlie Byrd Trio. 5/2–5/7: Scott Hamilton, the breathy-toned tenor saxophonist who has famously forgone latter-day giants like Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane in favor of Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and the like. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

Iridium—Philip Harper has played with Jimmy McGriff and Jimmy Scott, as well as Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. Right now, though, he's holding down the trumpet chair in one of the mightiest combos in the city: the Mingus Big Band. You might know him as co-leader, with brother Winard, of the Harper Brothers. Turns out, Winard's joining him here, for the first time in five years. They play 4/25–4/30. Sets Sat. nights at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 A.M. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Knitting Factory—David Murray, one of the most volcanic saxophonists (and bass clarinetists) currently blowing, leads his Big Band here on 4/24, with the able conducting of Lawrence "Butch" Morris. 4/25–4/27: The fantastic alto saxophonist Lee Konitz leads his trio in a totally improvised set. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. Wednesdays, jazz D.J. Ben Duncan hosts a jam session, with free eats from 10 to 11. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. On Fridays, the Jazz at Noon series moves here from Sardi's, featuring "open mike" playing by lawyers, doctors, stock brokers, etc., joined, on 4/28, by tenor saxophonist and clarinetist Ken Peplowski. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A feisty club that's come-as-you-are and stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's right around the corner from the Vanguard, so you can head over after the last set. Nightly jams start round about 2 A.M. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 4/25–4/30: Vincent Herring Quintet, with special guests Cyrus Chestnut, Scott Wendholt, and others. 5/2–7: Carl Allen Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 5/7: Frank Sinatra Jr. and a twenty-piece orchestra. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. 4/25–4/30: Former Duke Ellington tenor saxophonist Harold Ashby leads his quartet, performing a set dedicated to birthday boy Duke Ellington. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno—who we're told was once funny—and many other greats who came through this club. 4/28–4/29: Dave Attell; Darrell Hammond; Greg Rogell; Greg Fitzsimmons. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. Wednesday nights, it's "El Barrio U.S.A.," a look at the lighter side of Latino–Puerto Rican liv-

Photograph by H. Wang.

ing, starring Angel Salazar and Elizabeth Testa. 4/26–4/27: Mal Z. Lawrence. 4/28–4/30: Darrell Hammond. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Through 4/30: Larry Amoros, Ray Romano, Kevin Brennan, Dave Attell. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 4/30: Sean Donnellan, Marvin Bell, Scott Bruce, Tom Whitely, Brian McFadden, Danny Curtis. 5/1–5/7: Ben Creed; Quentin Heggs; Danny Curtis; Sean Donnellan; Mike Robles; Rich Ramirez; Scott Bruce. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club—A new comedy spot that serves food and presents regulars from Comedy Central, *An Evening at the Improv,* and *Caroline's Comedy Hour.* 4/29: Dan Natteman, Dan Vitale, and Andrew Diamond. *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 4/29: Marc Unger, Mike Robles, Mike King, Sam Greenfield. 5/5–5/6: Billy Jaye, Susie Essman, Glenn Farrington, Dave Attell. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Julie Wilson emphasizes the sassy, highspirited side of cabaret in her new show, "Are You Having Any Fun?" Through 5/6. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt, taking over the place with that trademark throaty purr. Through 4/29. $45 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (838-8000).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Liliane Montevecchi and David Staller are currently doing the romantic-French-boîte thing in their show "April in Paris." Through 4/29. $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quartet has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz and swing with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, Rosemary Loar sings the songs of George Gershwin. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. You may require a few martinis to shell out $18 for a burger deluxe. Luckily this swank mausoleum has thirteen on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Café at Grand Central—The real regulars at this way station start every day here with a cup of coffee and then end it with a few for the track. The view is spectacular, and tossing a few back below the terminal's arching heavens is as close as anyone gets to human flight. *Grand Central Terminal, E. 44th Street at Vanderbilt Ave. (883-0441).*

Decibel—Descend the iron stairs and ring the bell to enter this speakeasy sake bar. There are dozens of varieties on the menu. The well-pierced wait staff seems knowledgeable enough, and the clientele is a pleasant mix of gawking interlopers, curious novices, downtown hipsters, and Japanese night-crawlers. *240 E. 9th St. (979-2733).*

Fanny's Oyster Bar—The live music in the basement makes this place a never-fail. If you're not picky about your Creole cooking, the four-table dining room in the back of this funky storefront is a peerless first-date destination. There's nothing wrong with the food; in fact, if you consider that it's all prepared on a hot plate, it's miraculously pretty okay. *765 Washington St., nr. 12th St. (255-5101).*

The Liquor Store—The low-key haunt you've been hoping for in TriBeCa. Not only do you not have to raise your voice above a mutter to be heard in this former liquor store, but you'd feel like a jerk if you did. Fashionable draft beer, a free bowl of pretzels from the bar, and a great view of the mounted unit from the 1st Precinct as it rounds the corner from Ericsson Place at the start of its evening tour. *235 W. Broadway (no phone).*

Peter's Waterfront Ale House—Beef jerky on the bar and a regular crowd that actually eats it. Great beer selection complete with weekly specials and a hip, if harried, wait staff—don't let their silly red uniforms fool you. Hold off until after Wednesday; the bar is closed on Mondays, and the comedy night on Tuesdays is tragic. *136 Atlantic Ave., nr. Clinton St. (no phone).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head Bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Shenanegans—If the help wasn't dominated by anorectic, downtown, art chicks and buffalo girls from the boroughs, the seedy elegance of this threadbare basement club would make it one of the best strip bars in the city. In fact, you wouldn't be at all surprised to find Jimmy Hoffa handing out hundred-dollar bills from a booth in the back. *125 E 47th St. (978-0000)*

The Vodka Bar—"Na Zdorov'e." Caught between SoHo's Eurocentric local crowd and the comfy-chic ethic in TriBeCa and a little too slick for both, the green granite bar offers out-of-the-way elegance and more fruit-infused vodka than you'll know what to do with. *American Renaissance Restaurant, 260 W. Broadway (343-0049).*

The Watermellon—Leave the guns at home. The two handsome monsters at the door conduct a weapons check that verges on a cavity search. Great dance-hall music and more traditional reggae from a D.J. that turn a get-drunk for old-timers into a late-night, always-room-for-one-more dance party. 1 OUT OF 79 WOMEN IN NEW YORK CITY HAS AIDS reads the big yellow sign plastered across the condom machine in the men's room next to a handwritten reminder: DON'T FORGET TO WASH YOUR HANDS. *1302 E. Gunhill Rd., Bronx (no phone).*

Talent

Byrd Is the Word

So far, the much-heralded fusion of jazz and rap—which frothing *arrivistes* predicted would revolutionize pop music as we know it—has had little global impact outside fashion runways and Charlie commercials. But don't count it out just yet. While groups like Digable Planets and Us3 have already ridden their Art Blakey samples to fame, the lively conversation between elder hornmen and young MCs continues apace, and promises to elbow its way further into the market. This week, Donald Byrd (below), a founder of the early-seventies "soul jazz" movement—sonic if not sartorial boilerplate for hip-hop jazz—joins the goateed and be-dreadlocked young hip-hoppers who congregate at the long-running weekly jazz/rap/dance confab Giant Step at S.O.B.'s on April 26. Although this performance will reunite Byrd's early-seventies soul-jazz crew the Blackbyrds, and will not feature a jazz/rap jam, Byrd is one of jazz's most vocal hip-hop champions. A featured guest on Gang Starr rapper Guru's all-star record *Jazzmatazz,* the legendary hard-bop trumpeter (and sometime professor) doubtless recognizes the vitality a youthful black music can bring to jazz excursions. He also knows firsthand the power of that rare jazz commodity, an actual big-seller: His 1973 record *Black Byrd,* a funky slice of down-home soul, is the sole Blue Note release whose sales rival those of Us3's *Hand on the Torch,* the latest record to bring jazz grooves to the masses. Revolutionary or not, funky jazz would appear to be finding—and holding—its place.

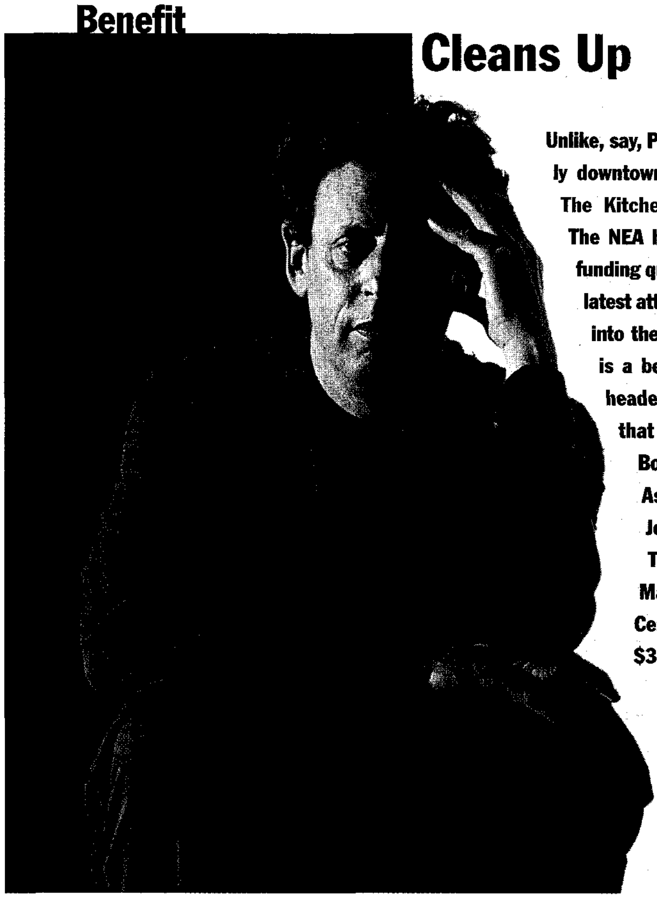
CHRIS NORRIS

Photograph by Benoit.

in concert

From the Diary of Anne Frank…Ballet Builde

Benefit Cleans Up



Unlike, say, PBS, the aggressively downtown alternative oasis The Kitchen knows its fate: The NEA has already cut its funding quite drastically. The latest attempt to pump cash into the 24-year-old space is a benefit performance headed by Philip Glass that also features Eric Bogosian, Robert Ashley, Dana Reitz, John Moran & Ridge Theater, and others. May 2 at Manhattan Center (255-5793); $35–$125.

Classical Music

Monday, April 24

London Symphony Orchestra—Pierre Boulez celebrates his 70th birthday by conducting his own compositions as well as Ravel and Berg. Jessye Norman as guest soloist. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$75.*

Tuesday, April 25

Takács String Quartet—Performs Schubert, Kurtag, and others. *Miller Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; $18.*

Wednesday, April 26

The Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducts a concert program first conducted by Vivaldi in Venice in 1740. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $18–$28.*

Thursday, April 27

Maria Kitsopoulos—The cellist performs Skalkottas, Carter, Debussy, and Brahms. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; $9.*

Friday, April 28

New World Symphony Orchestra—Michael Tilson Thomas conducts Mahler and *From the Diary of Anne Frank*, with narration by Debra Winger. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $18–$35.*

Boston Symphony Orchestra—Seiji Ozawa conducts Schoenberg, Fauré, and others. With soprano Sylvia McNair. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$75.*

Saturday, April 29

New World Symphony Orchestra—Michael Tilson Thomas conducts Foss Ives, Copland, Dahl, and others. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $25.*

Sunday, April 30

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducts the world premiere of Yehudi Wyner's *Lyric Harmony*, and others. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $9–$40.*

American Symphony Orchestra—Marks the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the United Nations by performing Blitzstein, Honneger, and Strauss. Joined by James Earl Jones and the New York City Gay Men's Chorus. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $20–$40.*

Opera

Amato Opera—4/29 at 7:30 and 4/30 at 2:30: Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Opera in Brief: Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* on 4/29 at 11:30 A.M. Tickets $10. *Amato Opera House, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $18.*

Harlem School of the Arts—4/30 at 5; 5/1 and 5/2 at 7: The Opera Theater Workshop, under the direction of mezzo-soprano Betty Allen, performs selections by Britten, Handel, Mozart, and others. *Harlem School of the Arts, 645 St. Nicholas Ave., near 141st St. (926-4100, ext. 307); $10.*

La MaMa E.T.C.—4/27–4/30 and 5/4–5/7 at 7:30: The premiere of composer-librettist David First's fully staged opera *The Manhattan Book of the Dead*, featuring baritone Thomas Buckner. *La MaMa's Annex, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710); $15.*

Manhattan School of Music Opera Theater—4/26 and 4/28 at 8, 4/30 at 2: Otto Nicolai's *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor.* Based on Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, it features guest artist Spiro Malas as Falstaff. *Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. (749-2808, ext. 428); $10–$15.*

Opera Ebony—4/26 at 7:30; 4/28 and 4/29 at 8: Performs *The Outcast*, Noa Ain's retelling of the biblical story of Ruth. *Majestic Theater, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4100); $10–$24.*

Dance

New York City Ballet—The new season begins on 4/25. Performances Tues–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 7. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (870-5570); $12–$60.*

Najma Ayashah—4/28 and 4/29 at 8: The Indian dancer performs *The Soul of Kathak*, with Sabah Nissan on *dumbek* and narration and Scott Wilson on the Middle Eastern *oud*. *Gene Frankel Theatre, 24 Bond St. (586-2685); $20.*

Ballet Builders—4/27–4/29 at 8; 4/30 at 3: Returns for its fifth season with a program of new dances by seven choreographers. *Clark Studio Theater, seventh floor, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (924-0077); $15.*

Martha Bowers Dance/Theatre/Etcetera—4/27 and 4/28 at 8: The world premiere of *Way More Blues*, as well as last season's well-received *Short Stories*. *Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. (982-0818); $12.*

Danspace Spring Gala—4/25 at 7: Twenty-first-anniversary benefit features performances by Meredith Monk, the cast of *Stomp!*, and others. *Danspace Project at St. Mark's Church, 10th St. and Second Ave. (674-8194); $150.*

Kyle Decamp—4/27–4/30: Performs *JohnnySpot* with three other dancers. *Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3; $12.*

Elisa Monte Dance—Through 4/30: Performs the world premiere of *Moonglow*, the New York premieres of *Labess* and *Fatidic Embrace*, and other pieces. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2 and 7:30; dark Mon. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $28.*

Mimi Garrard Dance Theatre—4/28–5/14: Two premieres (*On Renderings* and *Potpourri*) and revivals dating back to its beginning mark the thirtieth season for this company. Fri. and Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *Theatre of the Riverside Church, 120th St. and Riverside Dr. (864-2929); $12.50.*

Rhythm & Magic—4/28 at 8: Three dancers celebrate womanhood. Sabah performs Turkish gypsy dances, Ariane Pierre and friends perform a Pan-African spirit dance, and Liliana Morales performs Spanish flamenco. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $18.*

Cathy Weis—4/27–4/30 at 9: Cathy Weis and four others perform *A String of Lies*, a combination of dance, video, and prerecorded audio. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5829); $8.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph by Tom Caravaglia.

Yugo Next...*The Love Letter*

John Leonard's Television Notes

Legend (Tuesdays; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 11), from the word processors of Michael Piller and Bill Dial, by way of *Maverick* and *The Wild, Wild West,* propels turn-of-the-century dime novelist Ernest Pratt (Richard Dean Anderson) into Colorado territory, where he is obliged to impersonate the hero of his own pulp Westerns, Nicodemus Legend, with the ingenious help of John de Lancie as Janos Bartok, a mad professor with a bad case of Edison Envy. There was some wit in the two-hour pilot—a gunslinger was bought off with his very own publishing contract; and when Pratt was accused of "borrowing" the underwater helmet in his last novel from Jules Verne, he explained: "That was a homage!"—and the hot-air balloon was a wonder to behold.

The Homecoming (Frontline, April 25; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) follows Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn back from exile in Vermont, where he picked up the phone maybe five times in 20 years, to indifference in the erstwhile Soviet Union. He is followed for eight weeks, every inch of the railroad way from Manchuria to Moscow, by jackals of the press, in a cicada click and mosquito whine of cameras snapping away their photo-ops, about which his wife, Natalia, is even crankier than he is. See Solzhenitsyn wear sunglasses, although not when he stops to complain about the "liquid manure" of Western culture that somehow seeped into his Mother Russia under the Iron Curtain. I'm only sorry Frontline didn't stick around to get a glimpse of his TV talk show.

The Fall of Saigon (April 28; 9 to 11 P.M.; Discovery) mixes up some remarkable footage of the final days, and the harbinging whirlybirds, with interviews of everybody from Gerald Ford, our swine-flu President, to Tran Van Tra, the North Vietnamese deputy commander who led the "Ho Chi Minh" offensive. What a comfort is it to hear from Dr. Kissinger that he feels bad about letting down so many of our friendly clients, for whom we ended short a half-dozen helicopters or so. (Maybe if Dr. Kissinger had talked to Bob McNamara, Rambo would never have been necessary.) What a horror to hear from the guilt-ridden men on the ground, including ex-CIA cowboy Frank Snepp, who blame themselves for a forfeiture signed off on elsewhere, in the higher, humming spheres. How very post-modern it was of Ambassador Martin to refuse personally to remove to safety his own daughter's French poodle, thinking "it wouldn't make the right visual."

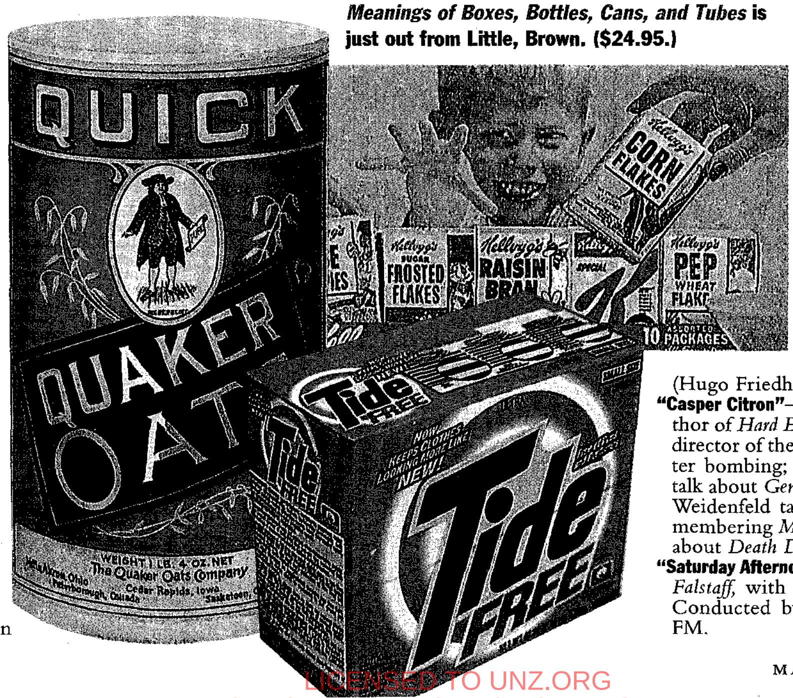
The Sound of Julie Andrews (April 30; 9 to 10 P.M..; Disney) lets all of us listen for an hour to the songbird sing selected favorites from American musicals all on her lonesome, if you don't count the all-Japanese orchestra of the NHK media conglomerate, conducted by an André Previn who seems to be thinking instead about Mia Farrow. I like Julie as much as Bill Cosby seemed to the other Wednesday night on his steadily improving *Mysteries* series. I'm sorry *The Sound of Music* rerun on NBC the other Sunday got out-Nielsened by Charlton Heston on ABC as Moses. But she has the wrong accent to sing "Oklahoma!" And she could use some company from Carol Burnett.

If Someone Had Known (May 1; 9 to 11 P.M. ; NBC) is this week's spouse-abuse television movie. It is not enough that we should have to wait months between episodes of *Christy.* But what is happening to Kellie Martin on hiatus shouldn't happen to a Kissinger. She marries Ivan Sergei. She bears him one child, and has just pre-heated another, and still he beats her like a gong, on at least one occasion with a golf club. None of this is noticed by her homicide-detective dad, Kevin Dobson, until Kellie shoots Ivan with both barrels and Kevin has to cuff her, after which the other mom in their troubled family, Linda Kelsey, must speak some dysfunctional home truths. In one way, what Kevin Dobson has done to Linda Kelsey is worse than what Ivan did to Kellie. He has robbed her of that radiance that has drawn me on so many afternoons to A&E for reruns of *Lou Grant.*

In Print

Package Deal

Acute vulnerability to attractive packaging, we're led to believe, characterizes mainly the makers and buyers of expensive perfume. But in a new book by *Populuxe* author Thomas Hine, the emotional and aesthetic susceptibilities of *all* of us are engagingly exposed. *The Total Package: The Evolution and Secret Meanings of Boxes, Bottles, Cans, and Tubes* is just out from Little, Brown. ($24.95.)



Radio Highlights

"An Hour With the New York Philharmonic"—4/30 at 1, with comments by music director Kurt Masur. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—4/24: Taneyev's *Oresteia Overture* and Mozart's Clarinet Concerto in A. 4/25: Haydn's Symphony No. 70 in D and Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloe.* 4/26: Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* and Berlioz's *Symphonie fantastique.* 4/27: Flotow's *Martha* (overture) and Brahms's Symphony No 3 in F. 4/28: Berlioz's *Le Corsaire* Overture and Franck's Symphony in d. Every weeknight at 8 (except for 4/26, when it is broadcast at 7); WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"The Metropolitan Opera Presents"—4/26 at 8: *Simon Boccanegra,* with Kiri Te Kanawa, Placido Domingo and Vladimir Chernov. James Levine conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM (simulcast with Thirteen/WNET).

"New York and Company"—4/24: Ellen Harris on *Guarding the Secrets;* Marianna Tcherkassky on dance; Jane Smiley on *Moo;* Terry Zwigoff on his documentary *Crumb.* 4/25: George Weidenfeld on *Remembering My Good Friends;* Simon Schama on *Landscape and Memory;* Lady Borton on *After Sorrow;* Li Lu on *Moving the Mountain* (Michael Apted's film about events in Tiananmen Square). 4/26: Richard Lederer on the impact of cats on language; Jacques Leslie on *The Mark;* Chang-Rae Lee on *Native Speaker;* Nikita Mikhalkov on *Burnt by the Sun.* 4/27: Donald Keene on *Modern Japanese Diaries;* Katie Hafner on *The House at the Bridge;* Peter Singer on *Rethinking Life and Death;* Kayo Hatta on *Picture Bride.* 4/28: Wendy Kaminer on *It's All the Rage;* Jerry Stahl on *Permanent Midnight;* open phones on topics of the day. Every weekday at noon on WNYC, 820 AM.

"Soundprint"—On the 5/1 episode of this program, "A Bridge of Voices," Tom Morton examines the condition of autism and the progress that's been made in recent years in helping patients improve their lives. At 7:30; WFUV, 90.7 FM.

"Film Notes: Music of the Movies"—4/24 at 10 P.M.: *España: The Pride and the Passion* (George Anthell); *Primavera Sevillana* (Joaquin Turina); *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (Victor Young); *The Sun Also Rises* (Hugo Friedhofer). WQXR; 96.3 FM.

"Casper Citron"—5/6 at 10 P.M.: David Fisher, author of *Hard Evidence,* talks to the former district director of the FBI during the World Trade Center bombing; K.T. Sullivan and Karen Prunzik talk about *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes;* Lord George Weidenfeld talks about his autobiography, *Remembering My Good Friends;* Debra Monk talks about *Death Defying Acts.* WOR; 710 AM.

"Saturday Afternoon at the Opera"—4/28 at 1: Verdi's *Falstaff,* with Juan Pons and Delores Ziegler. Conducted by Riccardo Muti. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Recorded Music

Ol' Dirty Bastard *Return to the 36 Chambers: The Dirty Version* (Elektra)—Hot on the boot heels of the Method Man comes Ol' Dirty Bastard, the loosest of the loose cannons sprung from Staten Island's rough-and-tumble rap posse the Wu Tang Clan. After grabbing his most recent headlines by getting shot—in a streetcorner spat over rap tastes—the Old D.B. follows up with an appropriately unhinged persona: a foul-mouthed, slurring street kamikaze somewhere between Blowfly, Ice Cube, and Biz Markie. With a sly mix that either undulates like a river bottom or looms like tenement walls, Wu Tang producer RZA lays a staggering sonic backdrop for the 26-year-old, over which he makes extravagant threats, lewdly entreats the ladies, and generally gets "in your face like a can of mace." In fact, effluvium seems the life essence of this ghetto-roaming Rabelais. As he says himself, "I keep my breath smellin' like shit so I can get funky." But like halitosis itself, a little of it goes a long way. (Chris Norris)

Harry T. Burleigh *From the Southland: The Songs, Piano Sketches, and Spirituals of Harry T. Burleigh* (Premier)—Like Scott Joplin, Harry T. Burleigh is one of America's earliest and most significant black composers. Unlike Joplin, who wove serious works out of popular dance music, Burleigh breathed a black-gospel essence into Europe's "classical" tradition. Though an early protégé of Dvořák, Burleigh is most famously remembered for his enduring arrangements of spirituals like "Peter, Go Ring Them Bells" and "Ride On, King Jesus." Still, he was a tremendous influence on many composers around the turn of the century, even inspiring Dvořák's use of spiritual themes in his *New World Symphony*. This collection of spirituals, art songs (some set to poems by Langston Hughes), and piano works is a fascinating record, a slice of black-concert-artist history, and a collection of quietly, deeply moving music. As ambitious as Ives and as American as Copeland. (C.N.)

Reading Hanging out in Westport's late, great Remarkable Book Shop helped prepare Cathleen Schine to write her new novel about the proprietor of a similar little shop in a seaside Connecticut town. Schine reads from *The Love Letter* (Houghton Mifflin, $19.95) on April 27 at Three Lives. (See listings.)

The Written Word

E. Annie Proulx and Jane Smiley—4/24 at 8, 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $8.

"Selected Shorts"—4/26 at 6:30: Terry McMillan presents stories by Brenda Williams, Maxine Clair, and Randall Kenan. 2537 Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $14.

Norman Mailer—4/26 at 7:30, reading from his new book *Oswald's Tale*. Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave. (787-6300); free.

Edwidge Danticat—4/26 at 6 at the Mid-Manhattan Library, 455 Fifth Ave. (340-0944); free.

"PEN Writing Awards for Prisoners"—4/27 at 7: Readings by Brad Gooch, Joan Silber, Karen White, and others. Fielding Dawson and Bibi Wein host. PEN Office, 568 Broadway, room 401 (334-1660); free.

Edmund Keeley on C.P. Cavafy and George Seferis—As part of the Poets House "Passwords" series, Keeley will read and speak about these poets' work on 4/27 at 7. 72 Spring St., second floor (431-7920); free.

Kathryn Harrison and Scott Spencer—Reading from their work on 4/27 at 6:30. Rizzoli Bookstore, 454 West Broadway, bet. Prince and Houston Sts. (674-1616); free.

Cathleen Schine—Reading from her new novel, *The Love Letter*, on 4/27 at 7. Three Lives Bookshop, 154 W. 10th St. (741-2069); free.

"Poetry Society of America Annual Awards Ceremony"—Honoring John Ashbery with a lecture and retrospective reading on 4/28 at 6. New York Public Library; $10.

Philip Weiss—4/28 at noon: Philip Weiss reads from his new novel, *Cock-a-Doodle-Do,* at St. Paul's Chapel of Trinity Church, at the corner of Fulton St. and Broadway; free.

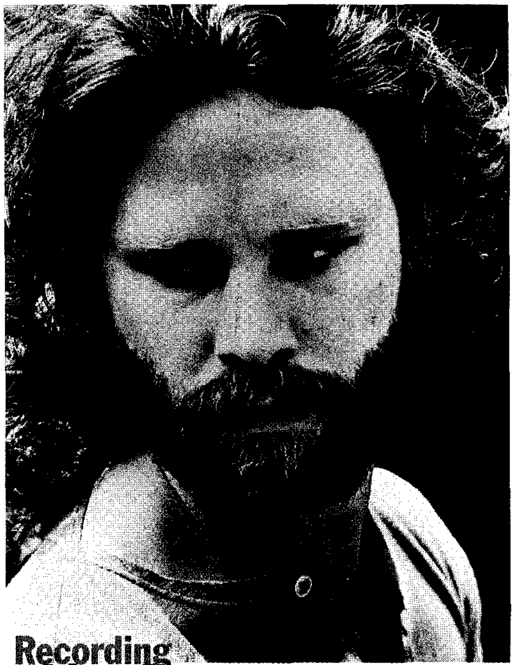
Isabel Allende—4/28 at 7:30 at Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave. (787-6300); free.

"23rd Annual Frederick Douglass Center Black Roots Festival"—4/30 at 5: Featuring Albert French, Terry McMillan, Sterling Plumpp, Ntozake Shange, Patricia Smith, Henry Threadgill, and Quincy Troupe. Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. (874-5210); $15. (Earlier in the afternoon, at 3, there is a reception, the cost of which is $20).

"E.E. Cummings: The Next 100 Years"—A Walpurgis Night event on 4/30 at 4. Word/Play Medicine Show Theatre Ensemble, 552 W. 53rd (262-4216); $5.

Gabriella De Ferrari—Reading from her memoir *Gringa Latina: A Woman of Two Worlds* on 5/3 at 8. Three Lives Bookshop, 154 W. 10th St. (741-2069); free.

"The Poet Tree"—Sunday-afternoon readings by poets, as well as occasional open readings and book



Recording
Live From Père-Lachaise...

...heeere's Jim! In a spate of other necrophonic releases—the Beatles, Jimi Hendrix, Queen—the digitally reunited Doors offer 'An American Prayer' (Elektra), out this month.

Photographs: top, James Hamilton; bottom, Edmund Teske.

raffles. Jane's Cafe, 254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-JANE), at 3; $6, plus $3 minimum purchase.

Lectures and Panels

"'45 at 50: The Anniversary of Almost Everything"—The Nation Institute sponsors this 5/1 forum on the epochal year that saw the closing events of World War II, labor unrest in the automobile industry, Kandinsky and Mondrian exhibitions, the formation of the League of Arab States, the integration of baseball, and the introduction of many postwar products (ballpoint pens, frozen orange juice, silly putty). Studs Terkel hosts the event, and participants include Robert Jay Lifton, Cornel West, Molly Ivins, and *Nation* columnists Christopher Hitchens and Katha Pollitt. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824), at 8; $15.

Kenzaburo Oe—The 1994 Nobel laureate in literature discusses his work, how it has been shaped by his attempt to speak for his mentally disabled son, and the viability of the novel as an art form in the next century. Joining Kenzaburo Oe in conversation will be his longtime friend and translator, John Nathan. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St., bet. First and Second Aves. (752-3015), on 4/26 at 6 (for the reception) and 6:30 (for the presentation); $10.

Francesco Clemente—A lecture/slide presentation by and on-stage interview with the artist on 5/4 at 8:15. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $16.

Fairs and Festivals

New York Armory Antiques Show—The last Wendy Management antiques event of the season opens to the general public on 5/3 at 4, and at 5 there will be a cocktail reception at the Armory to benefit the kids of NYU Medical Center. (The benefit then moves to the Waldorf Astoria for dinner and entertainment.) Through 5/7, more than 100 dealers will present furniture and decorative accessories from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. The Armory is located at Park Ave. and 67th St. Hours are 5/3, 4 to 9; 5/4-6, noon to 9; 5/7, noon to 6. For benefit information, call 263-5870; for antiques show information, call 472-1180. Admission to the antiques show is $10.

Tours

"All in the Family"—See Little Italy on Sidewalks of New York's guided tour of *Godfather* land. Call 517-0201 for schedule information and meeting place; $10.

"Brooklyn's Victorian Necropolis"—Tour the 478-acre Greenwood cemetery, resting site of Horace Greeley, Boss Tweed, Samuel F. B. Morse, Leonard Bernstein, and Currier and Ives, with its historian, John J. Cashman. The walk lasts approximately two hours and takes place on 4/30 at 1. Call 718-469-5277; $5.

"Historic Harlem"—4/30 at 1: Visit the center of African-American culture and see Strivers Row, the Abyssinian Baptist Church, the original Big Apple Cafe, and Hamilton Heights. Call 439-1090 for meeting place; $9.

"A Tribute to Jackie"—A two-hour stroll through the late Mrs. Onassis's neighborhood, with stops at many of her haunts. Call 662-5300 for schedule information and meeting place; $10.

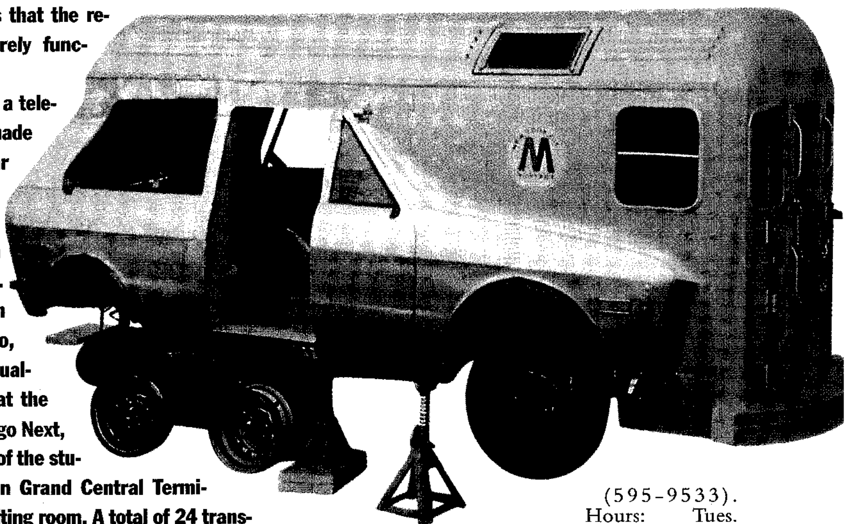
"Immigrant New York"—4/29 at 1: See what used to be called Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa on this multi-ethnic eating tour. You'll pass the Transfiguration Church, the Negro Burial Ground Stabile Bank, sweatshops, and Jarmlowsky's Bank. Call 439-1090 for meeting place; $9.

"Hell's Kitchen"—4/29 at noon: Learn about the midtown West Side area that was once small farms, then a busy industrial area, then a slum, and is now known as "Clinton." Visit Worldwide Plaza (the complex built on the site of the old Madison Square Garden), St. Malachy's Church, and the Actors Studio. Call 265-2663 for meeting place and reservations; $5.

"A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village"—See the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists as well as their gathering places and sites made famous in their work. Call 517-0201 for schedule information and meeting place; $10.

On View
Yugo-a-Go-Go

***Here is a lemon,* went the assignment to students and recent graduates of Kevin O'Callaghan's three-dimensional-design class at the School of Visual Arts. *Make lemonade.* The lemon in question was the Yugo, the infamous ultra-cheap Yugoslavian import that was available here from 1985 to 1992 and has since all but disappeared. The students were to take the cars and, employing their classroom-acquired expertise with hammers, cranes, and forklifts, give them new life. O'Callaghan's only dictum was that the results be entirely functional.**



They made a telephone. They made a subway car (right) and a submarine. They made a barbecue grill. They even made a piano, and it will actually be played at the opening of Yugo Next, an exhibition of the students' work in Grand Central Terminal's main waiting room. A total of 24 transformed Yugos, some with movable parts and some interactive, will be on display from May 1 through May 26. "The show and the space are perfectly matched," says Mark Dawson, director of the Visual Arts Foundation, which is presenting the exhibition. "People will be drawn in, I think, because it's not conceptual as in *What is it?* It's more *How did they get from here to there?*" The project, not surprisingly, depended on artistic patronage of a fairly unusual sort. The students needed and received donations from hardware and paint stores but above all required uncommon studios. "They worked in parking lots, in garages, in warehouses," says Dawson. "Not many people want a Yugo in the front yard."

LINDA HALL

Events

Marcel Marceau—The mime hasn't appeared in a solo recital in New York for twelve years, and the last time he was here with a company, it was 1961. The 72-year-old M. Marceau returns to the city with his new company on 4/25 for a number of performances at the Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, 68th St., bet. Park and Lexington Aves. Tickets are $24; call 772-4448 for further information.

Exhibitions

S.O.S. Art Exhibition—Held in order to fund a lawsuit seeking an Environmental Impact Study to stop further work on the seventeen-story proposed hotel on West Broadway, this exhibition at 420 West Broadway features works of art contributed by hundreds of artists and galleries. Alex Katz, Jennifer Bartlett, Red Grooms, and Chaim Gross are among the artists offering their work for sale. The exhibition is sponsored and organized by two volunteer groups, the SoHo Alliance and the Grand/Canal Park Group, both of which are trying to maintain SoHo's balance of art and commerce while enriching the area's quality of life. 4/25-29; call 226-7316 for further information.

"Victorian Vernacular: The American Show Quilt"—The Museum of American Folk Art places decorative textiles and other home furnishings in a context of the Aesthetic interiors movement of the nineteenth century. Columbus Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (595-9533). Hours: Tues. through Sun, 11:30 A.M. to 7:30 P.M. Closed Mon. Admission is free.

"Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum"—The museum's collection of jewelry includes approximately 1,000 pieces, ranging from ancient Egyptian artifacts to work produced just recently. Built up through bequests from personal estates as well as donations from living designers, the collection is one of the few resources in the country for the study of the art of jewelry. This exhibition charts the links between jewelry and anatomy and documents changing societal attitudes toward the human body and jewelry design. Through 9/3 at Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 for seniors and students; free on Tues. after 5.

"I Believe in Agitation"—The Morgan Library, in recognition of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Frederick Douglass, presents a selection of his letters. The documents on display are from the Gilder Lehrman collection as well as the library's own holdings. Through May 14 at 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008).

Sports

Hockey

The Rangers host Tampa Bay on 4/26 and face off against the Islanders on 4/28. Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. and 33rd St.

Kids

Fair Play...Tent Tops

Children's Events

Neighbor's Daughter—You don't necessarily need a full-time daughter to participate in Take Our Daughters to Work Day. Arrange with the Ms. Foundation for Women to adopt a girl for the day (742-2300). The Foundation also has a hot line that dispenses how-to sheets and merchandise (800-676-7780). If the boss complains about work slowing down, explain that even White House staff will be trailed by girls all day, 4/27.●

Boy's Life—Some dads are spontaneously going to schools on Take Our Daughters to Work Day—see above—to chat with classrooms full of left-behind lads. Topics are entirely optional. Can a Take Our Sons to Work Day be far behind?●

Big Top—For its 125th-anniversary show, **Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey** dazzling don't-try-this-at-home antics, including a daredevil Day-Glo motorbike act, trained tigers, and kids somersaulting over pachyderms. Through 4/30 at Madison Square Garden, 2 Penn Plaza (465-6741); call for times. Ticket prices at all performances are $9.50 to $32.50. ●

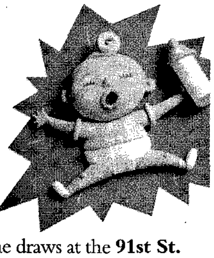
"Cirque du Soleil"—Sublime acrobatics, and cerebral clowns; nevertheless, a slow evening for most children under 12. The big yellow-and-blue circus tent will be pitched in Battery Park City through at least mid-May. Tues., Wed., and Thurs. at 8; Fri. at 6 and 9:30; Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30; and Sun. at 1 and 5. West St. between First and Second Place, near the World Financial Center (952-1200). $8.75–$33.50 for children, $17.50–$48.50 for adults.

Busman's Holiday—The New York Transit Museum dusts off its finest for an outdoor **Bus and Trolley Festival**. Ride horse-drawn omnibuses (on a lottery basis), take a trip on a Queen Mary double-decker, and ride a vintage shuttle bus to and from the Brooklyn Historic Railway Association's Trolley B[illegible]n, where a restored 1897 electric trolley awaits. Rain or shine, 4/30 from 10 to 5. Corner of Boerum Place and Schermerhorn St. (718-330-3060). $2 for children, $5 for adults.●

Mind Over Matter—**ARTime** tours for children with sketchbooks and adults in tow look at some art made of the unexpected this month: *Chocolate* is an exhibit of just that—at the Swiss Institute; Samm Kunce's sculptures at the John Gibson Gallery are made of hydroponic grass. Tours on the Strange Stuff theme are Saturdays at 11 through May 20. Reservations at least a day in advance are required (718-797-1573). $20 for an adults and child, $5 for each additional child.

Weird Science— The Magic Machine, by J.F.K. High School students Loc Bui and Quan Tran is a shoo-in to win at the annual Science and Technology Expo under the Rube Goldberg category. The machine releases a golf ball (a requirement for all entries in the category) and switches on an electric train, which activates a mouse trap. . . . Science projects from high-school finalists in all five boroughs are on view 5/3 from 10 to 5 and 5/4 from 10 to 2. NYNEX Headquarters, 1095 Sixth Ave., at 42nd St. (838-0230, ext. 422). ●●

All's Fair—School-fair season is upon us, with the accompanying squeals of delight—and deals. A hayride, a fire truck, a moon walk, and a host of "gently used" toys and clothing are at the **Jack and Jill School Fair** at St. George's Church 4/29 from noon to 4 (a children's show with a $3 admission is at 2.) 209 East 16th St. (475-0855). Pony rides, pig-patting opportunities, a maze, a lollipop toss, and a goldfish raffle are some of the draws at the **91st St. Playground Fair** at Riverside Park (580-7201). 4/30 from 11 to 4. **Pace Little School Spring Festival** is also 4/30 from 11 to 4. 1 Pace Plaza, across the street from City Hall (693-9693). **Broadway Presbyterian Church Nursery Fair** is 4/29 from 10 to 3. 601 West 114th St. (603-5746). A family fair and flea market with dress-up photos to benefit church-sponsored charities is on 4/29 from 10 to 3 and 4/30 from 1 to 3:30. The Presbyterian Church, 921 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. (288-8920). Admission is 75 cents for children, $1.50 for adults.



What Not Yet Crawling?—New mother and baby luncheons begin with bubble-blowing and parachute-shaking, followed by a meal and then a guest speaker. This week (5/2) psychologist Susan Branche talks about avoiding competitiveness among moms. 11:40 to 2:30. **Hi Life Restaurant** (private room), 1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (744-3194). $22 for a single luncheon; $90 for five.

The Play's the Thing—Some of the family-oriented performances around town are: **The Musical Tale of Peter Rabbit** performed by Bits 'n' Pieces Theatre with a cast that includes nine-foot-tall puppets, and four children chosen from the audience. 4/30 at 2. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $5 for children, $10 for adults. **The Princess and the Pauper**, a musical for families put on by the Mad Hatters, students in Hunter College's Children's Theatre Lab program, on 4/26 and 4/27 at 11 and 1; 4/28 at 11, 1 and 7:30; and 4/29 and 4/30 at 1 and 3. Hunter College Little Theatre, 68th St. (772-4448). Tickets are $5 for children and seniors, $10 for adults. **If Sammy Can** is a musical that chronicles the story of African-American teenager Donovan Williams—a Sammy Davis Jr. fan—who lives in East Harlem. 4/29 at 8 and 4/30 at 2. The Little Theater, 1 East 104th St. (427-2244 ext. 573). $5 for students, $10 for adults. **"Kids With Heart"** is a group of top child performers singing and dancing from Broadway and off-Broadway hits to benefit LIFEbeat in the fight against HIV/AIDS. 4/30 at 2 and 6. Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (595-5757). $20; tickets that include a noon brunch at Tribeca Grill are $125 to $300.

"Carnival of the Animals"—Illustrator Brian Selznick teams up with the **Little Orchestra Society** to bring Saint-Saëns' musical fantasy to an audience of 3- to 5-year-old children, along with music by Copland and Rimsky-Korsakov. 4/29 at 10:30 and 11:45 and 4/30 at 12:30 and 1:45. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute/Alliance Française, 55 East 59th St. (704-2100). Tickets are $30.●

"Wildlife Weekend"—A weekend-long centennial celebration at all five New York Wildlife Centers includes wandering minstrels, party games with animal aspects to them, and "birthday cakes" for the animals concocted from their favorite foods. 4/29 and 4/30 from 11 to 4. Bronx Zoo, Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation, Central Park, Queens and Prospect Park Wildlife Centers. Free with general admission.●

Funky Chicken—Benora Winfield of the **Brooklyn Children's Museum** hosts a "show and tell" of popular dances spanning four decades, including the Tootsie Roll, the Pepper Seed, and the Mashed Potato. 4/29 at 1:30 and 3. 145 Brooklyn Ave. (718-735-4400). Admission is free with a suggested contribution of $3.●

Coming Up— **The Macy's Parade Balloon-a-Thon** brings those enormous Thanksgiving Day Parade inflated creatures to Brooklyn's Park Slope Armory for an event that benefits Prospect Park Alliance's "Save Our Forest" campaign and other borough charities. Call for details (494-5249). **The Big Apple Circus** brings mayhem and Mummenschanz to the outer boroughs May 11 through 31. Call for details (268-0055).

Previews

Wild Strawberries

The original *Pippi Longstocking* isn't the only wonderful children's film from Sweden. Check out *Ronia, the Robber's Daughter* (also adapted from an Astrid Lindgren story); *Binkey Can't Fly; Sune's Summer;* and scads of other thoroughly endearing choices at Walter Reade Theater's Springtime in Sweden festival. Headsets are provided so kids can hear a live reading of dialogue in English; the movies are also subtitled. The festival runs weekends May 6 to June 25—concurrent with a Bergman retrospective for adults. Lincoln Center, 165 West 65th Street, plaza level (875-5600). Tickets are $2.

Ground Rules:

- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

C

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Kids

Michael Gilt
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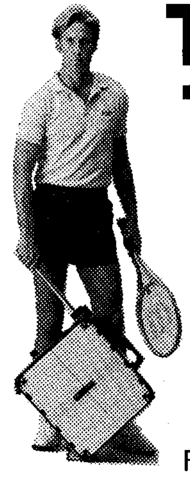

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Last Chance—Playful, intelligent, successful Manhattan professional, 42, fit, handsome, green-eyed, sensual, with integrity and wit, seeks bright, upbeat, slender sexy lady, 28-40, fit, with warmth and great smile, to share thoughts, romance *and life's surprises. Photo required.* 7109 ✉

Looking To Share Life's Adventure—Warm, affectionate, creative, evolving, attractive professional woman, seeks playful, bright, expressive, successful Jewish man, 45 plus, with a sense of humor and integrity. 7069 ✉

Celebrate Your Life!—With a considerate, funny, really nice guy, president of well-known corporation, good-looking, with sharp mind and body, 5'11", affectionate, 39, passion for the arts, fitness, romance, very successful. Seeks the same in a caring, tall, spontaneous, vibrant woman under 36. Picture necessary. 7094✉

Youthful, Divorced Two Years—45, high-energy Jewish male, money manager, very giving, desires best friend for life - existing family desirable. Must be used to finer things, very slim and have passion for interests. Hugs and laughter for life is my goal. I love shopping, dancing, dining, travel, water sports and all board games. Would like to move to Boca or CT. I'm a 10 on a 1-10 in kindness, honesty, communicativeness and affection and an 8-9 in looks and class. Picture a must! 7055 ✉

Successful Executive/Entrepreneur—32, 6'3", seeks 26-36, intelligent, beautiful, white Christian career woman (nonsmoking), willing to build a serious relationship. Rumor has it I'm very *attractive... You be the judge.* I love children, reading, films, kidding, cooking, athletics and intense conversation. I desire romance, passion and a special closeness with a bright, attractive, energetic woman who treasures looking and feeling great. Note/photo/phone. 7039 ✉ ☎

Ex-Playboy Bunny—Dying to fall in love. A prettier Jamie Lee Curtis type, 5'7", 120 lbs, great body, great cook and great friend for the right guy. You're 40-55, successful, bright, good-looking, great sense *of humor, who loves music, theater and* life. Note/recent photo, please. 7053 ✉

I'm Pretty, Accomplished—Have a big heart/Care about music, my work and art/ My lifestyle is upscale; I'm fit and refined/ I'd like a man who has humor, is kind/ If you're 50 plus, successful, have style.../ Answer this ad, and we may just both smile. Photo/note. 7003 ✉

Try Me, Foxy Lady—Handsome CEO, 47, 6'/170 lbs, fit, athletic, nonsmoker, divorced. Athletic, GQ-style, with well-rounded, diverse interests. Financially secure, fun and sincere, with a good sense of humor. If you're Christian, *drop-dead gorgeous (body, mind and* soul), 32-39, upbeat, chic, trim, playful and a nonsmoker, please respond with photo and handwritten note. 7117 ✉

Warm, Handsome, Successful, 34—6', trim, Ivy-educated male seeks intelligent, slim Jewish female, 28-36. 7059 ✉ ☎

The Most Unusual Combination—Argentinean glamor, class, sophistication and Jewish brains, 50ish and still head turner. Northern NJ resident, secure, successful, loves Manhattan and the finer things in life looking for right counterpart. Note/photo/phone, please. 6958 ✉

I'm No Sinner, You're No Saint—We're just two outgoing people who decided to meet a little differently than usual. Both of us are highly attractive Jewish professionals, but we're tired of all the singles scene BS. I am 31, single, handsome Jewish professional, 5'10", 155 lbs, blue eyes, brown hair, nonsmoker. I like the Hamptons, boating, tennis, football, working out and having fun. I'm looking for an attractive, Jewish professional woman, 31 and under, in good shape, size 6 and under, 5'2"-5'6", nonsmoker, with personality, a good heart...and who likes to have fun. Note/photo. 7112 ✉

I'm Strong Enough To Be Your Man—Dynamic, handsome Manhattan CEO, 38, seeks intelligent, attractive woman, 22-25, for friendship/relationship. I enjoy theater, movies, Soho/Village, horseback riding in Central Park, Chanel, golf, Le Cirque, Bergdorf's, Cannes, champagne, St. Moritz, Bermuda, sailing, tennis, scuba diving, Renoir, U-2 and Mozart. 7058 ✉ ☎

Exceptional Woman—Loving, kind, blond, beautiful, passionate, TV correspondent, Christian, 35, enjoys outdoors, the arts, travel. Seeks marriage-minded man for love, romance, fun, family and adventure. Note/photo/phone. 7080 ✉

Downtown Woman—*Pretty, 36, bright,* funny, professional Jewish female seeks intelligent, down-to-earth professional *man with good sense of humor, 34-45.* Note/photo appreciated. 7018 ✉

Petite, Italian Nurse/Social Worker—41. Eclectic tastes. Enjoys people, books. Seeks an intelligent, nice guy, 40-50. Note/photo. 7087 ✉ ☎

Japanese Lady?—Harvard-educated corporate lawyer, late 40s, romantic heart, leading quiet life in the country, seeks serious relationship, marriage with Japanese lady, any age. Photo, please. 7116 ✉

Ageless, Athletic Artist—Divorced white male, 50 years old (looks 35), physically fit, good-looking, sincere, down-to-earth, loves the outdoors. Would like to share my life with you: 38-48, no dependent children, attractive and fit, energetic, secure job, resides in NY or NJ. Note/photo, please. 7046 ✉

Get Serious!—40-year-old, established, divorced Jewish physician/writer/photographer, with bright future, seeks upbeat, down-to-earth, healthy lady, 30 plus, with thin body and big brains, for love, life and Jewish home. Note/photo/phone. 7077 ✉

Charming, Handsome Black Attorney—32, world traveler with a zest for adventure and enlightenment, seeks a spiritually secure and financially sound, single white *female/nonsmoker, 35-50. Together, we* will explore the wonders of NY. Note, recent photo and phone number appreciated. I will answer all responses. 7015 ✉

Beautiful, Sophisticated, Bright—Slim executive, Ivy grad, Jewish, 34, 5'5", nonsmoker. Enjoys arts, athletics, travel. Seeks successful professional male counterpart, Manhattan resident, 32-45, Jewish, nonsmoker, for lasting relationship. Note/ photo/phone. 7105 ✉ ☎

Single Jewish Male—32, doctor, handsome, 6', dark hair, blue eyes, seeking single Jewish female, 22-30, bright, beautiful and slender, for friendship and more. Note/photo/phone. 6988 ✉

Handsome, Down-To-Earth Guy—26, 5'11", 160 lbs, financially secure stockbroker. Enjoys bicycling, skiing, outdoors, movies, theater and music. Seeking 23-34, attractive, outgoing, intelligent professional woman for relationship. Note/photo/phone. 7098 ✉

JD With Model Looks—American-born with international background, Christian. Enjoys fine dining, exotic travel, theater. *Seeks generous, unencumbered, commit*ment-minded man, 35-45, with upscale life style, for now and forever. 7076 ✉ ☎

Successful, Witty—6', blue-eyed, handsome financial professional, Jewish, nonreligious, nonsmoker. Interested in sports and health-oriented. Seeks intelligent, pretty pal with similar interests. Photo. 7020 ✉ ☎

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Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
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Enjoy Travel, Dining And Life—With a *delicate, beautiful black female, 120 lbs,* Ivy educated, business exec, with great caffe latte skin. I have many diverse cultural and intellectual interests. Seeking pleasant single male, 38-50, for companionship and possible romance. Smokers okay. Send note/photo. 7110 ✉

Classic Blond—Looking to be a supportive and hardworking partner for a loving, nonsmoking, Christian professional man, 45 and up, with children from a happy former relationship. Looks are secondary but a good heart, compassion, kindness, respect and an optimistic nature are a must. I'm pretty, slim, with lots of *spirit, enjoy music, theater, sports, nature* and more. Please respond with personal note and be from LI or NY. 7054 ✉

Doctor's Orders—Handsome, caring, blue-eyed blond, 6', 42-year-old MD - likes to laugh at life's ironies, thirst for fine wine, running, film, some spectator sports, former Catholic. Seeks best friend, 30-37, nonsmoker, who is eager for marriage and children. If you fit the bill, take two aspirins and send photo in the morning. 7017 ✉

Down-To-Earth, Pretty Female—33, funny, sensitive, bright and fit. Loves - parks, animals, music. Seeks similar male. Note/photo. 7126 ✉

Good-Looking, Athletic Jewish Male—*Bisexual, 37, 6', 180, looking for Jewish* woman with good values - for relationship and having child(ren) with. Will share *responsibilities and provide emotional and* financial support. 7048 ✉ ☎

Mediterranean-Looking Beauty—Highly educated (scientist/ballerina), shedding many skins... Seeks passionate and accomplished second-time-arounder to smooth each other's brows. Soul riches a plus - integrity a must. Late 30s-50s. Photo/bio. 7030 ✉

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Summer Preview—Critics say this green-eyed, divorced Jewish female is bright, fun, loving and classy. Seeks upbeat doer/communicator/co-star... Jewish male, 45-55, 5'10" plus, to explore new horizons. Note/photo. 7034 ✉ ☎

Tall, Dark-Haired, Blue-Eyed Female—Funny, warm, NY filmmaker, 36, engaging curiosity, love of adventure. Take a hike. With me. 7022

Handsome, Affluent—Cultured professional, 54, Mideast-born, into golf and tennis, seeks special lady for summer date with winter potential. Photo/note. 7115 ✉

Baseball's Back!!—Honesty - Single. Trust - Double. Communication - Triple... Throw your best pitch (no curve balls) to this 36, 6', athletic, super-personable, successful, fun Jewish guy. If you're very outgoing, a great conversationalist, fit and energetic, I may connect for a Grand Slam or a Terrific Friendship. 7044 ✉ ☎

Forever Young At 50—Slim, attractive female seeks quality man for new beginnings. 7056 ✉ ☎

Big Things Come In Small Ads—Male, 35, funny, smart, thinks too much. Seeks playful, affectionate female. 7093 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Genuine, Slender PhD—Seeks a smart, earthy, adventurous, intuitive, curious, accomplished man of integrity and tenderness, 49-59. 7084 ✉

Caring, Romantic Physician—Jewish male, 39, considered handsome and down-to-earth, warm, sensitive, with appreciation for golden retrievers, most sports, fitness and the arts. Enjoys music, hiking, rollerblading and fine wine. Seeks marriage-minded female, 28-36, who is fit, kind, positive and has a passion for life - with integrity, intellect and sense of humor. 7027 ✉ ☎

Lovely, Adventurous—Manhattan woman - financially secure, Jewish, free to travel and explore, filled with the joy of life, enjoys the arts and the Knicks, among many other things...with a wonderful, casual East Hampton home. Missing are: sharing, caring and meaningful conversation with an interesting, intelligent man, 48 plus, who loves to laugh and who believes in long, slow, soft kisses that last three days. If you are a man who is missing these things too, please respond with note, photo, phone. 6984 ✉

Gentleman Living In Bedford NY—Seeks friendship first, then commitment, with the right partner. I am in my early 40s, attractive, healthy, 6'1", 195 lbs and very successful. I am divorced with no children. Current photo a must. 7097 ✉

Bright, Elegant, Charming—Seeks financially secure Italian/Jewish gentleman, 45 plus, 5'9" plus, smart, kind, good manners, nice smile a must! 6999 ✉

Tall, Auburn-Haired, Attractive—Warm, fun-loving mom and creative ad exec, looking for great, copacetic guy. You're 48-58, smart, fun, attractive, successful, sensitive. You like theater, movies, good restaurants and good music - from Billy Joel to Bobby Short to Pavarotti. Whether black tie or barefoot on the beach, you're open, interested and fun to be with. Note/photo/phone. 7037 ✉

Vacancy—Permanent position for secure Jewish guy, 29-35, with NYC blue-eyed gal, 28, 5'1", 105, figure skater and Ranger diehard. Rush! Offer ends soon. Valid with photo only. 7118 ✉

Brainy Blond—Pretty woman, 46, slim, childless, seeks teddy bear. 7111 ✉ ☎

Male Nudist Seeks Female Nudist—He: good looks/taste/affectionate/50s, 5'7", fit and trim. She: shapely, warm, 35-40. Goal: fun, sun, travel and romance. Photo/cloth okay. 7064 ✉

Attractive Young Woman—Interested in travel, opera, theater, hiking, tennis... Seeks gentleman who knows the difference between tourist and traveler, as shown in "Sheltering Sky" by Bernardo Bertolucci. Note/photo appreciated. 7031✉

Tall, Dark, Handsome (Really)—Jewish MD, 45, divorced without kids, who is witty, unpretentious and with many interests, seeks an attractive, well-educated woman, 20s-mid 30s, to start a family with. An added plus would be a serious interest in or professional involvement with classical music. Photo required. 7107 ✉

40-Year-Old, Handsome—Blue-eyed, divorced physician. I have recently lost the love of my life and am trying to recover. I am seeking my true love. Have made mistakes and trying to learn from them. I am seeking a relationship that will lead to marriage and family. Photo assures response. 7045 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Successful Fun-Loving—Mensch seeks attractive, mature, intelligent woman, 27-35, for relationship that can lead to marriage and family. Photo and note. 7008 ✉

Divorced White Female—Seeks divorced/widowed white male, young 50s, spontaneous, romantic, confident, physically fit, sense of humor. Send note/recent photo to pretty, feminine, sophisticated business executive with same qualities. Nonsmoker. 7041 ✉

Gay White Male—Seeks a bright, supportive, quality guy whose time has come to meet his counterpart. I'm a youthful, caring, Ivy-educated professional, 52, 5'4", a very attractive, classy guy, although chunky and bald. 7035 ✉ ☎

For Your Eyes Only—Single, white Jewish female, petite, 42, lively, athletic and sensitive, seeks upbeat, adventurous, funny and charming, single white male, late 30s-40s, who can be friend and soul mate. Photo optional. 7004 ✉ ☎

Attention Ladies!—Very handsome, self-employed Jewish professional, 42, 5'9", in great shape, available for romantic, committed relationship leading to marriage with a slender, beautiful woman, 27-38, who has good values and desires a partner in life. Note/photo/phone. 7106 ✉ ☎

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As featured on Maury Povich, Montel Williams, ABC, Fox News, Geraldo, Dr. Ruth, Cosmopolitan (Jun '91), and NY Times (Jul '93).

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350

Pretty, Tall, Slim—Sensuous, classy, caring, curvaceous businesswoman, 50s. I enjoy outdoors, golf, music, theater, dancing, etc. Love city and country living. Seeking attractive Jewish business or professional man, 58-65. Let's have fun and a great relationship! 7033 ✉ ☎

Tall, Attractive—41-year-old brunette with high-powered job and warm, low-key personality, seeks smart, funny, successful man in late 30s or 40s. 7025 ✉

Asian Male—Mid 30s, 5'6", intelligent, handsome and strong, seeks an attractive white female. Photo/note, please. 7088✉

Attractive, Sexy And Petite—NYC broker, squash player and travel buff, 40s, seeks partner, 48 plus, for matches, movies and travel. Photo. 6841 ✉ ☎

Are You Different?—I'm a creative professional - very pretty, smart, funny, with interests ranging from art to athletics, who's not looking for Superman - just an open-minded guy (30s-40s) with integrity, intelligence, a sense of humor and a job. Note/photo. 7049 ✉

Warm, Beautiful Brunette—With passion for life - fit, active, bright, fun-loving professional, great smile - wants same in a good man to treasure. Prefers Jewish nonsmoker, 50s-65. 7102 ✉ ☎

ENCORE, ENCORE

New York Magazine's Strictly Personals

returns to the fabulous

Copacabana,

Thursday, May 18, 5:30-midnight,

for a springtime celebration.

We had a blast at our Valentine's celebration and want to give a repeat performance.

Admission includes a great buffet (still two food stations and no lines!), the ever-popular 25%-off Strictly Personals coupon - and a few other surprises too. So join us for a night of dancing, possible romancing and...who knows what!?

COPACABANA

617 W. 57th St. (easy parking and lots of cabs)

$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash bar.

Mail check or money order by May 12th to:

New York Magazine Party, 2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.

Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

For more information, call 212-545-3668.

Tall, Very Handsome—Single Jewish male, 31, own business, educated, well-mannered, well-spoken - no problem meeting women but still looking for you! Single Jewish female, 25-35, beautiful inside and out, intelligent, self-assured and fun. Note/photo/phone. 7099 ✉

Slender, Very Pretty, Warm—Sensual Queens lady, varied interests, seeks sensitive 60ish man for loving relationship. 7029 ✉

Available:—1953 Class A professional building in Bergen County, NJ. Modern, very attractive facade, well-maintained, free-standing, great interior design, solid foundation, former tenant evicted, free parking, month-to-month lease by female owner. No subtenants. Principals only. Photo please. 7050 ✉ ☎

Passion For Golf—Divorced white male, 50, often travels to U.S. Would like to meet an attractive female golfer for dinners, theater and movies in the evenings, and to play some of America's finer courses during weekends and vacations. Photo please. 7101 ✉

New Englander In New York—Best of both worlds. Attractive, slender professional woman, 54 - enjoys sports, theater, reading and restaurants. Would like to meet gentleman in his 50s, with similar interests. Note/photo, please. 7024 ✉

Persephone Emerging—From the Underworld... Will you celebrate spring with this tall, slim, very pretty, 32, classicist? No need to be Adonis - just attractive, 30s and interested in the sweet cultural pomegranates of NYC. Note/photo. 7019 ✉

Warm, Attractive, Fun-Loving—Passionate (914) female, seeking playful, nonsmoking mensch, 50-65. 7038 ✉

Handsome MD—41, Catholic, seeks nonsmoking, educated, attractive woman. Note/photo. 6992 ✉

Good-Looking Professional—MBA, 37, 5'7", seeks intelligent, fun-loving, honest female, 25-40, to share NY, the future. Note/photo. 7120 ✉

Professional Jewish Man—40, 6', loves beach, books, long walks, seeking Jewish female for serious relationship. Note/photo/phone. 7067 ✉

Spirited, Cosmopolitan Lady—Seeks well-traveled man, 60 plus. 7040 ✉ ☎

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Handsome Wasp Gentleman—Executive, 48, 5'10", non-New Yorker but keeps apartment in NY and maintains two other residences. Longing for serious relationship. Seeks lovely lady, 35-53, tall, large build, nonsmoker, who enjoys movies, quiet times, fine dining, dancing and travel. Note/photo/phone. 7057 ✉

Vivacious, Active Jewish Woman—50 plus in years but young in heart and spirit, who's been many places, seen many things. Now I'd like to explore the future with someone intelligent, inquisitive, warmhearted. Note/phone. 7043 ✉ ☎

Where's The Better?—Right here! You'll love me to pieces. I'm 50, 5'8", 170 lbs, handsome - excellent, healthy youthful body, love the finer things in life. Looking for a Jewish or Spanish, healthy, pretty lady. No drugs, no smoking, no disease, no phonies. Photo and note a must, with phone number. 6972 ✉

Affectionate Asian Lady Desired—26-35. Mature, secure white male, 40s, seeks cuddly Seoul mate who loves humor/skating/cooking/poetry. Photo/note please. 6995 ✉

Beautifully Balanced—In all aspects - attractive, very bright professional, fun-loving, sincere, mature 27, 5'9", blond. Seeks a "nice guy" - professional, good sense of humor, sharp, physically fit, adventurous, to enjoy summer with... Photo/note. 6979 ✉

Single Jewish Female—Seeks single Jewish male, 34-39, physically fit, attractive, extremely intelligent and lively. Anyone out there? 7063 ✉ ☎

Stunning Spinnaker Setter—Who skis blacks, plays Chopin, can't sing (but loves opera), hikes mountains, bakes souffles - seeks male sailor/skier counterpart, 46-58 (non-baker okay). (212)/(203). 7108 ✉

Lean, Luscious And Ladylike—Manhattanite (English-born, 5'9", 37), described as calm, centered, gentle, refined, a good cook and a true friend - seeks gentle man with a sense of adventure. If you're vigorous yet bookish, with high energy and a dazzling sense of humor, and are looking for a best friend, please write. 7065 ✉

Searching For Silence—Let me talk to you with your silence that is bright as a lamp, simple as a ring. You're like the night with its stillness and constellations. Your silence is that of a star, as remote and candid. Jewish male, 32, searching for woman, 25-32. Note/photo. 7016 ✉

Wanted: Latin Lover—40-60, by rica senora (non-Latin). Must be sexy, very affluent professional senor, fit and fun, free to travel and dance the merengue around the world, has an ear for Jose Jose, Roberto Carlos, Gypsy Kings and an eye for Mexico, Marbella, espanol y salsa. Picture a must. 7095 ✉

Message In A Bottle—Single, white Jewish female, 33, 5'6", 118 lbs, brown hair, brown eyes, seeks male counterpart for friendship. 6989 ✉ ☎

Distinguished Looking—Successful man. Tall, intelligent, sincere, generous, salt-and-pepper hair. Residences in New York and Connecticut. Likes: horseback riding, sailing, walking, concerts, museums, movies, restaurants, travel. Seriously interested in meeting an attractive, slim woman, 35-42 years old, college graduate, semi-domesticated, who might be interested in a companionship leading to a happy family life. Please send note with photo and phone. If you "don't have photo", please take one. Thanks. 7091 ✉

Not Your Typical LI Mom—41, vivacious, intelligent, excellent sense of humor and style, warm heart. Seeks successful Jewish man for new beginnings that last forever. Photo and phone. 7070 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Mature Professional—6', seeks Modern Orthodox, tall Jewish woman, to 45, to build a family. 7092✉☎

Suburban, Super-Bright—43, female, true ex-model, blond, Irish-Swedish, grown children, seeks successful, dynamic family-type man with all the adjectives. Only class acts. Photo, please. 6998 ✉☎

Post-Passover Plans—Educated widower, mid 60s, physically and financially fit, hopes to share long, fun-filled future with a pleasant, petite, cultured widow or divorcee, 50s-early 60s. 7061 ✉

Free Spirit—Very attractive, elegant, outgoing single woman of Eurasian descent, 43, 5'4", self-aware, sales professional, equestrian, avid NY Times puzzler. Seeks warm, sensitive, educated, adventurous, secure, 40s-50s gentleman who value loyalty and laughter in a committed relationship, who's comfortable in denims or black tie. Photo please. 7036 ✉

Let's Play Mozart—Affectionate lady, 25-35, sought by romantic, cuddly white male, 40, piano-playing virtuoso. Seeks buxom diva to share and care and create. Photo/note please. 7104 ✉

Gay, White, Feminine Female—Attractive, early 40s, successful businesswoman, warm, sensitive, with great sense of humor, enjoys fine dining, theater, designer clothes/jeans, sun worshiper. Manhattanites only, 45-55, please reply with photo. 7042 ✉

Firm, Fit And Attractive—Single female entrepreneur, into working out, a healthy life style, being active; self-sufficient, funny, bright and down-to-earth. Seeks attractive, successful, tall (5'9" plus) man, 35-45, no emotional baggage, also into being fit; self-confident, fun, spontaneous but reliable. Loves animals, is comfortable in jeans or a suit, and into having a monogamous relationship leading to... Photo please. 7073 ✉

Pretty, Green-Eyed Woman—5'7", 39, slim, bilingual, well-educated, has lived and worked abroad, likes the arts and travel. Seeks sincere, successful man of intelligence and wit, 37 plus, 5'10 plus, who has an international outlook. 6903 ✉

Herpes—Pretty professional, 28, seeks 28-40, male for relationship. 7125 ✉

Ad Agency Owner—5'11", 39, mensch. Competitive swimmer, ski instructor, seeks active, outgoing, thin, petite woman, 26 plus, for commitment. Photo. 7100 ✉

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Special Relationship Wanted—Sophisticated, attractive, bright businessman seeking attractive, slim, sophisticated woman, 35-55, to enjoy life with. Photo and note. 6994 ✉

Politics Makes Strange Bedfellows?—This sexy, smart, conservative beauty knows you'll have the answer if you, too, are non-PC, tall, good-looking, intelligent, self-assured 37-47. Be Irish, my heart will smile; a "Dittohead", it will leap! 7009 ✉

Very Handsome Jewish Physician—32, seeks soul mate. Photo please. 7086 ✉ ☎

Single Asian Male—32, 5'11", slim, world-traveled, low-key Wall Street professional seeks sincere female with sense of humor. Note/photo. 7066 ✉

Alluring—Woman, 35, 5'6", green-eyed brunette. Exciting, spiritual, beautiful, slender, fit, fun-loving, lovable, cultured professional. Desires: handsome, educated, fit gentleman, successful, humorous, generous, 30s-40s, 5'10" and up, Jewish/Italian. Letter/photo desired. 6986 ✉ ☎

Tennis Partner—Skiing companion, friend and so much more sought by petite, attractive, intelligent professional, 35, female. I also enjoy travel, art and foreign films. If you are 33-44, intelligent, fit, attractive, professional and have a sense of humor, please send note/photo/phone. 7047 ✉

Opportunity Money Can't Buy—Pretty, toned, quick-witted, 27, single Jewish female, 5'9", who is introspective, seeks a sensitive, mild-mannered, athletic male with Jewish values. Photo. 7103 ✉

Chutzpah With Looks—Attorney for good causes. All-Ivy education. Jewish male, 35, 6', 180, blue eyes, blond/brown hair. Steel resolve. Golden heart. Looking for nice Jewish/Waspish woman, 20-35, with character and spark. Note/photo, please. 7002 ✉

Attractive Professional—Single, white Catholic male, 36, considerate, sincere and supportive. Enjoys dancing, comedy clubs, long walks, movies and stimulating conversation. Interested in meeting a petite female, 28-42, down-to-earth, affectionate, playful, interested in developing a relationship. 7096 ✉

Petite, Thin Jewish Female—40s, loves film, theater, golf and travel. Seeks male counterpart. 7007 ✉ ☎

Single White Male—*Catholic*, 46, 6'2", 185 lbs, nonsmoker, social drinker, college educated, professional, affluent, excellent health, in search of lady for long-term relationship. POB 9658, Trenton, NJ 08650

Bright, Very Successful And Witty—I am 43, live on LI, 35 minutes from NYC. I'm considered to be tall, good-looking, extremely athletic, but more importantly, I have a heart of gold - plus a lot of fun to be with. Some of my interests are traveling, the beach, sports, romantic restaurants. I'm looking for a woman, 28-38, who is definitely gorgeous on the outside and has a great heart on the inside, who is willing and able to take that next step. Photo required. 7114 ✉ ☎

Lovely Woman—Physician, pianist, Jewish, slim, nonsmoker - seeks a warmhearted NYC gentleman, 42-52. 7028 ✉

Tall, Dark, Pretty Jewish Woman—Genuine, funny, seeks bright, trim, attractive man (39-47) to share touch, talk, beaches, inns, arts, more. Photo? 7079✉☎

Spring Is Here—So let's meet. I'm 42, male, Jewish, blue-eyed and cute. By day I'm a corporate consultant; by night I'm Don Juan DeMensch. I enjoy travel, movies, bicycling, laughing, hugs and kisses. I seek a vivacious Jewish female to share my life, affection and romantic adventures. Phone/photo if possible. 6993 ✉

Your Heart Will Race—If you're that rare woman whose passion is auto racing. I'm a good-looking, well-built Connecticut writer/producer, 46, who enjoys running, lifting weights and driving race cars. You're 25-40, athletic, beautiful, funny and eager for the fast company of a regular guy with a premium outlook. Photo/note, please. 7006 ✉

Rich Man Wanted—Rich in spirituality, integrity, honesty, decency, dependability, loyalty, sensitivity, compassion, laughter, and with a passion for life. I am a 32-year-old professional female of British-Spanish background, who embodies these qualities. If there is one such wealthy man, please respond with note. 7052 ✉

Big Brown Eyes—With a great smile and heart of gold... This single Jewish female (29) is slim, passionate, very pretty and loves to laugh. Seeks professional Jewish male who is handsome, athletic, intelligent, family-minded, down-to-earth, with a good sense of humor. Nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone. 7032 ✉

Concert Artist/Teacher—33, handsome male, spiritual, honest, bright, generous, successful, romantic, nonsmoker - seeks spiritual, beautiful female, 27-36, cultured, energetic, fun-loving, intelligent, nonsmoking professional for friendship and relationship. Letter/photo. 7078 ✉

Need Not Be Adonis—Just nice! Smiling, curvaceous, divorced blond arts professor, 44, seeks professional and or accomplished man, to age 55, for keeps. 7068 ✉☎

Lifetime Guarantee Of Happiness—Good-looking, divorced Jewish physician, youthful 50s, 5'6", easygoing, caring, romantic, true mensch - seeks affectionate, educated, pretty, slim, fit, nonsmoking, successful woman for friendship, love and sharing enjoyment of the arts, travel, sailing, dancing, sports, adventure. Note/photo. 6985 ✉

Blond, Tall, Dynamite Lady—White, Christian, 41. Have traveled the world, enjoy my career, golf, ski, scuba, good cook and gardener. Am ready for children and actively trying to have a kid - on my own. I'm smart, artistic, warm, intuitive, sometimes funny. Seek secure, intelligent, well-educated and accomplished man for dinners in NYC, friendship, fun, support, companionship, maybe magic and a long-term happy ending. Note/photo/will reply. 6978 ✉

Wishing On A Star—That you're somewhere out there. My soul mate has climbed the corporate ladder, accomplished life's goals, realizes that life only goes around once and there's more to capture. You're 38-48, spontaneous, fit, handsome, with sense of humor (nonsmoker), pride yourself on morals, honesty and integrity. With your success, you seek a best friend/soul mate. I am attractive, 40, spontaneous, accomplished, elegant yet sexy lady with a variety of interests, who believes in goals and values. Please - Kodak moment, Hallmark thoughts, and phone. 7113 ✉

Smart, Slim, Wholehearted Woman—Insightful, funny, opinionated, educated, adventurous, books/kids/food-loving, 42, wants having and holding with a man under 50, who reads, laughs, cooks, questions authority and has found his work. Photo appreciated. 7072 ✉

5'10" Professional Model—28, 125, smart, pretty, likes music, sports. Seeks attractive professional man, 28-40, fun, intelligent, similar likes, for long-lasting relationship. No artists. Photo/note. 6922 ✉

Psychologically Intuitive—Stable partner for this genuine, elegant, attractive, witty professor. Gentleman - 50ish, young-spirited, zesty, who appreciates a quality relationship. 7051 ✉☎

To Love And To Cherish—Handsome, well-built, single, blue-eyed, Irish-American male professional, who loves music, sports, working out, seeks pretty, articulate soul mate, 25-35, to share love and laughter and the future thereafter. Photo please. 7074 ✉☎

Male, 35, Professional, Handsome—Seeks loving relationship with sensitive woman, 28-36, who desires fun, entertainment and heartfelt experiences. Photo appreciated. 7005 ✉

Just A Really Great Guy—30, good-looking, athletic, creative, professional... seeks Jewish woman with joie de vivre. Note/photo please. 7014 ✉

Smile!!—I will for the beach, skiing, adventure travel, sports, biking, Letterman, The Far Side, hugs, flowers, puppies, children, introspection, spontaneity, endless possibilities...maybe you? Attractive, petite, athletic, outgoing, optimistic female, 32 years old, blond hair/blue eyes, desires a successful, marriage-minded, nonsmoking Jewish man for an intimate, loving relationship to complete her list. Note/photo/phone. 7001 ✉

A Neat Lady—Down-to-earth, bright and giving, seeks a man who's intelligent, witty, successful and caring, 45 plus (no phonies). Note/photo/phone. 7081 ✉

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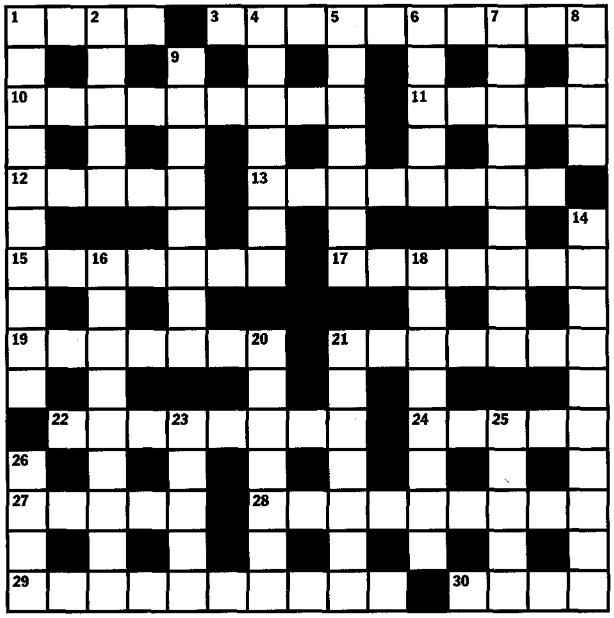
‘Sunday Times’ of London Crossword

ACROSS
1 Catch only half the approbation. (4)
3 A man airing his intelligence. (4-6)
10 Many a strip could be cleaner! (9)
11 Pests needing to be taken for walks. (5)
12 Likeable accommodating egghead member of the family. (5)
13 Fancy heel to be an impractical individual. (8)
15 Setting the French right, a top man is having some fun. (7)
17 Leave to assimilate second course. (7)
19 The fault may be found to lie in the receiver. (7)
21 A casual worker has to move fast! (7)
22 Weight training without a break—American private backing given. (8)
24 About a quarter were upset when made to begin again. (5)
27 Former ecclesiastic dignitary. (5)
28 Presented with fashionable sweater, or possibly perfume. (4-5)
29 A promise of employment. (10)
30 More sign. (4)



DOWN
1 Semi-heroic seaman in the hold? (4-6)
2 Writing short article, think to raise a laugh. (5)
4 Time might well be pressing. (7)
5 Sends up curious characters if put off. (7)
6 Support is moderate on the Left. (5)
7 Rest taken when cruising? (4, 5)
8 Plant at the waterside—and be quick about it! (4)
9 The new head is working for fidelity. (8)
14 Back obdurate persons being taken into custody. (10)
16 Soldiers shaping up—getting better. (9)
18 Birds find scraps under the nautical gear. (8)
20 Pointed comment on the unity of Oriental beasts. (7)
21 No test’s called for—topping! (7)
23 Youth putting point to a prude. (5)
25 Place of birth. (5)
26 A little chap seldom seen in church. (4)

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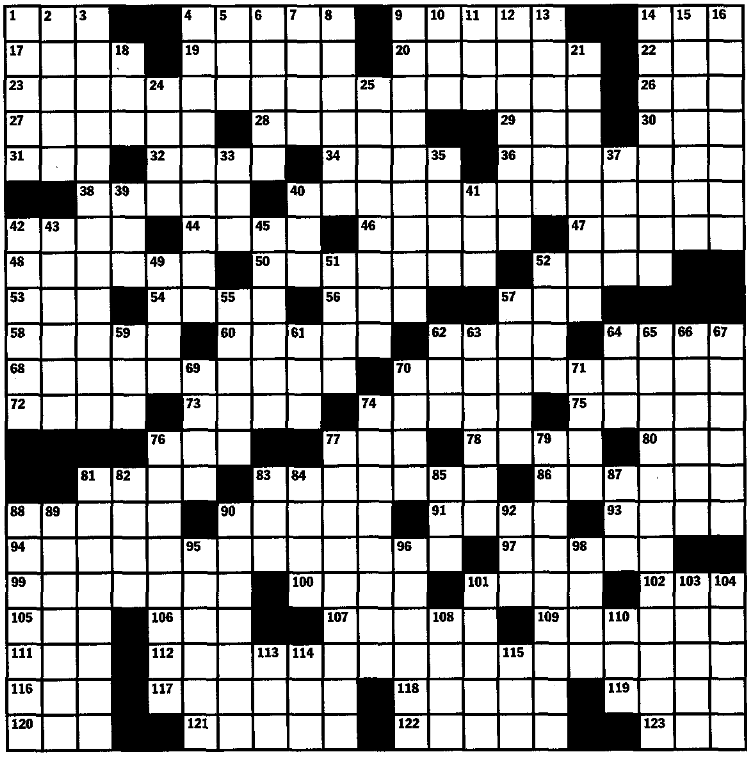
‘Railroading’: ‘Cue’ Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Copped the cup
4 Swelling
9 Dusting powders
14 El ——
17 Mimicked
19 Still in bed
20 Warship decks
22 She played Belle in “GWTW”
23 1935 Laughton film?
26 Rotation speed: abbr.
27 Copenhagen’s amusement gardens
28 Sign a new lease
29 “Are you a man —— mouse?”
30 Tchrs.’ org.
31 Novelist Umberto ——
32 Soon
34 Where Vientiane is capital
36 Canadian Indians
38 Beneath
39 Fighting back
40 “Perils of Pauline” directive?
42 Basilica area
44 Pop music’s Billy
46 Peter, Paul and Boris
47 They, to Brigitte
48 Dermal art
50 “Tartuffe” playwright
52 Epilogue’s opposite: abbr.
53 Norse god of war
54 Second-ranked exec
56 Printers’ quads
57 Eithers’ correlatives
58 Video-game name
60 “Joltin’ Joe,” for short
62 Immunity fluids
64 Card game for three
68 Where kids sleep on board?
70 Crazy reason?
72 Coop group
73 Scottish singles
74 Casaba, for one
75 Moore of “Ghost,” et al.
76 Near-grads.
77 Prohibit
78 Claude Akins’s sheriff role
80 Emcee Sajak
81 Praise
83 “—— Place,” nighttime soap
86 Heavily adorned
88 Memorize
90 Chaos
91 Concerning
93 Previously owned
94 Having as a co-conspirator?
97 Saints’ images: var.
99 “Lemon” plant
100 Iran’s ex
101 Soho dandy
102 Cockney’s pile
105 I love, in Latin class
106 Irish airline, with “Lingus”
107 Close by, poetically
109 “Gunsmoke” actress Blake
111 Repeat, in music
112 What “I am,” in “Invictus”?
116 Guitarist Paul
117 Soused
118 Domicile
119 Trotsky or Jaworski
120 Compass letters
121 First zodiac sign
122 Turner and Louise
123 NBC’s former parent

DOWN
1 Fritter away
2 Of the eye
3 Jerky express?
4 “Tom Sawyer” villain?
5 Four qtrs.
6 Ne’er-ending
7 Be pensive
8 Famed Harlem theater
9 Shelled reptiles
10 “—— we there yet?”
11 Atty.’s degree
12 Silkworms’ hideaways
13 Athens’ ancient rival
14 Penzance’s county
15 Part of R.I.P., Anglicized
16 Rich drapery fabrics
18 Pair
21 Spurts droplets
24 Delighted
25 At a banquet
33 Granada gold
35 Flag feature
37 Woody Guthrie’s son
39 Tennis-court fixture
40 Mop & —— (floor polish)
41 Comstock load
42 Stick on
43 —— piper (bear the consequences)
45 France under Napoleon
49 Roman poet
51 Jacob’s first wife
52 Nanny’s push
55 Paradises
57 Maine college town
59 Literary monogram
61 Higher than hills: abbr.
62 Between fa and la
63 Élèves’ schools
64 Sault —— Marie
65 Actress who goes aboard?
66 Pilot the plane
67 Made a dry run
69 Shakespeare, e.g.
70 Late-show host
71 Fragrance
74 Heavyweight Rocky
76 Day rays
77 Braggarts: slang
79 Ticket prices for readers?
81 Kin of field hockey
82 Bedouin
83 Not pa’s
84 Nights before
85 Czech length measure
87 Carmelite
88 Fit for habitation
89 Hostile ones
90 More husky-voiced
92 Madre’s brother
95 —— time (individually)
96 Chew —— (gab)
98 “. . . why not take all ——?”
101 Check for fit
103 Kind of committee
104 Mogul city of India
108 Before dextrous
110 Feel out of sorts
113 Double: prefix
114 Shoebox trio
115 Purity watchdog agcy.



Solutions to last week’s puzzles appear on page 126.

MARY ANN MADDEN 821
NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

He regarded me with the wet insistence of a man who has been told he has beautiful eyes.

He rehearsed and then reaffixed his gaze, in the lizardly manner of William F. Buckley Jr.

He looked at me.

Above, trial and error and error. Two early versions of one short (under 25 words) sentence from a work in progress, please.

Results of Competition 818, in which you were asked for unpromising products/services.

Report: The fact that you can still gross us out—well, we're filled with hope. Not just hope. Hope and despair. Those two impostors. We treat them the same.
Reappearances: Sadder Budweiser. PC Ken and Barbie. Hair Apparent. Quasimotor Sedans & Hunchbacks. À la Recherche du Frank Perdue. The Scarlet Pumpernickel. Ledger Domain. Newer: Kato's Hair-Emergency Kit. Marcia Clark's Book of Muffins. Johnnie Cochran Thanks You Very Kindly Gift Cards. Jenny Jones Bereavement Tapes. Arthur Schwartz Care Bares.
Our specialty—thanks, and all good wishes as you discuss the case in the jury room.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

ALLEGED MOB TIES—signature neckwear from Frank Sinatra, Wayne Newton, George Raft.
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

POPE FICTION—selected short stories by Pius XII, Paul VI, and John Paul II.
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

ECCE PENIS—a handbook for the serious flasher.
Ben Morgan, San Francisco, Calif.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

TOTAL RECALLS—substandard breakfast cereal.
Craig Wolfson, Harrisburg, Pa.

GLASS SEALING—job placements for women glaziers. Limited advancement.
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

RACE CARDS—the game all L.A. lawyers are playing. Set of 50.
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

And Honorable Mention to:

CHIA PATTY—the puberty training doll. Also available as Chia Patrick.
Keith Karraker, Berkeley, Calif.

MANY ARE COWLED—religious headwear. Almuces, zuchetti, capuches, birettas.
Paul Doherty, Fall River, Mass.

LAMPREY ALIVE!—bathtub play set.
Adam Frumkin-Sokolow, Miami, Fla.

THE HARE CLUB—for men interested in animal husbandry.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va..

D'AMATO JUICE—newsletter reporting on New York politics; companion circular to *Eye Claudia.*
A.L. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

LE ROUGE ET RENOIR—restore artistic masterpieces using only household items.
Jin Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

LA DERNIERE BOUFFE—Continental catering for the discriminating capital offender.
Charles J. Schlotter, Los Angeles, Calif.

THUD THUD THUD—The Songs of Brian "Kato" Kaelin.
Bill Zimmerman, Cheltenham, Pa.

THE UMPIRE LESTAT NIGHT SCHOOL—fielding and bat practice. Our specialty: night blindness.
Vincent Gorman, Yonkers, N.Y.

HEAVEN NOSE—Walk-In Rhinoplasty Clinic.
David English, West Somerville, Mass.

"HOW WE DECOMPOSE," by Sherwin B. Nuland: "As frank and forthright as its predecessor"—*Kirkus Reviews*
Jan Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

THE BIG BOOK OF SNAPPY COMEBACKS—our specialty: "Oh, yeah?"
Alexander Chiquoine, Reedsburg, Wis.

WHIPPERSNAPPER—serving the youthful S&M fancier.
Leo Taubes, Teaneck, N.J.

I KNOW WHY THE CAGED BIRD DOESN'T SING—canary companions for the concerned subway commuter.
David Titus, Melrose, Mass.

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHNS—the outhouse from the outback.
Molly Graizzaro, Spring Valley, N.Y.

HAUL MY CHILDREN—bus service to weight-reduction camp.
M.E. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

FEDERAL EXPRESS SUSHI—when it absolutely positively has to be there overnight.
Michael Eden, Los Angeles, Calif.

IHOP SCOTCH—flapjacks from Aberdeen's premier kangaroo bar.
similarly: Mark Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.; Sarah Fox, Huston, Tex.

APPOINTMENTS IN SAMARRA—accents and accessories for your perpetual rest.
Tom Miller, Sawyervill, Ala.

TOM SNYDER ANSWERING-MACHINE TAPES—a different analogy for each day of the week, sir, and thank you for calling, my friend.
Dede Mancini, Yonkers, N.Y.

COOKING WITH RATS—rodent recipes, from hamster Thermidor to vermin potato salad. Our specialty: vole parmigiana.
Lauren Foley, Cranston, R.I.

DOOMED CROONS—the collected poems of Harold Bloom.
Michael de Zayas, Bronxville, N.Y.

LOX STOCK IN BARRELS—Zabar's remainders, bulk sale.
Robert Nagler, East Norwich, N.Y.

JACOBY & MEYER LANSKY—Personal Injury Our Specialty.
Martha Bourbeau, Brooklyn

MARCH MADNESS—John Philip Sousa's Greatest Hits.
Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.

STEPPE AEROBICS—exercise videos from Kazakhstan.
Lars Pettygrove, Arlington, Va.

H&R FUNBLOCK—merriment-suppressant cream for office, school, funerals, jury duty, and audits.
Rachel Brickey, McConnellsville, N.Y.

WARTS AND AWL—home dermabrasion kit.
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

YEGGS IN A CASKET—gangland funerals.
Bob McAlistair, N.Y.C.

LOATHSOME DOVE—dinner special: Pigeon Paillard.
Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

TOTE LES PETITS PAINS—Le must de bread-and-bagel shopping bags.
Patricia Sims, Minneapolis, Minn.

PULP FRICTION—facial scrub removes dead skin using decomposed fruit.
Rochelle Davis, Denver, Col.

H&R KEVORKIAN—estate planning.
Peter J. Sonnabend, Weston, Mass.

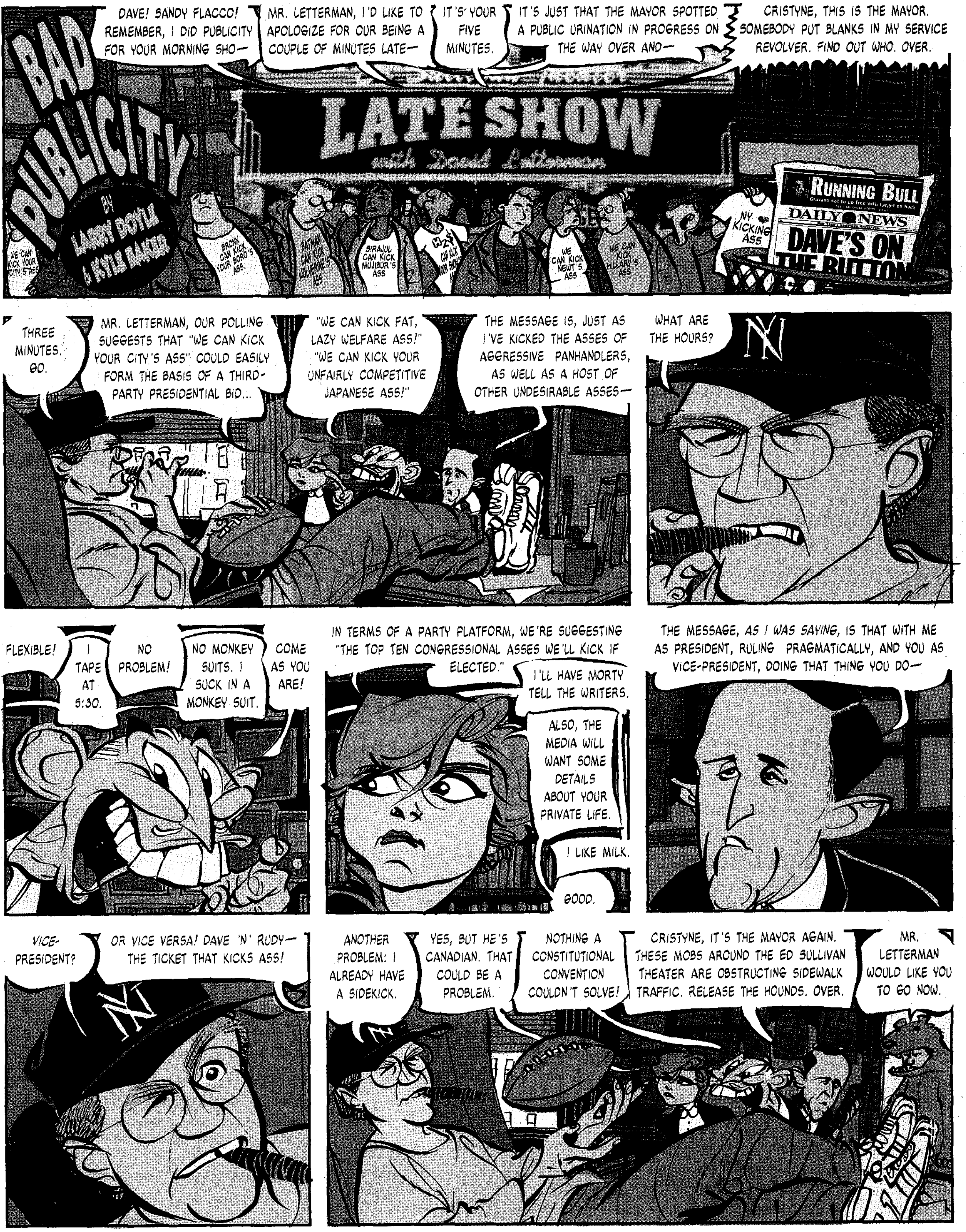
CALLEE ID—for those of us who forget whom we're dialing.
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

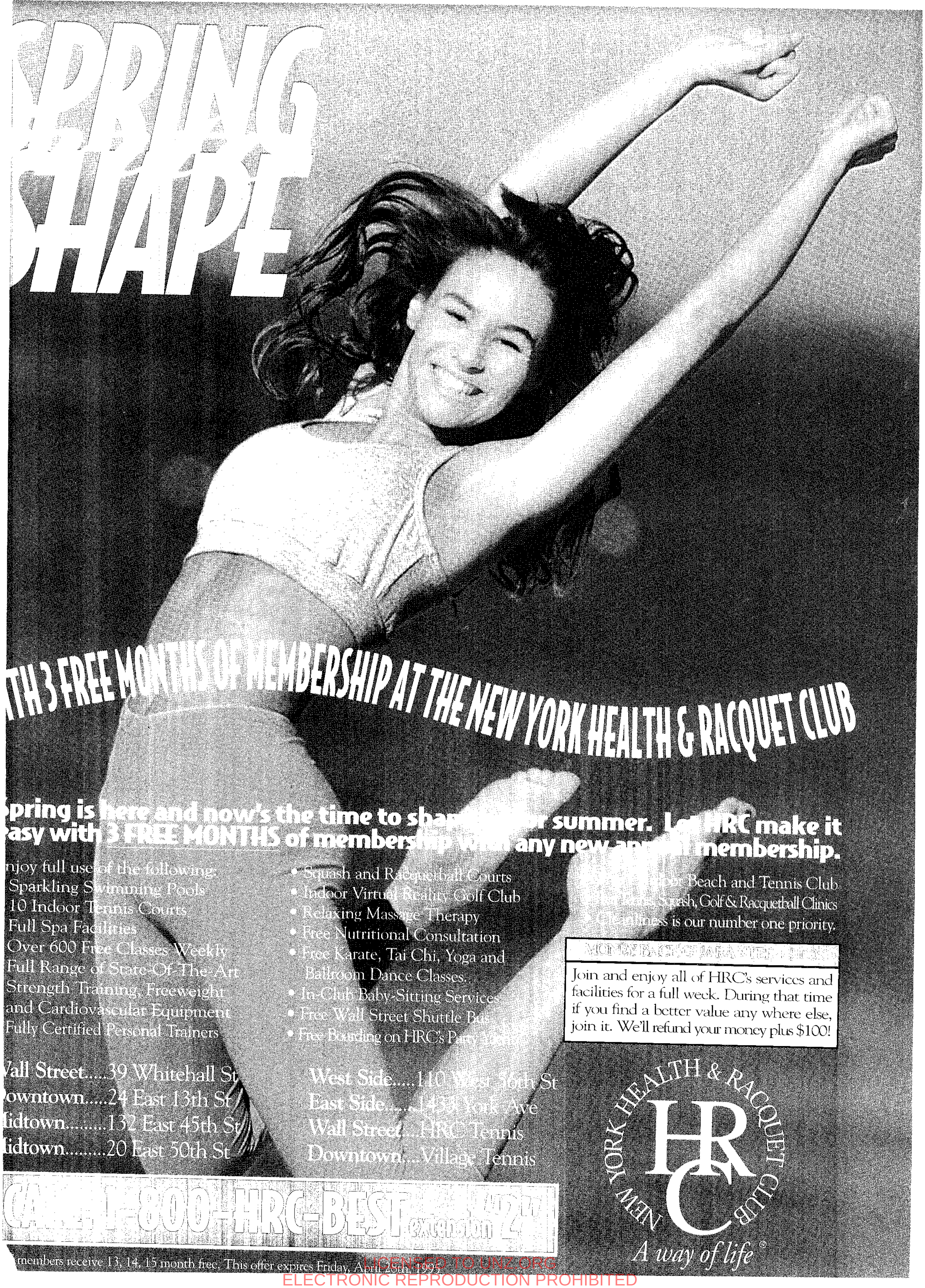
Competition Rules: POSTCARDS ONLY, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 821, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998. It must be received by May 5. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the May 29 issue. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace.

LATE HIT

Kicking Pants Worldwide

The Flaccos teach Rudy Giuliani that the way to success is a good buzz phrase.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
DAVE! SANDY FLACCO! REMEMBER, I DID PUBLICITY FOR YOUR MORNING SHO—
MR. LETTERMAN, I'D LIKE TO APOLOGIZE FOR OUR BEING A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATE—
IT'S YOUR FIVE MINUTES.
IT'S JUST THAT THE MAYOR SPOTTED A PUBLIC URINATION IN PROGRESS ON THE WAY OVER AND—
CRISTYNE, THIS IS THE MAYOR. SOMEBODY PUT BLANKS IN MY SERVICE REVOLVER. FIND OUT WHO. OVER.
LATE SHOW
with David Letterman
WE CAN KICK YOUR CITY'S ASS
BRONX CAN KICK YOUR BORO'S ASS.
BATMAN CAN KICK WOLVERINE'S ASS
SIRAJUL CAN KICK MUJIBUR'S ASS
H2$ CAN KICK YOUR SHOWS ASS
WE CAN KICK NEWT'S ASS
WE CAN KICK HILLARY'S ASS
NY ♥ KICKING ASS
RUNNING BULL
Gravano set to go free with target on back
DAILY NEWS
DAVE'S ON THE BUTTON
THREE MINUTES. GO.
MR. LETTERMAN, OUR POLLING SUGGESTS THAT "WE CAN KICK YOUR CITY'S ASS" COULD EASILY FORM THE BASIS OF A THIRD-PARTY PRESIDENTIAL BID...
"WE CAN KICK FAT, LAZY WELFARE ASS!" "WE CAN KICK YOUR UNFAIRLY COMPETITIVE JAPANESE ASS!"
THE MESSAGE IS, JUST AS I'VE KICKED THE ASSES OF AGGRESSIVE PANHANDLERS, AS WELL AS A HOST OF OTHER UNDESIRABLE ASSES—
WHAT ARE THE HOURS?
NY
FLEXIBLE!
I TAPE AT 5:30.
NO PROBLEM!
NO MONKEY SUITS. I SUCK IN A MONKEY SUIT.
COME AS YOU ARE!
IN TERMS OF A PARTY PLATFORM, WE'RE SUGGESTING "THE TOP TEN CONGRESSIONAL ASSES WE'LL KICK IF ELECTED."
I'LL HAVE MORTY TELL THE WRITERS.
ALSO, THE MEDIA WILL WANT SOME DETAILS ABOUT YOUR PRIVATE LIFE.
I LIKE MILK.
GOOD.
THE MESSAGE, AS I WAS SAYING, IS THAT WITH ME AS PRESIDENT, RULING PRAGMATICALLY, AND YOU AS VICE-PRESIDENT, DOING THAT THING YOU DO—
VICE-PRESIDENT?
OR VICE VERSA! DAVE 'N' RUDY—THE TICKET THAT KICKS ASS!
ANOTHER PROBLEM: I ALREADY HAVE A SIDEKICK.
YES, BUT HE'S CANADIAN. THAT COULD BE A PROBLEM.
NOTHING A CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION COULDN'T SOLVE!
CRISTYNE, IT'S THE MAYOR AGAIN. THESE MOBS AROUND THE ED SULLIVAN THEATER ARE OBSTRUCTING SIDEWALK TRAFFIC. RELEASE THE HOUNDS. OVER.
MR. LETTERMAN WOULD LIKE YOU TO GO NOW.



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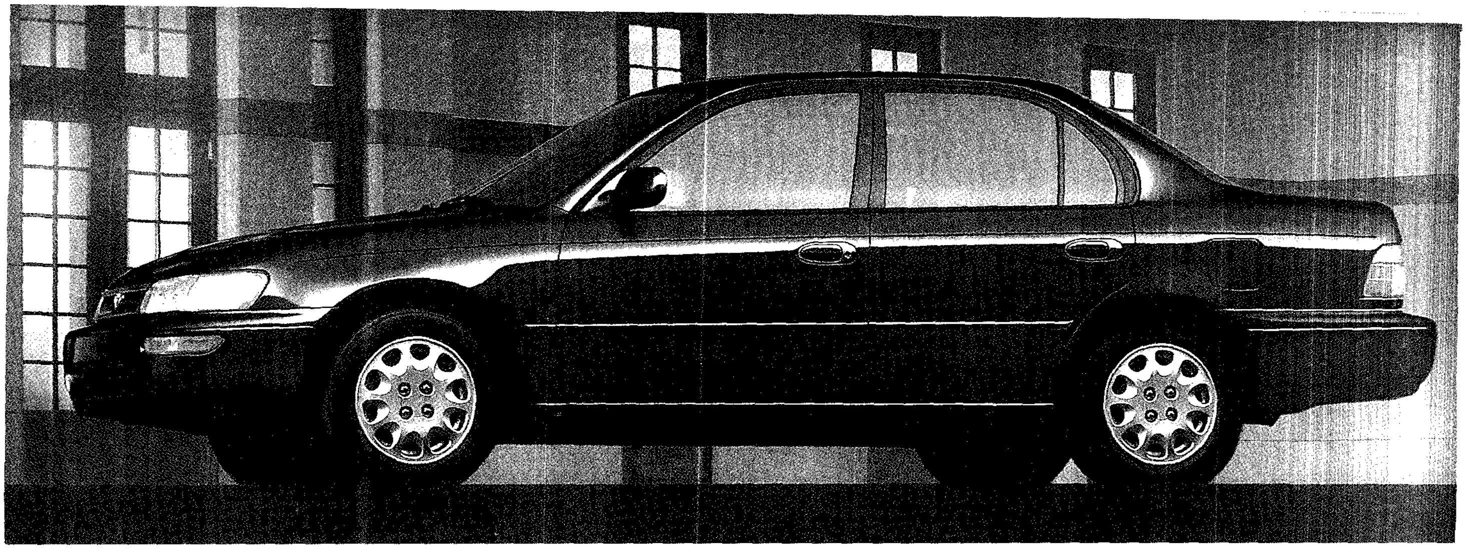

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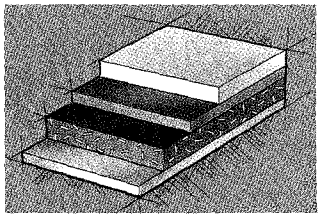

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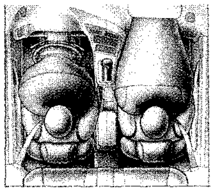

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